

1507/1318

HUDIBRAS.

IN
THREE PARTS.

Written in the Time of
THE CIVIL WARS.

BY
SAMUEL BUTLER, Esq.
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AN ACCURATE EDITION.

ADORNED WITH COPPERPLATES.

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TO THE
READER.

POETA nascitur, non fit, is a sentence of as great truth as antiquity ; it being most certain, that all the acquired learning imaginable is insufficient to complete a Poet, without a natural genius and propensity to so noble and sublime an art. And we may, without offence, observe, that many very learned men, who have been ambitious to be thought poets, have only rendered themselves obnoxious to that satirical inspiration our Author wittily invokes,

Which made them, tho' it were in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write.

On the other side, some who have had very little human learning *, but were endued with a large share of natural wit and parts, have become the most celebrated poets of the age they lived in. But as these last are *rarae avis in terris* ; so when the Muses have not disdained the assistances of other arts and sciences, we are

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* Shakespeare, D'Avenant, &c.

then blessed with those lasting monuments of wit and learning which may justly claim a kind of eternity upon earth. And our Author, had his modesty permitted him, might, with Horace, have said,

Exegi monumentum aere perennius;

Or, with Ovid,

*Tumque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec
ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

The author of this celebrated Poem was of this last composition; for although he had not the happiness of an academical education, as some affirm, it may be perceived throughout his whole Poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful parts of human learning.

Rapin, in his Reflections, speaking of the necessary qualities belonging to a poet, tells us, he must have a genius extraordinary; great natural gifts; a wit just, fruitful, piercing, solid, and universal; an understanding clear and distinct: an imagination neat and pleasant; an elevation of soul, that depends not only on art or study, but is purely the gift of Heaven, which must be

sustained by a lively sense and vivacity; judgment to consider wisely of things, and vivacity for the beautiful expression of them, &c.

Now, how justly this character is due to our Author, I leave to the impartial reader, and those of nicer judgments, who had the happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The reputation of this incomparable Poem is so thoroughly established in the world, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any panegyric upon it. King Charles the Second, whom the judicious part of mankind will readily acknowledge to be a sovereign judge of wit, was so great an admirer of it, that he would often pleasantly quote it in his conversation. However, since most men have a curiosity to have some account of such anonymous authors whose compositions have been eminent for wit and learning, I have been desired to oblige them with such informations as I could receive from those who had the happiness to be acquainted with him, and also to rectify the mistakes of the Oxford Antiquary, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, concerning him.



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L I F E
O F
SAMUEL BUTLER, Esq.

SAMUEL BUTLER, the Author of this excellent Poem, was born in the parish of Strensham, in the county of Worcester, and baptized there the 13th of February 1612. His father, who was of the same name, was an honest country farmer, who had some small estate of his own, but rented a much greater of the lord of the manor where he lived. However, perceiving in this son of his an early inclination to learning, he made a shift to have him educated in the free school at Worcester, under Mr Henry Bright; where having passed the usual time; and being become an excellent scholar,



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he went for some little time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that University, his father's abilities not being sufficient to be at the charge of an academical education: so that our Author returned soon into his native country, and became clerk to one Mr Jefferys of Earlscroom, an eminent Justice of the Peace of that country, with whom he lived some years, in an easy and no contemptible service. Here, by the indulgence of a kind master, he had sufficient leisure to apply himself to whatever learning his inclinations led him, which were chiefly History and Poetry; to which, for his diversion, he joined Music and Painting; and I have seen some pictures, said to be of his drawing, which remained in that family; which I mention, not for the excellency of them, but to satisfy the reader of his early inclinations to that noble art; for which also he was afterward entirely beloved by Mr Samuel Cooper, one of the most eminent painters of his time.

He was after this, recommended to that great encourager of learning Elisabeth Countess of Kent; where he had not only the opportunity to consult all manner of learned books, but to converse also with that living library of learning, the great Mr Selden.

Our Author lived some time also with Sir Samuel Luke, who was of an ancient family in Bedfordshire; but, to his dishonour, an eminent commander under the usurper Oliver Cromwell; and then it was, as I am informed, he composed



this loyal Poem. For though Fate, more than choice, seems to have placed him in the service of a Knight so notorious, both in his person and politics: yet by the rule of contraries, one may observe throughout his whole Poem, that he was most orthodox, both in his religion and loyalty. And I am the more induced to believe he wrote it about that time, because he had then the opportunity to converse with those living characters of rebellion, nonsense, and hypocrisy, which he so lively and pathetically exposes throughout the whole Work.

After the restoration of King Charles the Second, those who were at the helm minding money more than merit, our Author found those verses of Juvenal to be exactly verified in himself;

*Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi: —*

And being endued with that innate modesty which rarely finds promotion in princes' courts, he became secretary to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the principality of Wales, who made him steward of Ludlow Castle, when the court there was revived. About this time he married one Mrs Herbert, a gentlewoman of a very good family, but no widow, as our Oxford Antiquary has reported: she had a competent fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill securities, so that it was

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little advantage to him. He is reported by our Antiquary, to have been secretary to his Grace George Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor to the University of Cambridge: but whether that be true or no, 'tis certain the Duke had a great kindness for him, and was often a benefactor to him. But no man was a more generous friend to him, than that Vecænas of all learned and witty men, Charles Lord Buckhurst, the late Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, who was the first that introduced *HUDIBRAS* into reputation at court; for Mr Prior says (dedicat. to his Poems) it was owing to him that the court tasted that Poem; it soon became the chief entertainment of the King, who often pleasantly quoted it in conversation. From this fair prospect, therefore, we might rationally conclude, that the Poet tasted plentifully of royal munificence, and that he was cherished by the Great, as well as his Poem, I am sure his wit and his loyalty equally merited reward and encouragement: but alas! upon the strictest inquiry, we shall find, that he met with neglect instead of regard; and empty delusive promises, in the room of real performances. A disregard of his friends was what King Charles has been highly blamed for; and we cannot have a stronger instance of that disregard, than his being unmindful of Mr Butler, whose Works had done eminent service to the Royal Cause, and honour to his country. It is strange that King Charles should be thus

forgetful of a man whose words were so often in his mouth, and daily afforded him a remarkable pleasure in conversation.

We are indeed informed, that Mr Butler was once in a fair way of obtaining a royal gratuity, as the following account, if true, will show.

“ Mr Wycherly had always laid hold of any opportunity which offered, to represent to his Grace (the Duke of Buckingham) how well Mr Butler had deserved of the Royal Family, by writing his inimitable *HUDIBRAS*; and that it was a reproach to the court, that a person of his loyalty and wit should suffer in obscurity, and under the wants he did. The Duke seemed always to hearken to him with attention enough: and after some time understood to recommend his pretensions to his Majesty. Mr Wycherly in hopes to keep him steady to his word, obtained of his Grace to name a day when he might introduce the modest and unfortunate Poet to his new patron: at last an appointment was made, and the place of meeting was appointed to be the Roe Buck: Mr Butler and his friend attended accordingly, the Duke joined them; but by an unlucky incident this interview was broke off. And it will always be remembered to the reproach of that learned age, that this great and inimitable Poet was suffered to live and die in want and obscurity.

The King's excessive fondness for the Poem, will account for this singular misfortune.

and surprising * disregard and neglect of the Author, is fully and movingly related by Mr Butler, (Hudibras at Court, see Remains) who thence takes occasion to do justice to his Poem, by hinting its excellencies in general, and paying a few modest compliments to himself; of which the following lines are worth transcribing :

Now you must know, Sir Hudibras
 With such perfections gifted was,
 And so peculiar in his manner,
 That all that saw him did him honour:
 Among the rest, this Prince was one
 Admir'd his conversation;
 This Prince, whose ready wit and parts
 Conquer'd both men and women's hearts.
 Was so o'ercome with Knight and Ralph,
 That he cou'd never claw it off;

* " King Charles the Second never ordered Butler
 " more than one gratuity, and that was Three hundred
 " pounds, which had this compliment paid to it, that
 " it passed all the offices without a fee, at the solicita-
 " tion of Mr William Longueville of the Temple,
 " Lord Danby being at that time High Treasurer. A
 " proof of the great honour and honesty of our Poet
 " is this; That upon his being ordered the Three
 " hundred pounds above-mentioned by the King, he
 " called to mind that he owed more than that sum to
 " different persons, from whom he had borrowed mo-
 " nies, or otherwise contracted debts: for which rea-
 " son he intreated Mr Longueville to pay away the
 " whole gratuity, who accordingly did so; and Butler
 " did not receive a shilling of it." See Butler's life,
 under the word Hudibras, General Hist. Dict, vol, VI,
 P. 299. Note.

He never ate, nor drank, nor slept,
But Hudibras still near him kept ;
Never would go to church, or so,
But Hudibras must with him go ;
Nor yet to visit concubine,
Or at a city-feast to dine,
But Hudibras must still be there,
Or all the fat was in the fire.
Now after all, was it not hard
That he should meet with no reward,
That fitted out this Knight and Squire,
This Monarch did so much admire ?
That he should never reimburse
The man for th' equipage, or horse,
Is sure a strange ungrateful thing,
In any body but a king.
But this good king, it seems, was told,
By some that were with him too bold,
If ere you hope to gain your ends,
Caref your foes, and trust your friends . . .
Such were the doctrines that were taught,
'Till this unthinking king was brought
To leave his friends to starve and die,
A poor reward for loyalty.

And his claim to a Poet's imaginary immortality, is in another place (Hudibras's Epitaph, Remains) as handsomely and modestly made, as by any other poet whatsoever :

But since his Worship's dead and gone,
And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,

The reader is desir'd to look
For his achievements in his book,
Which will preserve of Knight the tale,
'Till time and death itself shall fail.

Mr Oldham (vol. II 6th edit 1703. pag. 420.) pathetically commiserates the extraordinary sufferings of our Poet, in a remarkable manner. In his satire against poetry, he introduces the Ghost of Spencer dissuading him from it, upon experience and example that poverty and contempt were its inseparable attendants. After Spencer has gone over his own lamentable case, and mentioned Homer and Cowley in the same view, he thus movingly bewails the great and happy Mr Butler :

On Butler who can think without just rage,
The glory, and the scandal of the age ?
Fair stood his hopes, when first he came to town,
Met every where with welcomes of renown,
Courted, and lov'd by all, with wonder read,
And promises of princely favour fed ;
But what reward for all had he at last ?
After a life in dull expectance past,
The wretch, at summing up his mispent days,
Found nothing left but poverty and praise ;
Of all his gains by verse, he could not save
Enough to purchase flannel and a grave ;
Reduc'd to want, he in due time fell sick,
Was fain to die, and be interr'd on tick :
And well might bless the fever that was sent
To rid him hence, and his worse fate prevent.

Nor does Mr Butler stand alone in such lamentable misfortunes: Mr Spencer and Mr Cowley before him, will be indelible reproaches to the generosity of this nation. Mr Dryden *Dedicat. to Juvenal.*) has published to the world the hardships he laboured under. And Mr Otway, (Prol. to *Constant. the Great*) deters us from poetry upon the same topics with Spencer.

Having thus lived to a good old age, admired by all, though personally known to few, Mr Butler departed this life in the year 1680, and was buried at the charge of his good friend Mr Longueville of the temple, in the yard belonging to the church of St Paul, Covent-Garden, at the West-end of the said yard, on the North-side, under the wall of the said church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway.

But we can now say with great satisfaction, that Mr Butler, among the infinite number of readers whom he constantly delighted, at length found one who publickly adopted him for his darling Author: and out of a grateful sense of his merits and character, erected a neat monument to his memory in Westminster-Abbey, which, next to *HUDIBRAS*, will preserve the fame of the Poet, and the exemplary generosity of the Patron --- It sums up his character both justly and elegantly, as follows:

M. S.

S A M U E L I S B U T T L E R I,
 Qui Strenshamiae in agro Vigorn. nat. 1612,
 obiit Lond. 1680.

Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer ;
 Operibus ingenij, non item praemiis, foelix :
 Satyrici apud nos Carminis Artifex egregius ;
 Quo simula Religionis Larvam detraxit,
 Et Perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit :
 Scriptorum in suo genere, Primus et Postremus.

Ne, cui vivo deerant fere omnia,
 Deeslet etiam mortuo **Tumulus**,
 Hoc tandem posse marmore, curavit
Johannes Barber, *Civis Londinenis, 1721.*

Which is thus translated by the Author of Westmonasterium, in tom. I. p. 79.

Sacred to the Memory of
 S A M U E L B U T T L E R,
 Who was born at Strensham in Worcestershire,
 1612.

And died at London, 1680.

A man of extraordinary Learning, Wit, and Integrity;

Peculiarly happy in his Writings,
 Not so in the Encouragement of them :

The curious Inventor of a kind of Satire amongst us.

By which he pluck'd the Mask from Fious Hypocrify,

And plentifully exposed the Villainy of Rebels :
 The First and Last of Writers in His Way.

Left He, who (when alive) was destitute of all things,
 Should (when dead) want likewise a Monument,
John Barber, Citizen of London, hath taken care,
 By placing this Stone over him, 1721.

HUDIBRAS.

PART FIRST.

CANTO FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sir HUDIBRAS his passing worth,
The Mañner how he fally'd forth ;
His arms and equipage are shown ;
His horſe's virtues and his own.
Th' adventure of the *Bear* and *Fiddle*
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why ;
When hard words, jealousies and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight like mad or drunk, 5
For Dame Religion as for punk ;
Whose honesty they all durſt swear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore ;
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-eard rout, to battle sounded, 10

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick ;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would 15

Intitle him, Mirrour of Knighthood ;

That never bow'd his stubborn knee

To any thing but chivalry ;

Nor put up blow, but that which laid

Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade : 20

Chief of domestic knights and errant,

Either for chartel or for warrant :

Great on the bench, great in the saddle,

That could as well bind o'er as swaddle :

Mighty he was at both of these, 25

And styl'd of war, as well as peace.

(So some rats, of amphibious nature,

Are either for the land or water.)

But here our authors make a doubt,

Whether he were more wife or stout. 30

Some hold the one, and some the other :

But howsoe'er they make a potter,

The diff'rence was so small, his brain

Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;

What made some take him for a tool

That knaves do work with, call'd a fool. 35.

For't has been held by many, that

As Montaigne, playing with his cat,

Complains she thought him but an as,

Much more she would Sir Hudibras,

(For that's the name our valiant Knight

To all his challenges did write.) 40.

But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such.
We grant, although he had much wit, 45
H' was very shy of using it ;
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about ;
Unless on holidays, or so,
As men their best apparel do. 50
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak :
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than for a blackbird tis to whistle.
Being rich in both, he never scanted 55
His bounty into such as wanted ;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground, 60
He had such plenty, as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd :
And truly so he was, perhaps
Not as a prosylete, but for claps.
He was in ! . ic a great critic, 65
Profoundly skill'd in analytic ;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side ;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute. 70
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl ;

A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination :
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.

75

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to shew why,
And tell what rules he did it by :
Else when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk.
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich ;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect :
It was a party-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages ;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he had talk'd three parts in one ;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel ;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leath of languages at once,
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;

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Canto I. H U D I B R A S.

21

And truly to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large :
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit ; 120
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on :
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em,
That had the orator, who once 125
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater : 130
For he, by geometric scāle,
Could take the fize of pots of ale ;
Resolve by fines and tangents, straight,
If bread and butter wanted weight ;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day 125
The clock does strike, by algebra.
Beside, he was a shrew'd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over ;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith : 130
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore :
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by rote, 135
And, as occasion serv'd, would quote ;
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.

His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell ; 140
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts ;
Where entity and quiddity, 145
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly ;
Where Truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly. 150
In school-divinity as able,
As he that hight, Irrefragable ;
A second Thomas, or at once
To name them all, another Duns :
Profound in all the nominal 154
And real ways beyond them all :
For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist ;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
That's empty when the moon is full : 160
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice :
As if divinity had catch'd 165
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd ;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to shew with how small pain
The forces of faith are cur'd again ; 170

Although by woful proof we find,
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies ;
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it 175
Below the moon, or else above it :
What Adam dream'd of when his bride
Came from her closet in his side ;
Whether the devil tempted her
By a High-Dutch interpreter ; 180
If either of them had a navel ;
Who first made music malleable :
Whether the serpent at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all :
All this, without a gloſs or comment, 185
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter,
When they throw out and miss the matter.
For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit : 190
'Twas Presbyterian true blue ;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church-militant :
Such as do build their faith upon 195
The holy text of pike and gun ;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks ; 200
Call fire, and ſword, and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation,

Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done ;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended. 205

A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies :
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss : 210

More peevish, crost, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick ;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way :
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to, 215

By damning those they have no mind to ;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worship'd God for spite.
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for : 220

Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow.
All piety confits therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly ; 225

Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend plumb-porridge ;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose. 230

Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were asfs and widgeon ;
To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linkt, 235

Canto I. H U D I B R A S.

25

As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

255

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on the inside, not the outward.

That next of all we shall discuss :

Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus :

240

His tawny beard was th' equal grace

Both of his wisdom and his face ;

In cut and die so like a tile,

A sudden view it would beguile :

The upper part thereof was whey,

245

The nether orange mix'd with grey.

This hairy meteor did denounce

The fall of sceptres and of crowns :

With grisly type did represent

Declining age of government ;

250

And tell with hieroglyphic spade,

Its own grave and the state's were made.

Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew

In time to make a nation rue ;

Though it contributed its own fall,

255

To wait upon the public downfal.

It was monastic, and did grow

In holy orders by strict vow ;

Of rule as fullen and severe,

As that of rapid Cordeliere :

260

'Twas bound to suffer persecution,

And martyrdom with resolution,

T' oppose itself against the hate

And vengeance of th' incensed state :

In whose defiance it was worn,

265

Still ready to be rent and torn,

With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd ;
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as monarchy should last ;
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state ;
Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever ;
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.

So learned Taliacotius, from
The brawny part of porter's bum,
Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech :
But when the date of Nock was out,
Off dropt the sympathetic snout.

His back, or rather burden, shew'd,
As if it stoop'd with its own load.
For as Æneas bore his fire
Upon his shoulders through the fire ;
Our Knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back ;
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head, for want of crupper.
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before ;
Which still he had a special care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare ;

As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as the country-house affords ; 300
With other victual, which anon
We further shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff, 305
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof ;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woolen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen ; 310
To old king Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food 315
For warriors that delight in blood :
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry vittle in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise : 320
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood ;
And till th' were storm'd and beaten out, 325
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.
And though knights-errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough desarts vast
And regions desolate they past, 330

Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their provisions on record ;

Which made some confidently write, 335
They had no stomachs but to fight ;

'Tis false : for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingale,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd : 340
Though 'twas no table, some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk-hose ;
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat, 344
When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfast on their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digrest ;

As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come. 350

His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart was ty'd ;
With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.

In it he melted lead for bullets, 355
To shoot at foes and sometimes pullets ;
To whom he bore so fell a gruteh,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty, 360
And ate into itself, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack.

The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face,
In many desperate attempts,
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder.
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.

365

370

This sword a dagger had his page,
That was but little for his age;
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights-errants do.
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging.
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth.
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure;
But left the trade as many more
Have lately done on the same score.

380

385

390

In th' holsters at his saddle-bow
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get.

These would inveigle rats with th' scent, 395

To forage when the cocks were bent;

And sometimes catch them with a snap,

As cleverly as th' ablest trap.

They were upon hard duty still,

And ev'ry night stood sentinel,

To guard the magazine i' th' hose,

From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,

From peaceful home set forth to fight.

But first with nimble active force,

He got on th' outside of his horse;

For having but one stirrup ty'd,

T' his saddle on the further side,

It was so short; h' had much ado,

To reach it with his desperate toe,

But, after many strains and heaves,

He got up to the saddle eaves;

From whence he vaulted into th' seat,

With so much vigour, strength, and heat,

That he had almost tumbled over,

With his own weight; but did recover,

By laying hold on tail and main,

Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed;

Before we further do proceed,

It doth behove us to say something,

Of that which bore our valiant bumpkin,

The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,

With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;

I would say eye; for h' had but one,

As most agree, though some say none.

He was well stay'd, and in his gait,
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.

At spur or switch no more he skipp'd,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipp'd: 430

And yet so fiery, he would bound,

As if he griev'd to touch the ground;

That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,

Had corns upon his feet and toes,

Was not by half so tender-hooft,

435

Nor trod upon the ground so soft.

And as that beast would kneel and stoop,

(Some write) to take his rider up;

So Hudibras his, 'tis well known,

Would often do to set him down.

440

We shall not need to say what lack

Of leather was upon his back;

For that was hidden under pad,

And breech of knight gall'd full as bad.

His strutting ribs on both sides show'd

445

Like furrows he himself had plow'd:

For underneath the skirt of pannel,

'Twixt every two there was a channel.

His draggling tail hung in the dirt,

Which on his rider he would flirt,

450

Still as his tender side he prick'd

With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kick'd:

For Hudibras wore but one spur;

As wisely knowing could he stir

To active trot one side of 's horse,

455

The other would not hang an arfe.

A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half.

Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralphe, 'tis all one : 460
And when we can with metre safe,
We'll call him so ; if not, plain Ralph ;
(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses,) 465
An equal stock of wit and valour,
He had laid in, by birth a taylor.
The mighty Tyrian Queen, that gain'd,
With subtle shreds a-track of land,
Did leave it with a castle fair,
To his great ancestor, her heir : 470
From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith, and warlike fights
Against the bloody canibal,
Whom they destroy'd, both great and small.
This sturdy Squire, he had, as well 475
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind, 480
And he another way came by't :
Some call it gifts, and some new light :
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token, 485
But in the carriage crack'd and broken.
Like commendation ninepence crook'd
With—To and from my love—it look'd.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loath
To look a gift-horse in the mouth ; 490

And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.

But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too,

For saints themselves will sometimes be, 495
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.

By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,

He could deep mysteries unriddle,

As easily as thread a needle.

For as of vagabonds we say 500

That they are ne'er beside their way;

Whate'er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.

'Tis a dark lanthorn of the Spirit, 505

Which none see by but those that bear it;

A light that falls down from on high,

For spiritual trades to cozen by;

An IGNIS FATUUS, that bewitches,

And leads men into pools or ditches,

510

To make them dip themselves, and found

For Christendom in dirty pond;

To dive like wild fowl for salvation,

And fish to catch regeneration.

This light inspires and plays upon

515

The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,

And speaks through hollow empty soul,

As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,

Such language as no mortal ear

But spiritual eaves-droppers can hear.

520

So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,

Into small poets song infuse;

Which they at second-hand rehearſe
Through reed or bagpipe, verſe for verſe.

Thus Ralph became infallible, 525
As three or four-legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair ;
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.

For mystic learning, wondrous able
In magic talisman and cabal, 530
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches ;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences ;
And much of *terra incognita*, 535
Th' intelligible world, could ſay ;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And ſolid lying much renown'd : 540
He Anthroposophus and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen understood ;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm ;
In Rosy Crucian lõre as learned, 545
As he that *vere adeptus* earned.
He understood the ſpeech of birds,
As well as they themſelves do words ;
Could tell what subtleſt parrots mean,
That think and ſpeak contrary clean ; 550
What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry Rope, and Walk, knave, walk.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water ;

Canto I. H U D I B R A S.

53

Of sov'reign pow'r to make men wise;
For dropt in blear, thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, tho' purblind in the light.

555

By help of these, as he profess'd,
He had first matter seen undres'd:

560

He took her naked all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.

The Chaos too he had descry'd,

And seen quite through, or else he ly'd:

565

Not that of pasteboard, which men shew

For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;

But its great-grandfire, first o' th' name,

Whence that and Reformation came;

Both cousin-germans, and right able

T' inveigle and draw in the rabble.

570

But Reformation was, some say,

O' th' younger house to puppet-play.

He could foretell what's ever was

By consequence to come to pass;

575

As death of great men, alterations,

Diseases, battles, inundations.

All this without th' eclipse o' th' sun,

Or dreadful comet, he hath done,

By inward light, a way as good,

And easy to be understood;

580

But with more lucky hit than those

That use to make the stars depose,

Like Knights o' th' post, and falsely charge

Upon themselves what others forge;

As if they were consenting to

585

All mischiefs in the world men do;

Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.

They'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robb'd a house below ; 590

Examine Venus and the moon,

Who stole a thimble or a spoon :

And though they nothing will confess,

Yet by their very looks can guess,

And tell what guilty aspect bodes, 595

Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods.

They'll question Mars, and, by his look,

Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak ;

Make Mercury confess, and 'peach

Those thieves which he himself did teach. 600

They'll find, i' th' physiognomies

O' th' planets, all mens destinies ;

Like him that took the doctor's bill,

And swallow'd it instead of th' pill ;

Cast the nativity o' th' question, 605

And from positions to be guess'd on,

As sure as if they knew the moment

Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.

They'll feel the pulses of the stars,

To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs ; 610

And tell what crisis does divine

The rot in sheep, or mange in swine ;

In men, what gives or cures the itch ;

What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich ;

What gains or loses, hangs or saves ; 615

What makes men great, what fools or knaves ;

But not what wise ; for only of those

The stars, they say, cannot dispose,

I. Canto I. H U D I B R A S.

37

No more than can the astrologians,
There they say right, and like true Trojans. 620
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge, perilous shrewd.
Never did trusty squire with knight, 625
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit.
Their valours too were of a rate,
And out they sally'd at the gate. 630

Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat;
But ere we venture to unfold 635
Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,
We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some muse;
However critics count it fillier,
Than jugglers talking to familiar. 640

We think 'tis no great matter which;
They're all alike; yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most;
Whom therefore thus we do accost:

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors, 645
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,
And force them, though it was in spite
Of nature, and their stars, to write;
Who, as we find, in sullen writs,
And crois-grain'd works of modern wits, 650

D

With vanity, opinion, want,
 The wonder of the ignorant,
 The praises of the author, penn'd
 B' himself, or wit-insuring friend ;
 The itch of picture in the front,
 With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,
 All that is left o' th' forked hill,
 To make men scribble without skill ;
 Can't make a poet spite of fate,
 And teach all people to translate,
 Though out of languages in which
 They understand no part of speech :
 Assist me but this once, I 'mplore,
 And I shall trouble thee no more.

655

660

665

In western clime there is a town,
 To those that dwell therein well known ;
 Therefore there needs no more be said here,

We unto them refer our reader ;

For brevity is very good

When w' are, or are not understood.

670

To this town people did repair
 On days of market, or of fair ;
 And to crack'd fiddle, and hoarfe tabor,

In merriment did drudge and labour :

But now a sport more formidable

675

Had rak'd together village-rabble ;

'Twas an old way of recreating,

Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting.

A bold advent'rous excercise,

With antient heroes in high prize :

680

For authors do affirm it came

From Isthmian or Nemæan game :

Canto I. H U D I B R A S.

39

Others derive it from the Bear
 That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
 And round about the pole does make
 A circle like a bear at stake,

685

That at the chain's end wheels about,
 And overturns the rabble-rout.

For after solemn proclamation

In the bear's name, (as is the fashion,
 According to the law of arms,

690

To keep men from inglorious harms,)
 That none presume to come so near,

As forty foot of stake of bear;

If any yet be so fool-hardy,

695

T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,

If they come wounded off, and lame,

No honour's got by such a maim;

Although the bear gain much, b'ing bound

In honour to make good his ground,

700

When he's engag'd, and take no notice,

If any press upon him, who 'tis;

But lets them know, at their own cost,

That he intends to keep his post,

This to prevent, and other harms,

705

Which always wait on feats of arms,

(For in the hurry of a fray,

'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way,)

Thither the Knight his course did steer,

To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear;

710

As he believ'd h' was bound to do

In conscience and commission too;

And therefore thus bespoke the Squire:

We that are wisely mounted higher

D 2

Than constables in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we sit,
Like speculators should foresee,
From Pharos of authority.

Portended mischief farther than
Low Protelarian tything-men.

And therefore being inform'd by bruit,
That dog and bear had to dispute ;
For so of late men fighting name,
Because they often prove the same ;
(For where the first does hap to be,

The last does *coincidere*);

Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To save th' expence of Christian blood,
And try if we, by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloody duel without blows.
Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at stake.

For cov'nant and the cause's sake ?

But in that quarrel dogs and bears,
As well as we, must venture theirs ?
This feud by Jesuits invented,

By evil counsel is fomented ;

There is a Machiavilian plot,
(Though ev'ry *nare olfact* is not,)

A deep design in't to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting brother against brother,
To claw and curry one another.

715

720

725

730

735

740

745

Canto I. H U D I B R A S.

44

Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
 That *cane et angue pejus* hate us ?
 And shall we turn our fangs and claws
 Upon our own selves without cause ?

750

That some occult design doth lye
 In bloody cynarctomachy,
 Is plain enough to him that knows,
 How saints lead brothers by the nose.

I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
 But sure some mischief will come of it ;
 Unless by providential wit,
 Or force, we averruncate it.

755

For what design, what interest
 Can beast have to encounter beast ?

760

They fight for no espoused cause,
 Frail privilege, fundamental laws,
 Nor for a thorough reformation,
 Nor covenant, nor protestation,
 Nor liberty of consciences,

765

Nor Lords nor Commons ordinances ;
 Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,
 To get them in their own no-hands ;
 Nor evil counsellors to bring
 To justice, that seduce the King ;

770

Nor for the worship of us men,
 Though we have done as much for them,
 Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for
 Their faith made internecine war :

Others ador'd a rat, and some
 For that church suffer'd martyrdom ;
 The Indians fought for the truth
 Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth :

775

And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to death : 780
But no beast ever was so slight
For man, as for his God, to fight.
They have more wit, alas ! and know
Themselves and us better than so.
But we, who only do infuse 785
The rage in them like *boute-feus* ;
'Tis our example that instills
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as some late philosophers
Have well observ'd, beasts that converse 790
With man, take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs ;
Just so, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read in Nero's time, the Heathen, 795
When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
And then set dogs about their ears :
From thence no doubt th' invention came
Of this lewd antichriftian game. 800

To this, quoth Ralph, verily,
The point seems very plain to me.
It is an antichriftian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
First, for the name, the word Bear-baiting 805
Is carnal, and of man's creating :
For certainly there's no such word
In all the scripture on record,
Therefore unlawful, and a sin ;
And so is (secondly) the thing. 810

A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture, than
Provincial, classic, national,
Mere human creature cobwebs all.

Thirdly, it is idolatrous ;
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatsoe'er
The thing be, whether dog or bear,
It is idolatrous and Pagan,
No less than worshipping of Dagon.

815

820

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat ;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate ;
For though the thesis which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amissim*, as thou say'st ;
(For that bear-beating should appear

825

Jure divino lawfuller
Than synods are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis : so do I :)
Yet there's a fallacy in this ;
For if by fly *homœosis*,
Tuffis procrepitu, an art

830

Under a cough to flur a f--t,
Thou would'st sophistically imply,
Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt
But bear-baiting may be made out,
In gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or parochial *classis* :

835

And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,
That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,
Yourself o' the sudden would mistake 'em,

840

And not know which is which, unles
You measure by their wickedness :

For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether 845
O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch.

Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage ; 850
Thou'l be at best but such a bull,
Or shear swine, all cry, and no wool ;
For what can synods have at all,
With bear that's analogical ?

Or what relation has debating 855
Of church-affairs with bear-baiting ?
A just comparis'on still is
Of things *ejusdem generis*.

And then what *genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both ? 860
If animal, both of us may

As justly pass for bears as they ;
For we are animals no les,
Although of diff'rent specieses.
But, Ralpho, this is not fit place, 865

Nor time to argue out the case :
For now the field is not far off,
Where we must give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit

Another manner of dispute ; 870
A controversy that affords

Actions for arguments, not words :
Which we must manage at a rate
Of prowes and conduct adequate

To what our place and fame doth promise, 875

And all the godly expect from us.

Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless

We're flurr'd and outed by success:

Success, the mark no mortal wit,

Or surest hand, can always hit: 880

For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,

We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,

Which in success oft disinherits,

For spurious causes, noblest merits.

Great actions are not always true sons 885

Of great and mighty resolutions,

Nor do th' boldest attempts bring forth

Events still equal to their worth:

But sometimes fail, and in their stead

Fortune and cowardice succeed. 890

Yet we have no great cause to doubt,

Our actions still have borne us out:

Which, though they're known to be so ample,

We need not copy from example;

We're not the only persons durst 895

Attempt this province, nor the first.

In northern clime a val'rous knight

Did whilom kill his bear in sight,

And wound a fiddler: we have both

Of these the objects of our worth, 900

And equal fame and glory from

Th' attempt of victory to come.

'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke

In foreign land, yclep'd---

To whom we have been oft compar'd 905

For person, parts, address and beard;

Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same cause both have fought ;
He oft in such attempts as these
Came off with glory and success ; 910
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal resolution.
Honour is like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on,
With ent'ring manfully, and urging, 915
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.

This said, as yerst the Phrygian knight,
So ours, with rusty steel did smite
His Trojan horse, and just as much ;
He mended pace upon the touch ; 920
But from his empty stomach groan'd,
Just as that hollow beast did sound,
And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.
So have I seen, with armed heel,
A wight bestride a commonweal ;
While still the more he kick'd and spur'd,
The less the sullen jade has stirr'd.

CANTO SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies best men of war :
Whom in a bold harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight ;
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler prisoner ;
Conveys him to iuchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden bastile.

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher,
That had read Alexander Ross over ;
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love :
Just so romances are, for what else
Is in them all, but love and battles ! 5
O' th' first of these we've no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter :
In which to do the injur'd right,
We mean, in what concerns just fight, 10
Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make some well-founding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights ;
(Like those that a whole street do raze, 15
To build a palace in the place,)

They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce dead-doing man, 20
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine tailors :
So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit, 25
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit :
As if just so much he enjoy'd,
As in another is destroy'd.
For when a gaint's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright, 30
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large bones,
As men kill beavers for their stones.
But as for our part, we shall tell, 35
The naked truth of what befel ;
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert ; 40
And never coin a formal lie on't,
To make the Knight o'ercome the giant.
This b'ing profess'd we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.
They rode, but authors having not, 45
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
(That is to say, whether tollutation,
As they do term't, or succussion.)

I. Canto II. H U D I B R A S.

49

We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how: 50
Yet some from subtle hints have got
Mysterious light it was a trot.
But let that pass: they now begun
To spur their living engines on.
For as whipp'd tops, and bandy'd balls, 55
The learned hold are animals;
So horses they affirm to be
Mere engines made by Geometry;
And were invented first from engines,
As Indian Britons were from penguins. 60
So let them be: as I was saying,
They their live engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal champain
Which th' enemy did then encamp on;
The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle 65
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren;
Who now began to take the field,
As knight from ridge of steed beheld; 70
For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much farther off; much farther he,
Rais'd on his aged beast, could see:
Yet not sufficient to descry 75
All postures of th' enemy;
Wherefore he bids the squire ride further,
T' observe their numbers, and their order;
That when their numbers he had known,
He might know how to fit his own. 80

E

Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,
To fit himself for martial deed.

Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows, or to ward ;
Courage and steel, both of great force, 85
Prepar'd for better or for worse.

His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life preserving vittle ;
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's sword from retentive scabbard : 90
And after many a painful pluck,

From rusty durance he bail'd tuck.

Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose ;
And rais'd upon his desp'rare foot, 95
On stirrup-side he gaz'd about.

Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.

Ralpho rod on with no less speed
Than Hugo in the forest did : 100

But far more in returning made ;
For now the foe he had survey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With van, main battle, wings and rear.

I' th' head of all this warlike rabble, 105
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.

Instead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,
Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
By thunder turn'd to vinegar ; 110
(For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat ?





A squeaking engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on north-east fide,
Just where the hangman does dispose,
To special friends, the knot of noose :
For 'tis great grace, when statesmen strait
Dispatch a friend, let others wait.

115

His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
Which was but souse to chitterlings ;
For guts, some write, ere they are fodder,
Are fit for music, or for pudden :
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.

120

His grisly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddle-stick :
For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe,
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legg'd Bard, had both
A beard and tail of his own growth ;

125

And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
He made use only of his beard.

In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth,
Where bulls do chuse the boldest king,
And ruler, o'er the men of string ;
(As once in Persia, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd by horse that neigh'd ;)
He bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded sore : his leg then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak ;
For when a shin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's prop't ;

130

135

140

Esteem'd more hon'able than the other, 143
And takes place, tho' the younger brother.

Next march'd brave Orfin, famous for
Wise conduct, and success in war ;
A skilful leader, stout, severe,
Now marshal to the champion Bear. 150
With truncheon tipt with iron head,
The warrior to the lists he led :
With solemn march, and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face ;
Grave as the Emperor of Pegu, 155
Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge, or for retreat.
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back and retreat as well. 160
So lawyers, lest the Bear defendant,
And plaintiff Dog, should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with writs of error,
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,
To let them breath a while, and then 165
Cry Whoop, and set them on agen.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray ; 170
Bred up where discipline most rare is,
In Military garden Paris.
As soldiers heretofore did grow
In gardens just as weeds do now ;
Until some splay-foot politicians 175
T' Apollo offer'd up petitions,

For licensing a new invention
Th'ad found out an antique engine,
To root out all the weeds that grow
In public gardens at a blow, 180
And leave th' herbs standing. - Quoth Sir Sun,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done! quo' Statesman; yes, an't please ye,
When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easy.
Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo: 185
We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
A drum quoth Phœbus, troth that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new.
But tho' of voice and instrument
We are th' undoubted president: 190
We such loud music don't profess:
The Devil's master of that office,
Where it must pass if't be a drum,
He'll sign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.
To him apply yourselves, and he 195
Will soon dispatch you for his fee.
They did so; but it prov'd so ill,
Th'ad better let 'em grow there still.
But to resume what we discoursing
Were on before, that is, stout Orfin; 200
That which so oft by sundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascribed to this,
Than any other warrior, (viz.)
None ever acted both parts bolder, 205
Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
He was of great descent, and high
For splendor and antiquity,

And from celestial origine
Deriv'd himself in a right line. 210
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their base births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of a doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore,) 215
Made Jupiter himself and others
O' th' Gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions,
(Of which old Homer first made lampoons.
Arctophylax in northern sphere
Was his undoubted ancestor ; 220
From him his great forefathers came,
And in all ages bore his name.
Learned he was in med'c'nal lore ;
For by his side a pouch he wore,
Replete with strange hermetic powder, 225
That wounds nine miles point-blank would sol-
By skilful chymist with great cost [der,
Extracted from a rotten post ;
But of a heav'nlier influence
Than that which mountebanks dispense ; 230
Tho' by Promethean fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when slovens do amiss
At others doors, by stool or pifs,
The learned write, a red-hot spit 235
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey mischief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong :
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure. 240

Thus virtuous Orsin was endu'd
With learning, conduct, fortitude
Incomparable ; and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
A skilful leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of war ;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No less than dint of sword could kill.

245

The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin :
Clad in a mantle *della guerre*
Of rough, impenetrable fur ;
And in his nose, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring ;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target ;
Armed, as heralds, cant, and langued,
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged,
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray ;
So swords, in men of war, are teeth
Which they do eat their vittle with.
He was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian some a Muscovite ;
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there :
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin :

250

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270

And when these fail'd, he'd fuck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws.

And tho' his countrymen, the Huns, 275

Did stew their meat between their bums

And th' horses backs o'er which they straddle,

And ev'ry man ate up his saddle,

He was not half so nice as they,

But ate it raw when't came in's way. 280

He had trac'd countries far and near,

More than Le Blanc the traveller ;

Who writes, he spous'd in India,

Of noble house, a lady gay,

And got on her a race of worthies

285

As stout as any upon earth is.

Full many a fight for him between

Talgol and Orsin oft had been ;

Each striving to obtain the crown

Of a fav'd citizen : the one

290

To guard his Bear, the other fought

To aid his Dog ; both made more stout,

By several spurs of neighbourhood,

Church fellow-membership, and blood ;

But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,

295

Never got ought of him but blows ;

Blows, hard and heavy, such as he

Had lent, repaid with usury.

Yet Talgol was of courage stout,

And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought ;

300

Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toil,

And, like a champion, shone with oil.

Right many a widow his keen blade,

And many fatherless, had made.

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Canto II. H U D I B R A S.

57

305

He many a boar, and huge dun cow,
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrew,
But Guy with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the boar and dun cow far'd.

With greater troops of sheep h' had fought,
Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote; 310
And many a serpent of fell kind,
With wings before, and stings behind,
Subdu'd, as Poets say, long agone,
Bold Sir George, St George, did the dragon.

Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
Though stor'd with deleterious med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is dead since,) 315
E'er sent so vast a colony,
To both the under worlds as he.

For he was of that noble trade,
That demi-gods and heroes made.

Slaughter, and knocking on the head;
The trade on which they all were bred,
And is, like others, glorious when,

'Tis great and large, but base if mean.
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing,

So sacred with vile bungling. 320

Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano! great in martial fame.

Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,
'Tis fung he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as forest-boar,

325

Whose spoils upon his back he wore.

As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held ;
But bras was feeble to resist,
The fury of his armed fist : 340
Nor could the hardest iron hold out,
Against his blows, but they would through't.

In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen head ?
Profoundly skill'd in the back art, 345
As English Merlin for his heart ;
But far more skilful in the spheres,
Than he was at the sieve and shears.
He could transform himself in colour,
As like the devil as a collier ; 350
As like as hypocrites in show,
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.

Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter :
The cannon, blunderbuss, and faker, 355
He was th' inventor of and maker :
The trumpet and the kettle-drum,
Did both from his invention come.
He was the first that e'er did teach,
To make, and how to stop a breach. 360
A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike ;
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright, 365
Than burnish'd armour of her knight :
A bold virago, stout and tall,
As Joan of France, or English Mall.

art I.

340

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365



Canto II. H U D I B R A S.

59

Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him. 370

In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forsook.

At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize;

At beating quarters up, or forage, 375
Behav'd herself with matchless courage,
And laid about in fight more busily,

Than th' Amazonian dame Penthesile.

And though some critics here cry shame,

And say our authors are to blame, 380

That (spite of all philosophers,
Who hold no females stout but bears;

And heretofore did so abhor,

That women should pretend to war,

They wou'd not suffer the stoutest dame, 385

To swear by Hercules's name.)

Make feeble ladies, in their works,

To fight like termagants and Turks:

To lay their native arms aside,

Their modesty, and ride astride; 390

To run a-tilt at men, and wield,

Their naked tools in open field;

As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,

And she that would have been the mistress

Of Gundibert; but he had grace, 395

And rather took a country-lass:

They say 'tis false without all sense,

But of pernicious consequence

To government, which they suppose,

Can never be upheld in prose; 400

Stript Nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.
It may be so; yet what we tell,
Of Trulla that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by those have seen't, 405
Or what's as good, produc'd in print:
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.

The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,
Of all his race the valiant'ft: 410

Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,

Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:

He rais'd the low, and fortify'd,

The weak against the strongest fide;

Ill has he read, that never hit, 415

On him in Muses deathless writ.

He had a weapon keen and fierce.

That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,

And cut it in a thousand pieces,

Though tougher than the Knight of Greece has, 420

With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor,

Was comrade in the ten years war:

For when the restless Greeks sat down

So many years, before Troy town,

And were renoun'd, as Homer writes, 425

For well soal'd boots, no less than fights;

They ow'd that glory only to

His ancestor, that made them so.

Fast friend he was to reformation,

Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion; 430

Next rectifier of wry law,

And would make three t cure one flaw.

Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote.
But preaching was his chiefest talent, 435
Or argument, in which b'ing valiant,
He us'd to lay about and stickle,
Like ram or bull at conventicle :
For disputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that spring from sculls. 440

Last Colin came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal star ;
Right expert in command of horse,
But cruel and without remorse.

That which of Centaur long ago 445
Was said, and has been wrested to
Some other knights, was true of this,
He and his horse were of a piece.
One spirit did inform them both,
The self-same vigour, fury, wroth : 450
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart ;
Although the horse had been of those
That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes ;
Strange food for horse ! and yet, alas, 455
It may be true ; for flesh is grass.

Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than Hercules to clean a stable :
As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in hog or neat. 460
He ript the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother
And provender wherewith to feed
Himself, and his less cruel steed.

Stript Nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.
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Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than Hercules to clean a stable :
As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in hog or neat. 460

He ript the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother
And provender wherewith to feed
Himself, and his less cruel steed.

It was a question whether he
Or's horse were of a family
More worshipful: till antiquaries,
(After they'd almost por'd out their eyes.)
Did very learnedly decide
The bus'ness on the horse's side,
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder house:
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.

465

470

These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage,
Ready and longing to engage.

475

The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of sev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires,
Of east and western hemispheres:
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of diff'rent manners, speech, religions,
Came men and mastiffs; some to fight
For fame and honour, some for fight.

480

And now the field of death, the lists
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd;
When Hudibras in haste approach'd,
With Squire and weapons to attack 'em;
But first thus from his horse bespeak 'em:

485

What rage, O citizens! what fury,
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
What *æstrum*, what phrenetic mood
Makes you thus lavish of your blood.

490

495

While the proud Vies your trophies boast,
And unreveng'd walks —— ghost ?
What towns, what garrisons might you
With hazard of this blood subdue, 500
Which now y'are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray ?
Shall faints in civil bloodish wallow
Of saints, and let the cause ly fallow ?
The cause, for which we fought and swore 505
So boldly, shall we now give o'er ?
Then, because quarrels still are seen
With oaths and swearings to begin,
The solemn league and covenant
Will seem a mere God-damn-me-rant ; 510
And we that took it, and have fought
As lewd as drunkards that fall out :
For as we make war for the King
Against himself, the self-same thing,
Some will not stick to swear we do 515
For God, and for religion too :
For if Bear-baiting we allow,
What good can reformation do ?
The blood and treasure that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought, 520
Are these the fruits o' th' protestation,
The prototype of reformation,
Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,
When 'twas resolv'd by either house 525
Six members' quarrel to espouse ?
Did they for this draw down the rabble,
With zeal and noises formidable,

And make all cries about the Town
Join throats to cry the Bishops down ? 530
Who having round begirt the palace,
(As once a month they do the gallows,) 535
As members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats with hideous shout.
When tinkers bawl'd aloud, to settle
Church discipline, for patching kettle :
No sow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd, Reform.
The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
And trudg'd away, to cry, No Bishop. 540
The mouse-trap men laid saxe-alls by,
And 'gainst Evil Counsellors did cry.
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church.
Some cry'd the Covenant, instead 545
Of Pudding pies, and Ginger-bread.
And some for Brooms, Old Boots and Shoes,
Bawl'd out to Purge the Common-houfe.
Instead of Kitchen-stuff, some cry,
A Gospel-preaching Ministry : 550
And some for Old Suits, Coats, or Cloak,
No Surplices, nor Service-book.
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to Reformation,
And is this all ? is this the end 555
To which these carr'ings on did tend ?
Hath Public faith, like a young heir,
For this ta'en up all sorts of ware,
And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,
Till both turn'd bankrupts and are broke ? 560

Did saints, for this, bring in their plate,
And croud as if they came too late?

For when they thought the Cause had need on't,
Happy was he that could get rid on't.

Did they coinf piss-pots, bowls, and flaggons, 565
Int' officers of horse and dragoons;

And into pikes and musqueteers

Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?

A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,

Did start up living men as soon

570

As in the furnace they were thrown;

Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.

Then was the cause of gold and plate,

Th' brethren's off'rings; consecrate,

Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it 575

The saints fell prostrate to adore it;

So say the wicked----and will you

Make that sarcasmus scandal true,

By running after dogs and bears,

Beasts more unclean than calves or steers? 580

Have pow'rful preachers ply'd their tongues,

And laid themselves out and their lungs,

Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,

I' th' power of Gospel-preaching Minister?

Have they invented tones to win

585

The women, and make them draw in

The men, as Indians with a female

Tame elephant inveigle the male?

Have they told Prov'denee what it must do,

Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to? 590

Discover'd th' enemy's design,

And which way best to countermine?

Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk ?

Told it the news o' th' last expres,
And after good or bad success,
Made prayers, not so like petitions,
As overtures and propositions,
(Such as the army did present

To their Creator, th' Parliament,) 600

In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot acquiesce,
Unless the work be carry'd on
In the same way they have begun,
By setting church and common-weal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the saints were all agog,
And all this for a Bear and Dog ?

The Parliament drew up petitions
To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions, 610
To well-affected persons down,

In ev'ry city and great town ;
With pow'r to levy horse and men,
Only to bring them back agen :

For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats, that show'd
As if they to the pillory rode.

Have all these courses, these efforts,
Been try'd by people of all sorts, 620
Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the Cause's service ?
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray ?

595

600

605

615

620

Canto II. H U D I B R A S.

67

Shall we that in the Cov'nant swore,
Each man of us to run before
Another still in Reformation,
Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation ?
How will dissenting Brethren relish it ?
What will malignants say ? *videlicet*,
That each man swore to do his best,
To damn and perjure all the rest ;
And bid the devil take the hindmost,
Who at this race is like to win most.

630

They'll say our bus'ness to reform
The church and state, is but a worm ;
For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
To an unknown church-discipline,
What is it else, but beforehand
T' engage, and after understand ?

635

For when we swore to carry on
The present reformation,
According to the purest mode
Of churches best reform'd abroad,
What did we else but make a vow
To do we know not what or how ?

640

For no three of us will agree
Where, or what churches these should be ;
And is indeed the self-same case

645

With theirs that swore *et cæteras* ;
Or the French league, in which men vow'd
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These flanders will be thrown upon
The Cause and Work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitances fit for Bedlam :

650

655

Rather than Gospel-walking times,
When flightest sins are greatest crimes.
But we the matter so shall handle,
As to remove that odious scandal : 660
In name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen ;
And to those places straight repair, 663
Where your respective dwellings are,
But to that purpose first surrender
The Fiddler, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and engineer of mischief ; 670
That makes division between friends,
For profane and malignant ends.
He, and that engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall, *dictum factum*, both be brought 675
To condign punishment, as they ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay :
For then I'll take another course,
And soon reduce you all by force. 680
This said, he clapt his hand on sword,
To shew he mean't to keep his word.
But Talgol, who had long supprest
Inflam'd wrath in glowing breast,
Which now began to rage and burn as 685
Implacable as flame in furnace,
Thus answer'd him : Thou vermin wretched,
As e'er in mealed pork was hatched ;

Canto II. H U D I B R A S.

69

Thou tail of Worship, that dost grow

On rump of justice as of cow;

690

How dar'st thou with that fallen luggage

O' th' self, old ir'n, and other baggage,

With which thy steed of bones and leather

Has broke his wind in halting hither;

How durst th', I say, adventure thus

695

T' oppose thy lumber against us?

Could thine impertinence find out

No work t' employ itself about,

Where thou, secure from wooden blow,

Thy busy vanity mightst show?

700

Was no dispute a-foot between

The caterwawling bretfren?

No subtle question rais'd among

Those out-o-their wits, and those i' th' wrong;

No prize between those combatants

705

O' th' times, the land and water saints;

Where thou might'st stickle without hazard

Of outrage to thy hide muzzard;

And not for want of bus'nes come

To us to be thus troublesome,

710

To interrupt our better sort

Of disputants, and spoil our sport?

Was there no felony, no bawd,

Cut-purse, nor burglary abroad?

No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose,

715

To tie thee up from breaking loose?

No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,

For which thou Statute might'st alledge,

To keep thee busy from foul evil,

And shame due to thee from the devil;

720

680

685

ched,

Did no committee sit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee ;
And set th' a task, with subornation,
To stitch up sale and sequestration,
To cheat, with holiness and zeal, 725
All parties and the common-weal ?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be ;
Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither. 730

But if th' hast brain enough in scull
To keep itself in lodging whole.
And not provoke the rage of stones
And cudgels to thy hide and bones ;
Tremble, and vanish, while thou may'ft, 735
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'ft.
At this the Knight grew high in wroth,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he smote on stomach stout,
From whence at last these words broke out : 740

Was I for this entitled Sir,
And girt with trusty sword and spur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle ?

Not all that pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up veal ;
Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,
And sell thy carrion for good meat ;
Not all thy magic to repair 745
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Make nat'ral death appear thy work,
And stop the gangrene in stale pork ;

Canto II. H U D I B R A S.

71

Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood ;
Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives, 755
And axes made to hew down lives,

Shall save or help thee to evade
The hand of justice, or this blade,
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military. 760

Nor shall these words of venom base,
Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unrevenge'd, though I am free.

Thou down the same throat shall devour 'em,
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em. 765

Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight
With gauntlet blue, and bases white,
And round blunt truncheon by his side,
So great a man at arms defy'd 770

With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.

This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd 775
His gunshot, that in holsters watch'd ;
And bending cock, he levell'd full
Against th' outside of Talgol's scull :
Vowing, that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murther. 780
But Pallas came in shape of rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.

Mean-while fierce Talgol, gath'ring might, 785
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight ;
But he with Petronel upheav'd,
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd.
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight, 790
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword ; but not so fast,
But Talgol first with hardy thwack 795
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
With stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon ; 800
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard its leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itself again.
And though the sword, some understood, 805
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so ; both fides were balanc'd
So equal, none knew which was valiant'ft :
For wood with honour b'ing engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd ; 810
Though iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death ;
Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still, 815
Expecting which should take or kill.

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R. Garin Sculp!

This Hudibras observ'd ; and fretting,
Conquest should be so long a getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow.

820

But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight ; for had it hit,
The upper part of him the blow
Had lit, as sure as that below.

Meanwhile th' incomparable Colon, 825

To aid his friend, began to fall on :
Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat' twixt them two ;

Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood. 830

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang ;

While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline,
Until Magnano, who did envy

835

That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain

Perform'd what force could ne'er attain ;
For he, by foul hap, having found

Where thistles grew on barren ground, 840

In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having cropt them from the root,
He clapp'd them underneath the tail
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.

The angry beast did straight resent 845

The wrong done to his fundament ;
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beside his sense,

G

Striving to disengage from thistle
That gall'd him sorely under his tail: 850
Instead of which, he threw the pack
Of Squire, and baggage from his back;
And blund'ring still, with smarting rump
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did stoop, 855
And sat on further side a-slope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By sleight escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For catching foe by nearer foot, 860
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out;
But Mars, that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid, 865
And under him the Bear convey'd;
The Bear upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound: 870
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit, 875
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worsted by the Knight.
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout. 880

His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he drew the foam ;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him :
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd 885
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms :
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs his enemy, 890
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him ;
It griev'd him to the guts, that they
For whom h' had fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long, 895
Should offer such inhuman wrong ;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition ;
For which he flung down his commission ;
And laid about him, till his nose
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose. 900
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew ;
Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew,
But took none ; for by hasty flight 905
He strove t' escape pursuit of knight :
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread, as he the rabble chas'd.
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a sev'ral way. 910
Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,

Though beaten down, and wounded sore,
I' th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone ; 915
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He spying Hudibras ly strow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, supposed wound,
And loss of urine, in a swound,
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb 920
That hurt in th' ankle lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight ;
For getting up on stump and huckle, 925
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of crowd and skin upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent. 930
But Ralph (who had now begun
T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs with sprained crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicious 935
Approaching Knight from fell musician.
He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed,
(As rats do from a falling house,)
To hide itself from rage of blows ; 940
And wing'd with speed and fury flew,
To rescue knight from black and blue.
Which ere he could atchieve, his sconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once ;

Canto II. H U D I B R A S.

77

And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen, 945
When Ralpho thrust himself between.
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the Knight from further harm;
And, joining wrath with force, bestow'd
On th' wooden member such a load, 950
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propt before.
To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And setting conq'ring foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rete frenzy
Made thee, thou whelp of Sin, to fancy 955
Thyself and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship,
'Gainst arms, authority, and worship? 960
And Hudibras, or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows, as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail 965
With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt----but first our care
Must see how Hudibras doth fare. 970
This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And set him on his bum upright:
To rouse him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been 975
To raise the spirits lodg'd within.

They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
From inward room, to window-eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the casement
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement. 980
This gladded Ralph much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight : Quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror ;
As high, victorious and great, 985
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have ;
That's victory. The foe for dread
Of your Nine-worthiness, is fled, 990
All, save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd Cause undertake :
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be dispos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or sale, 995
The gallows, or perpetual jail.
For one wink of your powerful eye
Must sentence him to live or die.
His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the Churches ; 1000
And by your doom must be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a crowd.
For though success did not confer
Just title on the conqueror ;
Though dispensations were not strong 1005
Conclusions, whether right or wrong ;
Although outgoings did confirm,
And owning were but a mere term ;

Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, though usurp'd by might, 1010
The property is in the saint,
From whom th' injuriously detain't;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horses, whores and dice,
Their riots, revels, masks, delights, 1015
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites,
All which the saints have title to,
And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before : 1020
For we are their true landlords still,
And they our tenants but at will.

At this the Knight began to rouse,
And by degrees grew valorous.
He star'd about, and seeing none 1025
Of all his foes remain, but one,
He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him ;
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the rest that ran away. 1030
But Ralpho, now in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood :
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
Is rais'd too high : this slave does merit
To be the hangman's bus'ness, sooner 1035
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction : I that am
A nothingness in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or case : 1040

Will you, great Sir, that glory blot,
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conqu'ring sword,
To break a Fiddle and your word?
For tho' I fought and overcame, 1045
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name :
For great commanders always own
What's prosperous by the soldier done.
To fave, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your pow'r above your will; 1050
And that your will and pow'r have less
Than both might have of selfishnes.
This pow'r, which now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the slave in awe, 1055
Than if you were a knight of itraw :
For death would then be his conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death, to you; 1060
'Twere policy and honour too,
To do as you resolv'd to do :
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
To say it needs or fears a crutch.
Great conqu'rors greater glory gain, 1065
By foes in triumph led, than slain :
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes : the greatest fame
Of cripple slain can be but lame. 1070
One half of him's already slain,
The other is not worth your pain ;

T' honour can but on one side light,
As Worship did when y' were dubb'd Knight.
Wherefore I think it better far, 1075
To keep him prisoner of war ;
And let him fast in bonds abide,
At court of justice to be try'd :
Where if he appear so bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his safety : 1080
If any member there dislike
His face, or to his beard have pique ;
Or if his death will save or yield,
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd ;
Tho' he has quarter, ne'ertheless 1085
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you please ;
This has been often done by some
Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom ;
And has by most of us been held
Wise justice, and to some reveal'd : 1090
For words and promises, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke ;
Like Samson's cuffs, tho' by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we should fight for the Cause 1095
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call just,
The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
This we among ourselves may speak ;
But to the wicked or the weak, 1100
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, such as these are.

This said, the high outrageous mettle
Of Knight began to cool and settle.

He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon 1105

Resolv'd to see th' bus'ness done :

And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,

And to its former place and use

The wooden member to reduce ; 1110

But force it take an oath before,

Ne'er to bear arms against him more.

Ralph dispatch'd with speedy haste,

And having ty'd Crowdero fast,

He gave Sir Knight the end of cord, 1115

To lead the captive of his sword

In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,

And them to further service brought.

The Squire in state rode on before,

And on his nut-brown whinyard bore 1120

The trophy Fiddle and the case,

Leaning on shoulder like a mace.

The Knight himself did after ride,

Leading Crowdero by his side ;

And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind, 1125

Like boat against the tide and wind.

Thus grave and solemn they march'd on,

Until quite through the town th' had gone ;

At further end of which there stands

An ancient castle, that commands 1130

Th' adjacent parts ; in all the fabric

You shall not see one stone, nor a brick,

But all of wood, by pow'rful spell

Of magic made impregnable :

There's neither iron bar nor gate, 1135

Portcullis, chain, nor belt, nor grate ;

And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeons scarce three inches wide ;
With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but ly or sit : 1140
And yet so foul, that who so is in,
Is to the middle leg in prison ;
In circle magical confin'd,
With walls of subtil air and wind ;
Which none are able to break thorough, 1145
Until they're freed by head of borough.
Thither arriv'd, the advent'rous Knight
And bold Squire from their steeds alight,
At th' outward wall, near which there stands
A bastile, built t' imprison hands ; 1150
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater ;
For tho' the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enough ;
And when a circle 'bout the wrist 1155
Is made by beadle exorcist,
The body feels the spur and switch,
As if 'twere ridden post by Witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place. 1160
On top of this there is a spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire,
The Fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophy, place.
That done, they ope the trap-door-gate, 1165
And let Crowdero down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in pensive place,

To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the surviver of his feet; 1170
But th' other, that had broke the peace,
And head of knighthood, they release,
Tho' a delinquent false and forged,
Yet b'ing a stranger, he's enlarged;
While his comrade, that did no hurt, 1175
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't.
So Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

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CANTO THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place ; the Knight does fall,
And is made pris'ner ; then they seize
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowdero, put the Squire in's place ;
I should have first said Hudibras,

A Y me ! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron ?
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps !
For tho' dame Fortune seem to smile, 5
And leer upon him for a while,
She'll after shew him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may sing or say,
I' th' ditty call'd. " What if a day ; " 10
For Hudibras, who thought h' had won
The field, as certain as a gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop.
Thinking h' had done enough to purchase 15
Thanksgiving-day among the Churches ;
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by Holder-forth ;
And register'd by fame eternal,
In deathless pages of diurnal, 20
Found in few minutes to his cost,
He did but count without his host ;

H

And that a turnstile is more certain
Than, in events of war, dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chas'd by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear.

(All but the dogs, who in pursuit
Of the Knight's victory stood to't,
And most ignobly fought, to get
The honour of his blood and sweat,) 30

Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they mean't to stand it out.

For by this time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grow too great
For him to make a safe retreat,

Like a bold chieftain fac'd about ;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled and fac'd,

Retiring still, until he found
H' had got th' advantage of the ground ;
And then as valiantly made head,
To check the foe, and forthwith fled ;

Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warrior stout and politic ;
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a pass to hold dispute

On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force

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Canto III. H U D I B R A S.

87

He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil ;
But still their numbers so increas'd,
He found himself at length oppres'd,
And all evasions so uncertain

55

To save himself for better fortune ;
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour on the field,
And sell his hide and carcase at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The enemy i' th' greatest throng.
But what could single valour do,
Against so numerous a foe ?

60

Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were such.

65

But one against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good ;
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was suddenly inclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.

75

For now the mastives, charging home,
To blows and handygripes were come :
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right foot before,
He rais'd himself, to shew how tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
I' th' enemy, that one shoud beard

80

85

So many warriors, and so stout,
As he had done, and stav'd it out,
Disdaining to lay down his arms
And yield on honourable terms. 90
Enraged thus, some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being down, still laid about:
As Widdrington in doleful dumps, 95
Is said to fight upon his stumps.

But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla and Cerdon, in the nick,
To rescue him had not been quick: 100
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field Parthians shooth,
(But not so light as to be born
Upon the ears of standing corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker 105
Than Witches, when their slaves they liquor,
As some report,) was got among
The foremost of the martial throng;
There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near, 110
Viewing the bloody fight: to whom,
Shall we, quoth she, stand still hum-drum,
And see stout Bruin all alone
By numbers basely overthrown;
Such feats already h' has atchiev'd, 115
In story not to be believ'd;
And 'twould to us be shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would, quoth he, venture a limb
To second thee, and rescue him :
But then we must about it straight,
Or else our aid will come too late ;
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.

120

This said, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground ;
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
As if the Devil drove, to run. 130

Mean while th' approach'd the place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin ;
The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd,
First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon fail'd,
Until their mastives loos'd their hold : 135
And yet, alas ! do what they could,
The worsted Bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before.

For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
Was anabaptiz'd free from wound, 140
Made proof against dead-doing steel
All over, but the Pagan heel :
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him, but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial 145
Encounter lost a leatherne parcel.

For as an Austrian Archduke once
Had one ear (which in ducatoons
Is half the coin) in battle par'd
Clos to his head ; so Bruin far'd : 150

But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
Like scriv'ner newly crucified :
Or like the late corrected leather'n
Ears of the circumcised Brethren.

But gentle Trulla, into th' ring
He wore in's nose, convey'd a string,
With which she march'd before, and led
The warrior to a grassy bed,

As authors write, in a cool shade,
Which eglantine and roses made :
Close by a softly murmur'ring stream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream.

There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a song,
And a well-tun'd Theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to ease the pain
His tugg'd ears fuffer'd with a strain,
They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great leader, and the rest.

For Orsin (who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his ground
In standing fight, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot)

Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursu'd the chace ;
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind :
Griev'd to behold his Bear pursu'd,
So basely by a multitude ;
And like to fall, not by the prowess,
But numbers of his coward foet.

155

160

165

170

175

180

He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas ;
Forcing the vallies to repeat
The accents of his sad regret.

183

He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony Bear :
That Echo from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times
Than in small Poets splay-foot rhymes,
That make her, in their rueful stories,
To answer to int'rrogatories,

190

And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows ;
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the lovers fancy.

195

Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my---Echo, Ruin ?

200

I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
For fear Quoth Echo, Marry Guep.

Am I not here to take thy part ?

Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart ?

Have these bones rattled, and this head

205

So often in that quarrel bled ?

Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,

For thy dear sake, Quoth she, Mum Budget.

Think'it thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish

Thou turn'ft thy back ? Quoth Echo, Pish.

210

To run from those th' hadst o'ercome

Thus cowardly ? Quoth Echo, Mum.

But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy ?

Or if thou hast no thought of me, 215
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail :
For who would grudge to spend his blood in
His honour's cause ? Quoth she, A Puddin. 220
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly stomach burn'd ;
Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the authors of his woe 225
Should equal vengeance undergo ;
And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.
This being resolv'd, with equal speed
And rage he hasted to proceed 230
To action straight, and giving o'er
To search for Bruin any more,
He went in quest of Hudibras,
To find him out where-e'er he was ;
And, If he were above ground, vow'd 235
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew
Whom Hudibras did late subdue : 240
Honour, revenge, contempt and shame,
Did equally their breasts enflame.
'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras :
Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout, 245
And resolute, as ever fought ;

Whom furious Orfin thus bespoke :
Shall we, quoth he, thus basely brook
The vile affront that paltry ass
And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,
With that more paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if th'ad routed us in battle ?

250

For my part, it shall ne'er be said,
I for th' washing gave my head ;
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O' th' rascals, but losf of my Bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo ;
For whether those fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can fortel ;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt,
Where-e'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk,)
I'll make them rue their handy-work ;
And wish that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard.

255

260

265

270

Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orfin, th' haft
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has ev'ry body here,
As well as thou haft, or thy Bear.
Others may do as they see good ;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur ;

275

And t' other mongrel vermin, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf. 280

Thy Bear is safe, and out of peril,
Tho' lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill :
Myself and Trulla made a shifft
To lift him out at a dead lift ;
And having brought him bravely off, 285
Have left him where he's safe enough :
There let him rest ; for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the same design : 290

And forthwith put themselves in search
Of Hudibras upon their march,
Where leave we them a while to tell
What the victorious Knight befel ;
For such, Crowdero being fast 295
In dungeon shut, we left him last,
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow
No where so great as on his brow :
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd 300
Unto a neighb'ring castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues,
To mollify th' uneasy pang 305
Of ev'ry honourable bang.
Which b'ing by skilful midwife drest,
He laid him down to take his rest.
But all in vain. He'd got a hurt
On th' inside, of a deadlier sort. 310

By Cupid made, who took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure-land ;
(For he in all his am'rous battles,
No advantage finds like goods and chattels,) 315
Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the Knight ;
The shaft against a rib did glance,
And gall'd him in the purtenance.
But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,
After he found his suit in vain. 320
For that proud dame, for whom his soul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
(That belly that so oft did ake,
And suffer griping for her sake ;
Till purging comfits and ants eggs 325
Had almost brought him off his legs,) 330
Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
That old Pyg---(what d' y' call him)---malion
That cut his mistress out of stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one.
She had a thousand jadish tricks, 335
Worse than a mule that flings and kicks ;
'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
As insolent as strange and mad :
She could love none but only such
As scorn'd and hated her as much. 340
'Twas a strange riddle of a lady,
Not love, if any lov'd her: hey-day !
So cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the sound,

He that gets her by heart must say her
The back-way, like a Witch's prayer.
Meanwhile the Knight had no small task, 345
To compass what he durst not ask ;
He loves, but dares not make the motion :
Her ignorance is his devotion :
Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of steed ; 350
Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move :
Or like a tumbler, that doth play
His game, and look another way,
Until he seize upon the coney : 355
Just so does he by matrimony.
But all in vain, her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out ;
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by men of honour born : 360
Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress,
Did stir his stomach, and the pain
He had endur'd from her disdain,
Turn'd to regret, so resolute, 365
That he resolv'd to wave his suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in fight.
This resolution b'ing put on,
He kept some months, and more had done ; 370
But being brought so nigh by fate,
The victory he atchiev'd so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinu'd hope,

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That seem'd to promise he might win 375
His dame too, now his hand was in ;
And that his valour, and the honour
H' had newly gain'd might work upon her :
These reasons made his mouth to water
With am'rous longings to be at her. 380

Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows
But this brave conquest o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that floop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop ?
If nothing can oppugn love, 385
And virtue envious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too ?
But thou bring'ft valour too and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit : 390
Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in.
Then Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear
To be, thou art a conqueror ?
Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*, 395
But lets the timidous miscarry.
Then while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou had'st best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest. 400

Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep,
More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep.
And as an owl that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes, 405
As if he slept, untill he spies

The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch :
So from his couch the Knight did start,
To seize upon the widow's heart, 410
Crying with hasty tone, and hoarse,
Ralph, dispatch ; to horse, to horse.
And 'twas but time ; for now the rout,
We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanc'd 415
Up to the fort where he ensconc'd ;
And all th' avenues had possest
About the place, from east to west.

That done, a while they made a halt,
To view the ground, and where t' assault ; 420
Then call'd a council, which was best,
By siege or onslaught, to invest
The enemy, and 'twas agreed,
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This b'ing resolv'd, in comely fort, 425
They now drew up t' attack the fort ;
When Hudibras about to enter
Upon another-gates adventure,
To Ralph call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm. 430
Whether dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
To which he was an utter stranger ;
That foresight might, or might not blot 435
The glory he had newly got ;
Or to his shame it might be said,
They took him napping in his bed :

To them we leave it to expound.
That deal in sciences profound.

His courser scarce he had bestrid, 440

And Ralpho that on which he rid,

When setting ope the postern gate,

Which they thought best to sally at,

The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd, 445

Ready to charge them in the field.

This somewhat startled the bold Knight,

Surpris'd with th' unexpected fig'at :

The bruises of his bones and flesh

He thought began to smart afresh; 450

Till recollecting wonted courage,

His fear was soon converted to rage,

And thus he spoke : The coward foe,

Whom we but now gave quarter to,

Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears 455

As if they had outrun their fears.

The glory we did lately get,

The Fates command us to repeat ;

And to their wills we must succumb,

Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom. 460

This is the same numeric crew

Which we so lately did subdue ;

The self-same individuals, that

Did run, as mice do from a cat,

When we courageously did wield

Our martial weapons in the field,

To tug for victory : and when

We shall our shining blades agen

Brandish in terror o'er our heads,

They'll straight resume their wonted dreads :

Fear is an ague, that forsakes 471

And haunts by fits those whom it takes :

And they'll opine they feel the pain

And blows they felt to-day, again.

Then let us boldly charge them home, 473

And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his courage to inflame,

He call'd upon his mistress's name.

His pistol next he cock'd a-new,

And out his nut-brown whinyard drew : 480

And, placing Ralpho in the front,

Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,

As expert warriors use : then ply'd

With iron-heel his courser's side,

Conveying sympathetic speed 483

From heel of Knight to heel of steed.

Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage

And speed, advancing to engage,

Both parties now were drawn so close,

Almost to come to handy-blows : 490

When Orfin first let fly a stone

At Ralpho ; not so huge a one

As that which Diomed did maul

Æneas on the bum withal ;

Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,

T' have sent him to another world,

Whether above ground or below,

Which saints twice dipt are destin'd to,

The danger startled the bold Squire,

And made him some few steps retire ;

Bnt Hudibras advanc'd to his aid,

And rous'd his spirits half dismay'd.

He wisely doubting left the shot
O' th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, press'd close, 505
To come pell-mell to handy-blows,
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line,
But prudently forebore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher: 510
As expert warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the advent'rous Knight,
Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight;
When Fortune, as she's wont, turn'd fickle, 515
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her Goodyship
To give so near a friend the slip.
For Colon chusing out a stone,
Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon 520
His manly paunch, with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.
He lost his whinyard, and the rein;
But laying fast hold of the mane,
Preserv'd his seat: and as a goose 525
In death contracts his talons close;
So did the Knight, and with one claw
The trickler of his pistol draw.
The gun went off: and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras, 530
In all his feats of arms, when least
He dream'd of it, to prosper best;
So now he far'd; the shot let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,

Pierc'd Talgol's gaberdine, and grazing 535
Upon his shoulder in the passing,
Lodg'd in Magnano's bras habergeon,
Who straight, A Surgeon cry'd, A Surgeon :
He tumbled down, and as he fell,
Did Murder, Murder, Murder, yell. 540
This startled their whole body so,
That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
H' had won, the second time, the fight ;
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, 545
He had inevitably done :
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras his hurt, forbare
To pres' th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten. 550
For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd
In close encounter, they both wag'd
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which fide was like to get the day.
And now the busy work of death 555
Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,
Preparing to renew the fight ;
When the disaster of the Knight
And th' other party did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part. 560
Ralpho pres'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was ;
Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements, and hearty.
Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir, 565
And let revenge and honour stir

Your spirits up ; once more fall on,
The shatter'd foe begins to run ;
For if but half so well you knew
To use your victory as subdue, 570
They durst not, after such a blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now ;
But from so formidable a soldier
Had fled, like crows when they smell powder.
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft 575
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their spirits, now dismay'd and check'd,
You'll have a harder game to play
Than yet y' have had, to get the day. 580

Thus spoke the stout Squire ; but was heard
By Hudibras with small regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue ;
To which he answer'd, Cruel fate 585
Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
The clotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end. 590
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
I am not apt, upon a wound 595
Or trivial basting to despond :
Yet I'd be loath my days to curtail ;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,

Or that we'd time enough as yet
To make an hon'able retreat, 600
'Twere the best course: but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind,
For them to seize on, the dishonour,
And danger too, is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter, 605
To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat:
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place, at least, o' th' enemy. 610

This said, the Squire with active speed
Dismounted from his bonny steed,
To seize the arms which by mischance
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance.
These being found out, and restor'd 615
To Hudibras their nat'ral Lord;
As a man may fay, with might and main
He hasted to get up again.
Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty bum, as oft 620
He was pull'd back, till having found
Th' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the beast: 625
When Orsin, who had newly dreft
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol, with Promethean powder,
And now was searching for the shot
That laid Magnano on the spot, 630

Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his horse-side :
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally, 635
The enemy begin to rally :
Let us that are unhurt and whole,
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This said, like to a thunderbolt
He flew with fury to th' assault, 640
Striving th' enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his horse's back.

Ralph was mounted now, and gotten
O'erhwart his beast with active vaulting,
Wriggling his body to recover 645

His seat, and cast his right leg over ;
When Orsin rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run 650
Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,
Or stout King Richard on his back :
Till stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.

Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess :
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found both by his eyes and nose,
'Twas only choler, and not blood, 655

That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with despiteful ire : 660

Courageously he fac'd about,
And drew his other pistol out ;
And now had half way bent the cock, 665
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm :
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Essay'd to pull him off his steed. 670

The Knight his sword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least cropt off a limb,
But Orsin came, and rescu'd him.
He with his lance attack'd the Knight 675

Upon his quarters opposite :
But as a bark, that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to : 680

So far'd the Knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose ;
Till Orsin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance,
Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd 685

And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the Knight began to cheer up,
And raisng up himself on stirrup,
Cry'd out, *Victoria, lye thou there,*
And I shall straight dispatch another 690

To bear thee company in death :
But first I'll halt a while, and breath.
As well he might : for Orsin, griev'd
At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,

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Ran to relieve him with his lore, 695
And cure the hurt he gave before.

Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about,
To breathe himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.

700

This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed
To run at Orsin with full speed,

While he was busy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware :

But he was quick, and had already 705
Unto the part apply'd remedy :

And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard.

Then like a warrior right expert
And skilful in the martial art,

710

The subtle Knight straight made a halt,
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
Until he had reliev'd the Squire,

And then, in order, to retire ;

Or, as occasion should invite, 715
With forces join'd renew the fight.

Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd
Upon his bum himself advanc'd,

Though sorely bruis'd : his limbs all o'er,

With ruthleſs bangs were stiff and sore : 720
Right fain he would have got upon

His feet again, to get him gone ;

When Hudibras to aid him came.

Quoth he, and call'd him by his name,

Courage, the day at length is ours, 725
And we once more as conquerors,

Have both the field and honour won;
The foe is profligate and run;
I mean all such as can, for some
This hand has sent to their long home; 730
And some lye sprauling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.
Cæsar himself could never say
He got two vict'ries in a day;
As I have done, that can say, Twice I 735
In one day, *veni, vidi, vici.*
The foe's so numerous, that we
Cannot so often *vincere*,
As they *perire*, and yet enow
Be left to strike an after-blow. 740
Then lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,
Get up and mount thy steed, dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch.
Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were 745
In case for action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arse, for fear of being bang'd.
It was for you I got these harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your arms. 750
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body and bereav'd
My limbs of strength: unless you stoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I shall lye here, and be a prey 755
To those who now are run away.
That thou shalt not, quoth Hudibras;
We read the Ancients held it was





R. Martin Scul.

More honourable far, *servare*
Civem, than slay an adversary : 760
The one we oft to-day have done ;
The other shall dispatch anon :
And tho' th' art of a diff'rent Church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher, 765
And steer'd him gently tow'r'd the Squire,
Then bowing down his bedy, stretch'd
His hands out, and at Ralph reach'd ;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like lightening behind, 770
She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound to find it out ;
But could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startled him, was got ;
But having found the worst was past, 775
She fell to her own work at last,
The pillage of the prisoners,
Which in all feats of arms were her's :
And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
When Hudibras his hard fate drew 780
To succour him ; for, as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On t' other side, that down he fell.
Yield, scoundrel base, (quoth she,) or die ; 785
Thy life is mine, and liberty :
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
I'll wave my title to thy flesh, 790

Thy arms and baggage now my right :
And if thou hast the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thyself a while,
And once more for thy carcase vile
Fight upon tick —— Quoth Hudibras, 795
Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word.
First let me rise, and take my sword :
That sword which has so oft this day
Thro' squadrons of my foes made way, 800
And to other worlds dispatch'd,
Now with a feeble spinster match'd,
Will blush with blood ignoble stain'd
By which no honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'l take m' advice in this, 805
Consider whilst thou may'st, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's course,
B' opposing such a trivial force :
For if with conquest I come off,
(And that I shall do sure enough,) 810
Quarter thou can'st not have, nor grace
By law of arms in such a case ;
Both which I now do offer freely.
I scorn, quoth she, thou coxcomb silly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech, 815
To shew how much she priz'd his speech,)
Quarter, or counsel from a foe :
If thou can'st force me to it, do.
But lest it should again be said,
When I have once more won thy head, 820
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.

This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the Knight let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home, 815
That he retir'd, and follow'd's bum.
Stand to 't, quoth she, or yield to mercy ;
It is not fighting arfie-versie
Shall serve thy turn.—This flirr'd his spleen
More than the danger he was in, 830
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Altho' th' already made him reel;
Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came ;
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm 835
Above his head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick ;
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them, 840
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury ;
Which long she fail'd not of: for now
The Knight with one dead-doing blow
Resolving to decide the fight 845
And she with quick and cunning sleight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground.
No sooner she th' advantage found, 850
But in she flew ; and seconding
With home-made thrust the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side ;
And mounting on his trunk astride,

Quoth she, I told thee what would come 855
Of all thy vapouring, base scum.
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And stain thine honour, than thy sword? 860
A man of war to damn his soul,
In basely breaking his parole;
And when before the fight th' had'st vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood;
Now thou hast got me for a Tartar, 865
To make me 'gainst my will take quarter.
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?
Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down: 870
My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow:
My loss of honour's great enough,
Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff:
Sarcasms may eclipse thine own, 875
But cannot blur my lost renown:
I am not now in Fortune's pow'r;
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illustrious,
For being benign, and not blustrious, 880
Against a vanquish'd foe; their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courtisies about.
Quoth he, Altho' thou hast deserv'd 885
Base flubberdegullion, to be serv'd

As thou did'st vow to deal with me,
If thou had'st got the victory ;
Yet I shall rather act a part
That suits my fame than thy desert.

890

Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
All that's on th' outside of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one straw :
The rest, thy life and limbs once more,

895

Tho' double forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, It is too late
For me to treat, or stipulate ;
What thou command'st, I must obey.

Yet these whom I expung'd to-day, 900
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too ;
Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,

Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they 905
Let one another run away,

Concerns not me; but was't not thou

That gave Crowdero quarter too ?

Crowdero, whom in irons bound,

Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound, 910

Where still he lies, and with regret

His gen'rous bowels rage and fret :

But now thy carcase shall redeem,

And serve to be exchang'd for him.

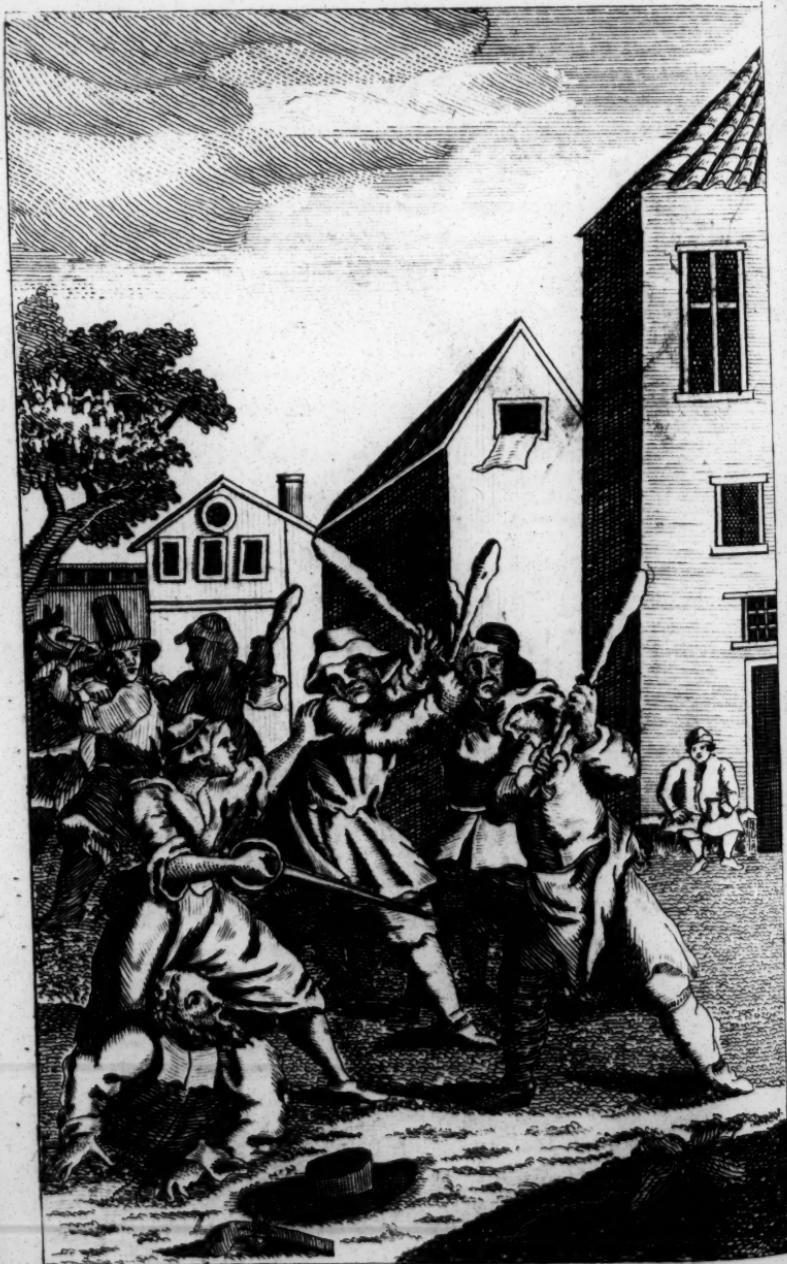
This said, the Knight did straight submit, 915
And laid his weapons at her feet.

Next he disrob'd his gaberdine,
And with it did himself resign.

She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said jesting, 920
Take that, and wear it for my sake;
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the French we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers, 925
Port-canons, perriwigs, and feathers:
Just so the proud insulting lass
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.

Mean while the other champions, yerst
In hurry of the fight disperst. 930
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
To share i' th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide
With vengeance to be satisfy'd
Which now they were about to pour 935
Upon him in a wooden shov'r.
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back agen,
She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word; 940
Sh' had giv'n him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs should make that quarter good,
For she was bound by law of arms
To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero cast 945
By Hudibras as yet lay fast;
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans:
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place. 950





This stopt their fury and the basting
Which towards Hudibras was hastening.
They thought it was but just and right
That what she had atchiev'd in fight
She should dispose of how she pleas'd; 955
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine!
This therefore they resolv'd to engage in. 960
The Knight and Squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid:
Then mounted both upon their horses,
But with their faces to their arses,
Orfin led Hudibras's beast, 965
And Talgol that which Ralpho prest;
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon waited as a guard on;
All ush'ring Trulla in the rear,
With the arms of either prisoner. 970
In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted castle,
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
Thither with greater speed, than shows 975
And triumphs over conquer'd foes
Do use t' allow; or than the bears,
Or pageants born before lord mayors
Are wont to use, they soон arriv'd
In order soldier-like contriv'd; 980
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster,

The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about 985
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter.
For he was skilful in black art,
No less than he that built the fort : 990
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all enter'd at;
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
Him they release from durance base, 995
Restor'd t' his Fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious vengeance to assuage :
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge, 1000
And in the self-same limbo put
The Knight and Squire, where he was shut,
Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow 1005
Inchanted mansion to know sorrow;
In the same order and array
Which they advanc'd they march'd away.
Eut Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
To fortune, or be said to droop ; 1010
Chear'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosphers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is, *sui juris*, unconfin'd,

And cannot be laid by the heels, 1015
Whate'er the other moiety feels.

'Tis not restraint or liberty,
That makes men prisoners or free ;
But perturbations that possess
The mind, or æquanimities. 1020

The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander when he cry'd,
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes : who is not said 1025

(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
Because he had ne'er another tub.

The ancients make two sev'ral kinds
Of prowess in heroic minds, 1030
The active and the passive valiant ;
Both which are *pari libra* gallant :
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equi-necessary :
But in defeats, the passive stout 1035

Are always found to stand it out
Most desp'rately, and to outdo
The active 'gainst a conq'ring foe.

Tho' we with blacks and blues are suggill'd,
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd ; 1040
He that is val'ant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.

Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant : 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battle. 1045

If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of honour lain ;
He that is beaten may be said
To ly in Honour's truckle-bed.

1050

For as we see th' eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright ;
So valour in a low estate,

1055

Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow ;
But none that see how here we fit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.

1060

As Gifted Brethren, preaching by
A carnal hour glafs, do imply
Illumination can convey

Into them what they have to say,
But not how much ; so well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off ;
For who without a cap and bauble,
Having subdu'd a bear and rabble,

1065

And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a second proof ?

1070

A politic exploit right fit
For Presbyterian zeal and wit.

Quoth Hudibras, That cuckow's tone
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon :
When thou at any thing wouldest rail,
Thou mak'st Presbytery thy scale

1075

To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is profane ;

Whats'ever will not with (thy what d'ye call)
 Thy light jump right, thou call'ft *synodical*. 1080
 As if Presbytery were a standard,
 To seize whats'ever's to be slander'd.
 Do'st not remember how this day
 Thou to my beard was bold to say,
 That thou couldst prove bear-baiting equal 1085
 With synods, orthodox and legal?
 Do, if thoa can't; for I deny't,
 And dare thee to't with all thy light.

Quoth Ralph, Truly that is no
 Hard matter for a man to do, 1090
 That has but any guts in's brains,
 And could believe it worth his pains;
 But since you dare and urge me to it,
 You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical bear-gardens, 1095
 Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,
 And other members of the court,
 Manage the Babylonish sport.
 For prolocutor, scribe, and bear-ward,
 Do differ only in a mere word. 1100
 Both are but sev'ral synagogues
 Of carnal men, and bears and dogs;
 Both antichristian assemblies,
 To mischief bent as far's in them lies;
 Both stave and tail, with fierce contests, 1105
 The one with men, the other beasts.
 The diff'rence is, the one fights with
 The tongue, the other with the teeth;
 And that they bait but bears in this,
 In t'other souls and consciences; 1110

Where saints themselves are brought to stake
For góspel-light and conscience sake ;
Expos'd to scribes and Presbyters,
Instead of mastive dogs and curs ;
Than whom th' have les humanity, 1115
For these at souls of men will fly.
This to the prophet did appear,
Who in a vision saw a bear,
Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of church-rule, in this latter age: 1120
As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the Pope's bull.
Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,
That live by rapine ; so do they.
What are their orders, constitutions, 1125
Church-censures, curses, absolutions,
But sev'ral mystic chains they make,
To tye poor Christians to the stake.
And then set Heathen officers,
Instead of dogs, about their ears ? 1130
For to prohibit and dispense,
To find out or to make offence ;
Of Hell and Heaven to dispose,
To play with souls at fast and loose ;
To set what characters they please, 1135
And mulcts on sin or godliness ;
Reduce the church to gospel order,
By rapine, sacrilege, and murder ;
To make Presbytery supreme,
And kings themselves submit to them : 1140
And force all people, tho' against
Their consciences, to turn saints ;

Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
When saints monopolists are made.

When pious frauds and holy shifts
Are dispensations and gifts, 1145

Their godliness becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry synod but a fair.

Synods are whelps of th' inquisition,
A mongrel breed of like pernicious, 1150

And growing up, became the fires
Of scribes, commissioners, and triers;

Whose bus'ness is by cunning flight,
To cast a figure for men's light;

To find in lines of beard and face, 1155
The physiognomy of grace;

And by the sound and twang of nose,
If all be sound within, disclose;

Free from a crack or flaw of finning,
As men try pipkins by the ringing; 1160

By black caps underlaid with white,
Give certain guess at inward light,

Which serjeants at the gospel wear,
To make the spiritual calling clear.

The handkerchief about the neck 1165
(Canonical cravat of Smeck,

From whom the institution came,
When church and state they set on flame,

And worn by them as badges then
Of spiritual warfaring men,) 1170

Judge rightly if regeneration
Be of the newest cut in fashion;

Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That grace is founded in dominion,

Great piety consists in pride ; 1175
 To rule is to be sanctified ;
 To domineer, and to controul,
 Both o'er the body and the soul,
 'tis the most perfect discipline
 Of church-rule, and by right divine. 1180
 Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were
 More moderate than these by far :
 For they, poor knaves, were glad to cheat,
 To get their wives and children meat ;
 But these will not be fobbd' off so, 1185
 They must have wealth and power too ;
 Or else with blood and desolation
 They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
 Sure these themselves from primitive
 And Heathen priesthood do derive, 1190
 When butchers were the only clerks,
 Elders and Presbyters of kirks,
 Whose directory was to kill ;
 And some believe it is so still.
 The only diff'rence is, that then 1195
 They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.
 For then to sacrifice a bullock,
 Or now and then a child to Moloch,
 They count a vile abomination,
 But not to slaughter a whole nation. 1200
 Presbytery does but translate
 The Papacy to a free state ;
 A commonwealth of popery,
 Where ev'ry village is a fee
 As well as Rome, and must maintain / 1205
 A tithe-pig metropolitan :

Where ev'ry presbyter and deacon
 Commands the keys for cheese and beacon ;
 And ev'ry hamlet's governed
 By's Holiness, the church's head ; 1210
 More haughty and severe in's place,
 Than Gregory or Boniface.

Such church must surely be a monster
 With many heads ; for if we conster
 What in th' Apocalyps we find, 1215
 According to th' Apostle's mind,
 'Tis that the whore of Babylon
 With many heads did ride upon ;
 Which heads denote the sinful tribe
 Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe. 1220

Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
 Whose little finger is as heavy
 As lions of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
 And bishop-secular. This zealot
 Is of a mungrel, diverse kind, 1225
 Cleric before, and lay behind ;
 A lawless linsey-woolsey brother,
 Half of one order, half another ;
 A creature of amphibious nature,
 On land a beast, a fish in water ; 1230
 That always prey's on grace or sin ;
 A sheep without, a wolf within.
 This fierce inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over men's belief
 And manners ; can pronounce a saint 1235
 Idolatrous, or ignorant,
 When superciliously he sifts
 Thro' coarsest boulter others' gifts.

For all men live and judge amiss,
Whose talents jump not just with his. 1240
He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place
On dullest noddle light and grace,
The manufacture of the kirk ;
Those pastors are but th' handy-work
Of his mechanic paws, instilling 1245
Divinity in them by feeling ;
From whence they start up chosen vessels,
Made by contract, as men get measles.
So cardinals, they say, do grope
At t' other end the new-made Pope. 1250

Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, soft fire,
They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,
Festina lente, not too fast ;
For haste, the proverb says, makes waste.
The quirks and cavils thou dost make 1255
Are false, and built upon mistake.
And I shall bring you with your pack
Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back ;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure to be understood. 1260
I'll force you by right ratiocination
To leave your vitilitigation,
And make you keep to the question close,
And argue *dialecticos*.

The question then, to state it first, 1265
Is which is better, or which worst,
Synods or bears ? bears I avow
To be the worst, and synods thou.
But to make good th' assertion,
Thou say'ft th' are really all one. 1270

If so, not worst ; for if th' are *idem*,
Why then, *tandundem dat tandidem*.

For if they are the same, by course
Neither is better, neither worse.

But I deny they are the same,
More than a maggot and I am.

That both are *animalia*,

I grant ; but not *rationalia* :

For though they do agree in kind,
Specific difference we find ;

And can no more make bears of these,
Than prove my horse is Socrates.

That synods are bear-gardens too,
Thou do'st affirm ; but I say, no ;

And thus I prove it, in a word ;

What's ever assembly's not impower'd
To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,
Can be no synod ; but bear-garden
Has no such pow'r ; *ergo*, 'tis none :
And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.

1275

1280

1285

1290

But yet we are beside the question,
Which thou didst raise the first contest on :
For that was, Whether bears were better
Than synod-men ? I say, *Negatur*.

That bears are beasts, and synods men, 1295
Is held by all ; they're better then :

For bears and dogs on four legs go,
As beasts ; but synod-men on two.

'Tis true, they all have teeth and nails ;
But prove that synod-men have tails ;

Or that a rugged, shagged fur
Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter ;

1300

Or that his snout or spacious ears
Do hold proportion with a bear's.
A bears a savage beast, of all 1305
Most ugly and unnatural ;
Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has lick'd it into shape and frame :
But all thy light can ne'er evict,
That ever synod-man was lick'd ; 1310
Or brought to any other fashion,
Than his own will and inclination.

But thou do'st further yet in this
Oppugn thyself and senſe ; that is,
Thou wouldest have Presbyters to go 1315
For bears and dogs, and bearwards too ;
A strange chimera of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces heterogene ;
Such as in nature never met
in eodem subiecto yet. 1320

Thy other arguments are all
Supposures hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuse
Either to grant them, or refuse
Much thou haſt ſaid ; which I know when 1325
And where thou ſtoll'ſt from other men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts
Are all but plagiary ſhifts ;)
And is the same that ranter ſaid,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head, 1330
And tore a handful of my beard.
The ſelf-same cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot diſpute about
This controverſy, we fell out ;

And what thou know'st I answer'd then, 1335
Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth Ralph, Nothing but th' abuse
Of human learning you produce ;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain ; 1340
A trade of knowledge, as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat :
An art t' encumber gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit ;
Makes light inactive, dull and troubled, 1345
Like little David in Saul's doublet ;
A cheat that scholars put upon
Other mens' reason and their own ;
A sort of error, to ensconce
Absurdity and ignorance, 1350
That renders all the avenues
To truth, impervious and abstruse,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art perplex'd and intricate :
For nothing goes for sense or light, 1355
That will not with old rules jump right :
As if rules were not in the schools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
This Pagan, Heathenish invention
. Is good for nothing but contention. 1360
For as, in fword-and-buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light :
So when men argue, the great'ft part
O' th' contest falls on terms of art,
Until the' fustian stuff be spent, 1365
And then they fall to th' argument.

Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last :
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
But to the former opposite,
And contrary as black to white :
Mere *disparata*, that concerning
Presbytery, this human learning ;
Two things f' averse, they never yet
But in the rambling fancy met.
But I shall take a fit occasion
T' evince thee by ratiocination,
Some other time and place more proper
Than this w' are in ; therefore let's stop here,
And rest our wearied bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toil.

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H U D I B R A S.

PART SECOND.

CANTO FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, by damnable Magician
Being cast illegally in prison;
Love brings his action on the case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Lady's visit,
And curiously solicits his suit,
Which she defers; yet, on parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

UF now t' observe romantic method,
Let bloody steel a while be sheathed;
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,
chang'd to Love's more gentle style, 5
Let our reader breathe a while;
which that we may be as brief as
possible, by way of preface,
not enough to make one strange,
that some mens fancies should ne'er change, 10

But make all people do and say
 The same things still the self-same way ?
 Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
 And knights pursuing like a whirlwind :
 Others make all their knights in fits
 Of jealousy to lose their wits ;
 Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like Witches,
 Th' are forthwith cur'd of their caprices.
 Some always thrive in their amours,
 By pulling plaisters off their sores ;
 As cripples do to get an alms,
 Just so do they, and win their dames.
 Some force whole regions, in despite
 O' geography, to change their site :
 Make former times shake hands with latter,
 And that which was before, come after.
 But those that write in rhyme, still make
 The one verse for the other's sake ;
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
 I think's sufficient at one time.

But we forgot in what sad plight
 We whilom left the captiv'd Knight,
 And pensive Squire, both bruis'd in body,
 And conjur'd into safe custody :
 Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin,
 As well as basting and bear-baiting,
 And desperate of any course,
 To free himself by wit or force :
 His only solace was, that now
 His dogs-bolt fortune was so low,
 That either it must quickly end,
 Or turn about again, and mend ;

In which he found th' event, no less
Than other times, beside his guess.

There is a tall long-sided dame, 45
(But wonderous light,) ycleped *Fame*,
That like a thin cameleon boards
Herself on air, and eats her words :
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging-sleeves, lin'd thro' with ears, 50
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist :
With these she thro' the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies ;
With letters hung like eastern pigeons, 55
And Mercuries of farthest regions ;
Journals writ for regulation
Lying, to inform the nation ;
And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom. 60
Out her neck a packet-mail,
Brought with advice, some fresh, some stale,
Men that walk'd when they were dead,
And cows of monsters brought to bed ;
Hailstones big as pullets eggs, 65
Puppies whelp'd with twice two legs ;
Aazing star seen in the west,
Six or seven men at least.
Trumpets she does sound at once, 70
Both of clean contrary tones ;
Whether both of the same wind,
One before, and one behind,
Know not, only this can tell,
One sounds vilely, th' other well ;

And therefore vulgar authors name
The one *good*, t' other *evil fame*.

This tattling gossip knew too well,
What mischief Hudibras befel;
And straight the spiteful tiding bears
Of all, to th' unkind widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
To see bauds carted through the croud,
Or funerals with stately pomp,
March slowly on in solemn dump,
As she laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the fight,
And visit the distressed Knight;
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip at his labour;
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks,
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood
And usher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, besides a slender
Young waiting damsel to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went,
To find the Knight in limbo pent.
And 'twas not long before she found
Him, and his stout Squire, in the pond,
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By farther leg behind together:
For as he sat upon his rump,
His head like one in doleful dump,

Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side ;
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralph, cheek by joul : 110
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear :
No sooner did the Knight perceive her, 115
But straight he fell into a fever,
Blem'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place ;
Which made him hang his head, and scoul,
And wink, and goggle like an owl, 120
Felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the dame accosted him :
This place, quoth she, they say's enchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd, 125
Till their guilty crimes be purg'd :
Look, there are two of them appear,
The persons I have seen somewhere.
We have mistaken blocks and posts
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts, 130
With saucer-eyes, and horns ; and some
We heard the devil beat a drum :
If our eyes are not false glasses,
It give a wrong account of faces ;
But beard and I should be acquainted, 135
More 'twas conjur'd and enchanted ;
Though it be disfigured somewhat,
It had lately been in combat,

It did belong to a worthy Knight,
Howe'er this goblin is come by't.

When Hudibras the Lady heard,
Discoursing thus upon his beard,
And speak with such respect and honour,
Both of the beard, and the beard's owner ;
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right ;
The beard's th' identic beard you knew,
The same numerically true :
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.

O heav'ns ! quoth she, can that be true ;
I do begin to fear 'tis you ;
Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast
In notions vulgarly exprest.
But what malignant star, alas !
Has brought you both to this fad-pas ?

Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted sor,
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case.

Quoth she, Those need not be ashamed
For being honourably maim'd ;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard,
Tho' yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your visage more adorn,

Canto I. H U D I B R A S. 135

Than if 'twere prun'd and starch'd, and lander'd,
Aud cut square by the Russian standard,
A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,
That's bravest which there are most rents in.

That petticoat about your shoulders. 175

Does not so well become a soldier's ;
And I'm afraid they are worse handled ;
Altho' i' th' rear, your beard the van led :
And those unseemly bruises make

My heart for company to ake, 180
To see so worshipful a friend

I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.

Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd *pain*
Is (as the learned Stoicks maintain)

Not bad *simpliciter*, not good ; 185
But mercy as 'tis understood.

Sense is deceitful, and may feign,
As well in counterfeiting pain

As other gross phænomenas,
In which it oft mistakes the case.

But since th' immortal intellect
(That's free from error and defect,
Whose objects still persist the same)
Is free from outward bruise or maim,

Which nought external can expose 195
To gross material bangs or blows ;

It follows, we can ne'er be sure,
Whether we pain or not endure ;
And just so far are sore and griev'd,
As by the fancy is believ'd.

Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion straight ;

Others, tho' wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.

A Saxon duke did grow so fat, 203
That mice, as histories relate,
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postic parts, without his feeling :
Then how is't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick ? 210

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
For one that's basted, to feel pain,
Because the pangs his bones endure,
Contribute nothing to the cure :
Yet honour hurt is wont to rage 215
With pain no med'cine can assuage.

Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish,
That takes a basting for a blemish ;
For what's more honourable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars ? 220
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow :
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather ;
And yet have met, after long running, 225
With some whom they have taught that cunning,
The farthest way about t' o'ercome,
I' th' end does prove the nearest home ;
By laws of learned duellists,
They that are bruis'd with wood or fists, 230
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and poltroons :
But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd,

Th' old Romans freedom did bestow, 235

Our princes worship, with a blow :

King Pyrrhus cur'd his spleenetic

And testy courtiers with a kick.

The Negus, when some mighty lord

Or potentate's to be restor'd

240

And pardon'd for some great offence,

With which he's willing to dispense ;

First has him laid upon his belly,

Then beaten back and side, t' a jelly ;

That done, he rises, humbly bows,

245

And gives thanks for the princely blows,

Departs not meanly proud, and boasting

Of his magnificent rib-roasting.

The beaten soldier proves most manful,

That, like his sword, endures 'the anvil ;

250

And justly's held more formidable,

The more his valour's malleable ;

But he that fears a bastinado,

Will run away from his own shadow :

And tho' I'm now in durance fast,

255

By our own party basely cast,

Ransom, exchange, parole refus'd,

And worse than by the en'my us'd,

In close *catasta* shut, past hope

Of wit, or valour, to elope :

260

As beards the nearer that they tend

To th' earth, still grow more reverend ;

And cannons shoot the higher pitches,

The lower we let down their breeches :

I'll make this low dejected fate

265

Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, Y' have almost made m' in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits, and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights : 270
Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same :
No Indian prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to th' gallows.
But if a beating seem so brave, 275
What glories must a whipping have ?
Such great atchievements cannot fail
To cast salt on a woman's tail :
For if I thought your nat'r'nal talent
Of passive courage were so gallant, 280
As you strain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous, and dote.

When Hudibras this language heard
He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his beard :
Thought he, this is the lucky hour : 285
Wines work when vines are in the flow'r,
This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the question.

Madam, what you would seem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out : 290
How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit
And magnanimity I bear it ;
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake myself down against you :
And if I fail in love or troth, 295
Be you the winner, and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers ;

And tho' I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit; 300
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich,
Beyond th' infliction of a Witch;
So cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns,
As fire in antique Roman urns, 310
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by't.
Have you not pow'r to entertain,
And render love for love again;
As no man can draw in his breath 315
At once, and force out air beneath?
Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all rivals else a grutch?
What fate can lay a greater curse
Than you upon yourself would force? 320
For wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key,
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what does make it ravishment, 325
But b'ing against the mind's consent?
A rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair but to entice us
To love you, that you may despise us? 330

But though you cannot love, you say,
 Out of your own fanatic way,
 Why should you not at least allow
 Those that love you to do so too?
 For as you fly me, and pursue 335
 Love more averse, so I do you:
 And am by your own doctrine taught
 To practise what you call a fault.

Quoth she, If what you say is true,
 You must fly me as I do you: 340
 But 'tis not what we do, but say,
 In love and preaching, that must sway.

Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
 Is to forbid my pulse to move,
 My beard to grow, my ears to prick up, 345
 Or, when I'm in a fit, to kickup:
 Command me to piss out the moon,
 And 'twill as easily be done.

Love's pow'r's too great to be withstood
 By feeble human flesh and blood. 350
 'Twas he that brought upon his knees
 The hect'ring kill-cow Hercules;
 Transform'd his leager lion's skin
 T' a petticoat, and made him spin;
 Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle 355
 T' a feeble distaff, and a spindle.

'Twas he that made emperors gallants
 To their own sisters, and their aunts;
 Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
 To play with pages at leap-frog. 360

'Twas he that gave our senate purges,
 And flux'd the house of many a burges;

Canto I. H U D I B R A S.

142

Made those that represent the nation,
Submit, and suffer amputation ;
And all the grandees o' th' cabal 365
Adjourn to tubs, at spring and fall,
He mounted synod-men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-lane, and little-Sodom ;
Made 'em curvet, like Spanish jennets,
And take the ring at Madam -----'s ; 370
'Twas he that made St Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to ;
In cold and frosty weather grow ;
Enamour'd of a wife of snow ;
And tho' she were of rigid temper, 375
With melting flames accost and tempt her ;
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.

Quoth she, If love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our sex ? 380
Why is't not damn'd and interdicted
For diabolical and wicked ?
And sung, as out of tune, against,
As Turk and Pope are by the saints ?
I find I've greater reason for it 385
Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.

Quoth Hudibras, Thee sad effects
Spring from your heathenish neglects
Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorns ; 390
And those who worthy lovers slight,
Plagues with prepost'rous appetite.
This made the beauteous queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her sweet ;

And from her greatness stoop so low, 395
To be the rival of a cow:

Others to prostitute their great hearts,
To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts;
Some with the dev'l himself in a league grow
By's representative a negro. 400

'Twas this made vestal-maids love-sick,
And venture to be buried quick:
Some by their fathers, and their brothers
To be made mistresses and mothers.

'Tis this that proudest dames enamours 405
On lacquies, and valets des chambres;
Their haughty stomachs overcomes,
And make them stoop to dirty grooms;
To sleight the world, and to disparage
Claps, issues, infamy, and marriage. 410

Quoth she, These judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear,
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and secrecy in love.

Says he, There is as weighty reason' 415
For secrecy in love, as treason.

Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That in the windore-eye does steal in
To rob the heart, and with his prey
Steals out again a closer way; 420
Which whosoever can discover,
He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,
Which footy chymists stop in holes, 425
When out of wood they extract coals;

So lovers should their passions choke,
That though they burn, they may not smoke.
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole
And dragg'd beasts backwards into's hole : 430

So love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den ;
That no impression may discover,
And trace to's cave the warry lover.

But if you doubt I should reveal 435
What you intrust me under seal,
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own secretary, Albertus,

Quoth she, I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose : 440
Love passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else :
Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic sense,
The real substance of the shadow, 445
Which all address and courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your play,
And how to quit you your own way :
He that will win his dame, must do
As love does, when he bends his bow ; 450
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat ;
It is all philtres, and high diet, 455
That makes love rampant, and to fly out :
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore :

'Tis that by which the sun and moon
At their own weapons are undone : 460
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about them in romances :
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call :
For what is worth in any thing, 465
But so much money as 'twill bring ?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can solely call his own ;
In which no creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh ? 470
I do confess, with goods and land,
I'd have a wife at second hand ?
And such you are : nor is't your person
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on ;
But 'tis (your better part) your riches, 475
That my enamour'd heart bewitches ;
Let me your fortune but possess,
And settle your person how to please,
Or make it o'er in trust to th' devil,
You'll find me reasonable and civil, 480
Quoth she, I like this plainness better
Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,
Or any seat of qualm or swooning,
But hanging of yourself, or drowning :
Your only way with me to break 485
Your mind, is breaking of your neck ;
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like nine pins; they strike others down ;
So that would break my heart, which done,
My tempting fortune is your own. 490

These are but trifles: ev'ry lover
Will damn himself, over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a less worthy mistress' sake:
Yet they're the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd realities of love;
For he that hangs, or beat's out's brains,
The devil's in him if he feigns.

495

Quoth Hudibras, the way's too rough
For mere experiment and proof; 500
It is no jesting trivial matter,
To swing i' th' air, or douce in water,
And, like a water-witch, try love;
That's to destroy, and not to prove:
As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is disaffected. 505
Your better way is to make over
In trust, your fortune to your lover:
Trust is a trial; if it break,
'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck: 510
Beside, th' experiment's more certain;
Men venture nec ks to gain a fortune:
The soldier does it ev'ry day
(Eight to the week) for six-pence pay:
Your pettifoggers damn their souls, 515
To share with knaves in cheating fools:
And merchants, vent'ring through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain.
This is the way I'dvise you to;
Trust me, and see what I will do. 520
Quoth she, I should be loath to run
Myself all th' hazard, and you none;

N

Which must be done, unless some deed
Of yours aforesaid do precede :
Give but yourself one gentle swing 525
For trial, and I'll cut the string ;
Or give that rev'rend head a maul,
Or two, or three, against a wall ;
To shew you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage myself to settle. 530

Quoth he, my head's not made of brafs,
As Friar Bacon's nodule was ;
Nor (like the Indian's scull) so tough,
That, authors say, 'twas musket-proof :
As it had need to be, to enter 535
As yet on any new adventure :
You see what bangs it hath endur'd,
That would before new feats, be cur'd :
But if that's all you stand upon,
Here strike me luck, it shall be done. 540

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
As you suppose ; two words to a bargain ;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof :
And yet 'tis no fantastic pique 545
I have to love, nor coy dislike :
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion
T' your conversation, mien, or person ;
But a just fear, lest you should prove
False and perfidious in love : 550
For if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith as adamantine,
As chains of destiny, I'll maintain ;

Canto I. H U D I B R A S.

147

True as Apollo ever spoke, 355
Or oracle from heart of oak :
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent.
And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other pigsney, 560
The sun and day shall sooner part,
Than love or you shake off my heart ;
The sun, that shall no more dispense
His own, but your bright influence.
I'll carve your name on barks of trees, 565
With true love's knots and flourishes ;
That shall infuse eternal spring,
And everlasting flourishing ;
Drink ev'ry letter on't in flum,
And make it bright champaign become. 570
Where-e'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet ;
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours ;
Nature her charter shall renew, 575
And take all lives of things from you ;
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it, die ;
Only our love shall still survive,
New worlds, and nature's to outlive; 580
And like to heralds moons, remain
All crescents, without change or wane.
Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss :
For you will find it a hard chapter 585
To catch me with poetic rapture,

In which your mastery of art
Doth shew itself, and not your heart ;
Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
By dint of high heroic fustian. 590

She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon ;
And what men say of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian spices strive 595

T' embalm her cruelly alive ;
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their haut-gous, bouilies, and ragous ;
Use her so barbarously ill
To grind her lips upon a mill, 600

Until the facet doublet doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth ;
Her mouth compar'd to an oyster's, with
A row of pearl in't 'stead of teeth.
Others make posies of her cheeks, 605

Where red and whitest colours mix ;
In which the lily and the rose
For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
The sun and moon by her bright eyes
Eclips'd and darken'd in the skies, 610

Are but black patches, which she wears
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars :
By which astrologers, as well
As those in heav'n above, can tell
What strange events they do foreshow 615

Unto her under world below.
Her voice, the music of the spheres,
So loud it deafens mortals' ears ;

As wise philosophers have thought ;
And that's the cause we hear it not. 620

This has been done by some, who those
Th' ador'd in rhyme, would kick in prose ;
And in those ribbands would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung :
That have the hard fate to write best 625

Of those still that deserve it least ;
It matters not how false, or forg'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst ;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head, 630

Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at : so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep :
For wits that carry low or wide, 635

Must be aim'd higher, or beside
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you should chuse
This way t' attack me with your muse, 640

As one cut out to pass your tricks on
With Fulhams of poetic fiction :
I rather hop'd, I should no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score :
For hard dry bastings us'd to prove 645

The readiest remedies of love,
Next a dry diet ; but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-hold jail,
In which y' are hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock ; 650

Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler,
T' allay your mettle all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog :
Nor rather thank your gentler fate, 655
That for a bruis'd or broken pate,
Has freed you from those knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow :
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage ; 660
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance :
Level at beauty, and at wit ;
The fairest mark is easiest hit.

Quoth Hudibras, I'm before hand 665
In that already, with your command ;
For where does beauty and high wit
But in your constellation meet ?

Quoth she, What does a match imply,
But likeness and equality ? 670
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit :
Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts ;
A grace, which if I could believe, 675
I've not the conscience, to receive.

That conscience, quoth Hudibras,
Is misinform'd ; I'll state the case :
A man may be a legal donor
Of any thing whereof he's owner ; 680
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' judgment of all casuists :

Then wit and parts, and valour, may
Be ali'nat, and made away,
By those that are proprietors,
As I may give or sell my horse.

685

Quoth she, I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you ;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away, or sell
Buyers, you know, are bid beware,
And worse than thieves receivers are.

690

How shall I answer *hue* and *cry*,
For a roan gelding twelve hands high,
All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on's hoof, 695
A forrel mane ? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold
And in the open market toll'd for; [for,
And should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day. 700
(Ere I can own you,) here i' th' pound,
Where, if y' are sought, you may be found :
And in the meantime I must pay
For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon 705
T' enervate this objection,
And prove myself by topic clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.
Loss of virility's averr'd
To be the cause of loss of beard, 710
That does (like embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the chin become.
This first a woman did invent,
In envy of man's ornament,

Semiramis of Babylon, 715

Who first of all cut men o' the stome,
To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of sow-gelding operation.

Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs were such, or geldings either? 720
Next it appears I am no horse,
That I can argue and discourse;
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail ;
For some philosophers of late here 725
Write, men have four legs by nature,
And that 'tis custom makes them go
Erroneously upon but two ;
As 'twas in Germany made good.
B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,
And growing down t' a man, was wont 730
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they're true or false,
Till you explain yourself, and show, 735
B' experiment, 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,
I'll give you satisfact'ry account ;
So you will promise, if you lose,
To settle all, and be my spouse. 740

That never shall be done, quoth she,
To one that wants a tail, by me ;
For tails by nature sure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament ;
And though the vulgar count them homely, 745
In man or beast they are so comely,

So genteel, alamode, and handsome,
I'll never marry one that wants one ;
And till you can demonstrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse,
Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad ;
Which makes him have so strong a breath, 755
Each night he stinks a queen to death ;
Yet I shall rather ly in's arms
Than your's, on any other terms.

Quoth he, What nature can afford,
I shall produce, upon my word ; 760
And if she ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one ;
I mean by postulate illation,
When you shall offer just occasion.
But since y' have yet denied to give 765
My heart, your prisoner, a reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel ;
And for the sufferings of your martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter ; 770
And by discharge, or main-prize, grant
Deliv'ry from this base restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg ;
And if I knew which way to do't, 775
(Your honour safe,) I'd let you out.
That dames by jail-delivery
Of errant-knight have been set free,

When by enchantment they have been,
 And sometimes for it too, laid in; 780
 Is that which knights are bound to do
 By order, oath, and honour too;
 For what are they renown'd and famous else,
 But aiding of distressed damosels?
 But for a lady no wife errant, 785
 To free a knight, we have no warrant
 In any authentical romance,
 Or classic author yet of France;
 And I'd be loath to have you break
 An ancient custom for a freak, 790
 Or innovation introduce
 In place of things of antique use:
 To free your heels by any course,
 That might b' unwholesome to your spurs:
 Which if I should consent unto, 795
 It is not in my power to do;
 For 'tis a service must be done ye,
 With solemn previous ceremony:
 Which always has been us'd to untie
 The charms of those who here do lie: 800
 For as the Ancients heretofore
 To Honour's temple had no door,
 But that which thorough Virtue's lay;
 So from this dungeon there's no way
 To honour'd freedom, but by passing 805
 That other virtuous school of lashing,
 Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
 With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists;
 In which they for a while are tenants,
 And for their ladies suffer penance: 810

Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,
Tut'ress of arts and sciences ;
That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,
And puts new life into dull matter ;
That lays foundation for renown, 815
And all the honours of the gown.
This suffer'd they are set at large,
And freed with honourable discharge :
Then in the robes, the penitentials
Are straight presented with credentials, 820
And in their way attended on
By magistrates of every town :
And all respect and charges paid,
They're to their ancient seats convey'd.
Now, if you'll venture, for my sake, 825
To try the toughness of your back,
And suffer (as the rest have done)
The laying of a whipping on ;
(And may you prosper in your suit,
As you with equal virtue do't) 830
I here engage myself to loose ye,
And free your heels from caperdewsie.
But since our sex's modesty
Will not allow I should be by,
Bring me, on oath, a fair account, 835
And honour too, when you have don't ;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as due in my good grace.
If matrimony and hanging go
By dest'ny, why not whipping too ? 840
What med'cine else can cure the fits
Of lovers, when they lose their wits ?

Love is a boy by poets stil'd,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.

A Persian emperor whipp'd his grannam 845
The sea, his mother Venus came on ;
And hence some rev'rend men approve,
Of rosemary in making love.

As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs ; 850
Why may not whipping have as good
A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
With comely movements, and by art,
Raise passion in a lady's heart ?

It is an easier way to make 855
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather suffer whipping,
Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbin ?
Make wicked verses, treats and faces,
And spell names over with bear-glasses ? 860
Be under vows to hang and die
Love's sacrifice, and all a lie ?

With china-oranges and tarts,
And whining plays lay baits for hearts ?
Bribe chambermaids with love and money, 865
To break no roguish jests upon ye ?
For lilies limn'd on cheeks and roses,
With painted perfumes, hazard noses ?
Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
Do penance in a paper lanthorn ? 870

All this you may compound for now
By suff'ring what I offer you :
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long agone :

Canto I. H U D I B R A S.

157

Did not the great La Mancha do so
For the Infanta Del Tobosa ?

875

Did not th' illustrious Baffa make
Himself a slave for Missa's sake ?
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
Was tawn'd as gentle as a glove ?

880

Was not young Florio set (to cool
His flame for Biancasiore) to school,
Where pedant made his pathic bum
For her sake suffer martyrdom ?

Did not a certain lady whip
Of late her husband's own lordship ?

885

And tho' a grandee of the house,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows ;

Ty'd him stark naked to a bed-post,
And firk'd his hide, as if sh' had rid post ;

890

And after in the sessions-court,
Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't ?

This swear you will perform, and then
I'll set you from th' enchanted den,

And the Magician's circle, clear.

895

Quoth he, I do profess and swear,
And will perform what you injoin,
Or may I never see you mine.

Amen, quoth she, then turn'd about,
And bid her squire let him out.

900

But ere an artist could be found

T' undo the charms another bound,
The sun grew low, and left the skies,
Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes ;
The moon pull'd off her veil of light,

905

That hides her face by day from sight,

O

(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade,) 910
And in the lanthorn of the night,
With shining horns hung out her light ;
For darkness is the proper sphere,
Where all false glories use t' appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre ;
While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd,
By counterfeiting death reviv'd. 915
His whipping penance till the morn,
Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a work
Of such importance in the dark, 920
With erring haste, but rather stay,
And do't in th' open face of day ;
And, in the mean time, go in quest
Of next retreat to take his rest.

CANTO SECON D.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire in hot dispute
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight ;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in hasty pickle.

"TIS strange how some men's tempers falt,
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canvast ;
That keep their consciences in cases,
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases ;
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a fit for argument :
Make true and false, unjust, and just,
Of no use but to be discuss ;
Dispute and set a paradox,
Like a strait boot upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully,
Than Helmont, Montaign, White or Lully.
So th' ancient Stoicks in their porch,
With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and study,
To prove that virtue is a body ;

That *bonum* is an animal,
Mades good with stout polemic brawl : 20
In which some hundreds on the place,
Were slain outright; and many a face
Retrench'd of noise, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their feet averr'd,
All which the Knight and Squire in wrath 25
Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith,
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the sequel shall be shown.

The sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap. 30
And like a lobster boil'd, the morn,
From black to red began to turn ;
When Hedibras, whom thoughts and aking,
'Twixt sleeping kept all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowsy eyes, 35
And from his couch prepar'd to rise,
Resolving to dispatch the deed
He vow'd to do with trusty speed.
But first, with knocking loud, and bawling,
He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling : 40
And, after many circumstances,
Which vulgar authors in romanees
Do use to spend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent description,
They got, with much ado, to horse, 45
And to the castle bent their course,
In which he to the dame before
To suffer whipping duly swore :
Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
To carry on the work in earnest, 50

He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,
 And with a serious forehead plodding,
 Sprung a new scruple in his head,
 Which first he scratch'd, and after said :

Whether it be direct infringing
 An oath, if I should wave this swinging,
 And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
 And so b' equivocation swear :

Or whether 't be a lesser sin
 To be forsworn, than act the thing.
 Are deep and subtle points which must,
 T' inform my conscience, be discut;
 In which to err a tittle, may
 To errors infinite make way :
 And therefore I desire to know
 Thy judgment, ere we further go.

Quoth Ralpho, Since you do injoin't,
 I shall enlarge upon the point ;
 And for my own part, do not doubt
 Th' affirmative may be made out.
 But first, to state the case aright,
 For best advantage of our light ;
 And thus 'tis, Whether 't be a sin
 To claw and curry your own skin,
 Greater, or less, than to forbear,
 And that you are forsworn, forswear.
 But first o' th' first : the inward man,
 And outward like a clan and clan,
 Have always been at daggers-drawing,
 And one another clapper-clawing :
 Not that they really cuff, or fence,
 But in a spiritual mystic sense ;

55

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Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,
In literal fray 's abominable :
'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use 85
With Pagans, and apostate Jews,
To offer sacrifice of Bridewells,
Like modern Indians to their idols :
And mungrel Christians of our times,
That expiate less with greater crimes, 90
And call the foul abomination
Contrition, and mortification.
Is't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked,
With sinful members of the wicked ;
Our vessels, that are sanctify'd, 95
Profan'd and curry'd back and side ;
But we must claw ourselves with shameful
And Heathen stripes, by their example ?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is impious, because they did it ; 100
This therefore may be justly reckon'd
A heinous sin. Now to the second,
That saints may claim a dispensation
To swear and forswear, on occasion,
I doubt not but it will appear 105
With pregnant light. The point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind ;
Too feeble implements to bind :
And hold with deeds proportion, so
As shadows to a substance do. 110
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker vessel should submit :
Altho' your church be opposite
To ours, as Black Friars are to White,

Canto II. H U D I B R A S,

163

In rule and order ; yet I grant
You are a reformato saint ;
And what the saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to :
But saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege ;
Farther, I mean, than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own :
For if the dev'l, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie, 125
I think there's little reason why :
Else h' has a greater pow'r than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say.
W' are not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely at all to swear ;
But to swear idly, and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain :
For breaking of an oath and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying,
A saint-like virtue, and from hence 135
Some have broke oaths by providence :
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word :
And this the constant rule and practice
Of all our late apostles acts is. 140
Was not the Cause at first begun
With perjury, and carried on ?
Was there an oath the godly took,
But in due time and place they broke ?
Did we not bring our oaths in first, 145
Before our plate, to have them burst,

And cast in fitter models, for
The present use of church and war?
Did not our Worthies of the House,
Before they broke the peace, break vows? 150
For having freed us, first, from both
Th' allegiance and supremacy oath,
Did they not, next, compel the nation
To take and break the protestation?
To swear, and after to recant 155
The solemn league and covenant?
To take th' engagement, and disclaim it,
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?
Did they not swear at first to fight
For the King's safety, and his right; 160
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with horse and foot;
But yet still had the confidence
To swear it was in his defence?
Did they not swear to live and die 165
With Essex, and straight laid him by?
If that were all, for some have swore
As false as they, if th' did no more.
Did they not swear to maintain law,
In which that swearing made a flaw? 170
For Protestant religion vow,
That did that vowing disallow
For privilege of Parliament,
In which that swearing made a rent?
And since, of all the three, not one 175
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not swear in express words,
To prop and back the House of Lords?

And after turn'd out the whole house-full
Of Peers, as dang'rous and unuseful? 180
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;
Vow'd that the redcoats would disband,
Ay, marry would they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore, 185
Till th' army turn'd them out of door.
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and swearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only mean't
To serve for an expedient. 190

What was the public faith found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The public faith, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why 195
Should private faith have such a tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the good and just in awe;
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like moral cattle in a pinfold. 200

A saint's o' th' heavenly realm a peer:
And as no peer is bound to swear
But on the gospel of his honour,
Of which he may dispose as owner;
It follows, tho' the thing be forgery, 205
And false, th' affirm it is no perjury,
But a mere ceremony and a breach
Of nothing, but a form of speech;
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than mere saluting of the book. 210

Suppose the scriptures are of force,
They're but commissions of course,
And saints have freedom to digress,
And vary from them as they please,
Or misinterpret them by private
Instructions, to all aims they drive at. 215
Then why should we ourselves abridge,
And curtail our own privilege?
Quakers (that, like to lanthorns, bear
Their light within them) will not swear ; 220
Their gospel is an accidence,
By which they construe conscience,
And hold no sin so deeply red,
As that of breaking Priscian's head ;
(The head and founder of their order, 225
That stirring hats held worse than murder.)
These thinking th' are oblig'd to troth
In swearing, will not take an oath :
Like mules, who, if th' have not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stock-still ; 230
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born consciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the devil,
That makes all human actions evil :
For saints may do the same things by 235
The spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do ;
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and wicked vary. 240
For as on land there is no beast,
But in some fish at sea's express ;

So in the wicked there's no vice,
Of which the saints have not a spice ;
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in t' other is a fin. 245
Is't not ridiculous and nonsense,
A saint should be a slave to conscience ?
That ought to be above such fancies
As far as above ordinances.

She's of the wicked, as I guess
B' her looks, her language, and her dress :
And tho', like constables, we search
For false wares one another's church ;
Yet all of us hold this for true, 255
No faith is to the wicked due ;
For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.

Quoth Hudibras, All this is true,
Yet 'tis not fit that all men know
Those mysteries and revelations ;
And therefore topical evasions
Of subtil turns and shifts of sense,
Serve best with th' wicked for pretence,
Such as the learned Jesuits use, 265
And Presbyterians, for excuse
Against the Protestants, when th' happen
To find their churches taken napping :
As thus : A breach of oath is duple,
And either way admits a scruple. 270
And many be, *ex parte* of the maker,
More criminal than th' injur'd taker ;
For he that strains too far a vow,
Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow :

And he that made and forc'd it, broke it ;
Not he that for convenience took it ; 276
A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,
As sound t' all purposes of troth,
As broken laws are ne'er the worse,
Nay, tili th' are broken, have no force. 280
What's justice to a man, or laws,
That never comes within their claws ?
They have no pow'r but to admonish,
Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,
Until they're broken, and then touch 285
Those only that do make them such.
Beside, no engagement is allow'd
By men in prison made, for good ;
For when they're set at liberty,
They're free from th' engagement to set free. 290
The Rabbins write, when any Jew
Did make to God or man a vow,
Which afterwards he found untoward,
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
Any three other Jews o' th' nation 295
Might free him from the obligation :
And have not two saints pow'r to use
A greater privilege than three Jews ?
The court of conscience, which in man
Should be supreme and sovereign, 300
Is't fit should be subordinate
To ev'ry petty court i' th' state,
And have less pow'r than the lesser,
To deal with perjury at pleasure ?
Have its proceedings disallow'd, or 305
Allow'd, at fancy of py-powder ?

Tell all it does, or does not know,
For swearing *ex officio*?
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs unring'd at Vif. Franc. Pledge? 310
Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
Priests, witches, eves-droppers, and nuisance;
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full:
And have no pow'r at all, nor shift, 315
To help itself at a dead lift?
Why should not conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return; 320
And make as nice distinction serve,
To split a case, as those that carve,
Invoking cuckolds names, hit joints
Why should not tricks as flight do points?
Is not th' high court of justice sworn 325
To judge that law that serves their turn?
Make their own jealousies high treason,
And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on?
Cannot the learned council there
Make laws in any shape appear? 330
Mould 'em as Witches do their clay,
When they make pictures to destroy?
And vex 'em into any form
That fits their purpose to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confess, 335
Impeach of treason whom they please,
And most perfidiously condemn
Those that engag'd their lives for them?

And yet do nothing in their own sence,
But what they ought by oath and conscience?
Can they not juggle, and with flight 341
Conveyance play with wrong and right ;
And sell their blasts of wind as dear
As Lapland Witches bottled air ?
Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge, 345
The same case sev'ral ways adjudge ?
As seamen with the self-same gale,
Will sev'ral diff'rent courses fail ;
As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds, 350
Those banks and damms that like a screen
Did keep it out, now keep it in :
So when tyrannic usurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o' th' land that were intended 355
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry man swear
What makes best for him in his answer
Is not the winding up witnessess
A nicking more than half the bus'ness ? 360
For witnessess, like watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow ;
And where in conscience they're strait lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
Do not your juries give their verdict, 365
As if they felt the cause, not heard it ?
And as they please, make matter of fact
Run all on one side, as they are pack'd ?
Nature has made man's breast no windores,
To publish what he does within doors ; 370

Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash folly blab it.

If oaths can do a man no good
In his own bus'ness, why they shou'd
In other matters do him hurt,

375

I think there's little reason for't.

He that imposes an oath, makes it ;
Not he that for convenience takes it :

Then how can any man be said

To break an oath he never made ?

380

These reasons may perhaps look oddly

To th' wicked, tho' th' evince the godly ;

But if they will not serve to clear

My honour, I am ne'er the near.

Honour is like the glassy bubble,

385

That finds philosophers such trouble,

Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,

And wits are crack'd to find out why.

Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word

To swear by, only in a lord :

390

In other men 'tis but a huff,

To vapour with, instead of proof ;

That like a wen, looks big and swells,

Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it, quoth he, be what it will,

395

It has the world's opinion fill.

But as men are not wise that run

The slightest hazard they may shun ;

There may a medium be found out

To clear to all the world the doubt ;

400

And that is, if a man may do't,

By proxy whipt, or substitute.

Though nice and dark the point appear,
Quoth Ralpho, it may hold up, and clear.
That sinners may supply the place 405
Of suff'ring saints, is a plain case.
Justice gives sentence many times
On one man for another's crimes.
Our brethren of New-England use
Choice malefactors to excuse, 410
And hang the guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the churches have less need;
As lately 't happen'd. In a town
There liv'd a cobler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use, 415
And mend mens lives as well as shoes,
This precious brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
(Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an infidel,) 420
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our elders an envoy;
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league held forth by brother Patch,
Against the articles in force 425
Between both churches, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the saints to render
Into his hands or hang th' offender:
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade, 430
(A man that served them in a double
Capacity, to teach and coble,)
Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do
The Indian, Hoghgan Moghgan too.

Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid.
Then wherefore may you not be skipp'd,
And in your room another whipp'd?
For all philosophers, but the sceptic,
Hold whipping may be sympathetic.

435

440

It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;
And canst in conscience not refuse
From thy own doctrine, to raise use:
I know thou wilt not, for my sake, 445
Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back:
Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward-fellow a ferkin;
For when thy vessel is new hoop'd
All leaks of finning will be stopp'd. 450

Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter:
For in all scruples of this nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own self catches 455
The itch, or amorous French aches;
So no man does himself convince,
By his own doctrine, of his sins:
And tho' all cry down self, none means
His own-self in a lit'ral sense: 460
Beside, it is not only foppish,
But vile, idolatrous, and Popish,
For one man, out of his own skin,
To ferk and whip another's sin;
As pedants out of school-boy's breeches 465
Do claw and curry their own itches.

But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain :
For we must take our oaths upon it.
You did the deed, when I have done it. 470

Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon:
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.

Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,
'Twere proper that I whipped you :
For when with your consent 'tis done 475
The act is really your own.

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain,
I see, to argue 'gainst the grain ;
Or like the stars incline men to
What they're averse themselves to do ; 480
For when disputes are weary'd out,
'Tis Int'rest still resolves the doubt :
But since no reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force ye to your duty ;
For so it is, howe'er you mince it, 485
As e'er we part we shall evince it ;
And curry, if you stand out, whether
You will or no, your stubborn leather.
Can't thou refuse to bear thy part
I' th' public Work, base as thou art ? 490
To higgle thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy Knight an op'lent spouse ;
Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,
Merely for th' interest of the churches ?
And when he has it in his claws, 495
Will not be hide-bound to the cause ;
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgin,
If thou dispatch it without grudging.

If not, resolve before we go,
That you and I must pull a crow. 500

Y' had best, quoth Ralph, as the Ancients
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you ere you leap ;
For as you sow, y' are like to reap :
And were y' as good as George a Green. 505

I shall make bold to turn agen ;
Nor am I doubtful of the issue

In a just quarrel, and mine is so.

Is't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the saints like Bishop Bonner ? 510

A Knight t' usurp the beadle's office,
For which y' are like to raise brave trophies :

But I advise you not for fear,
But for your own sake, to forbear ;

And for the Churches, which may chance 515
From hence to spring a variance ;

And raise among themselves new scruples,
Whom common danger hardly couples.

Remember how in arms and politics,
We still have worshed all your holy tricks ; 520

Trepann'd your party with intrigue,
And took your grandees down a peg ;

New-modell'd th' army, and cashier'd
All that to legion Smec adher'd ;

Made a mere utensil o' your church, 525
And after left it in the lurch,

A scaffold to build up our own,
And when w' had done with't, pull'd it down ;

Capoch'd your rabbins of the synod,
And snapt their canons with a why-not. 530

(Grave synod-men that were rever'd
 For solid face and depth of beard,) 535
 Their classic model prov'd a maggot,
 Their directory an Indian pagod ;
 And drown'd their discipline like a kitten,
 On which th' had been so long a fitting ;
 Decry'd it as a holy cheat
 Grown out of date and obsolete,
 And all the saints of the first graft,
 As castling foals of Bala'm's as. 540

At this the Knight grew high in chafe,
 And staring furiously on Ralph,
 He trembled, and look'd pale with ire,
 Like ashes first, then red as fire.
 Have I, quoth he, been ta'en in fight, 545
 And for so many moons laid by't ?
 And when all other means did fail,
 Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale ?
 Not but they thought me worth a ransom
 Much more confid'able and handsome, 550
 But for their own sakes, and for fear
 They were not safe when I was there ;
 Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
 An upstart scut'ry, and a mongrel :
 Such as breed out of peccant humours 555
 Of our own Church, like wens, or tumours,
 And like a maggot in a sore,
 Would that which gave it life devour ;
 It never shall be done or said,
 With that he seiz'd upon his blade ; 560
 And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
 Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,

With equal readiness prepar'd
To draw and stand upon his guard ;
When both were parted on the sudden, 565
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
As if all sorts of noise had been
Contracted into one loud din,
Or that some member to be chosen,
Had got the odds above a thousand, 570
And by the greatness of his noise,
Prov'd fittest for his country's choice,
This strange surprisal put the Knight
And wrathful Squire into a fright ;
And tho' they stood prepar'd, with fatal 575
Impetuous rancour to join battle,
Both thought it was the wisest course
To wave the fight, and mount to horse ;
And to secure, by swift retreating,
themselves from danger of worse beating : 580
Yet neither of them would disparage,
By utt'ring of his mind, his courage ;
Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,
With horror and disdain wind bound.
And now the cause of all their fear 585
By slow degrees approach'd so near,
They might distinguish diff'rent noise
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub. 590
But when the fight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique shew :
A triumph, that for pomp and state,
Did proudest Romans emulate :

For as the aldermen of Rome, 595
 Their foes at training overcome,
 And not enlarging territory,
 (As some mistaken write in story,) -
 Being mounted in their best array,
 Upon a car, and who but they ? 600
 And follow'd with a world of tall lads,
 That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
 Did ride with many a good morrow,
 Crying, *Hey for our town*, thro' the borrow ;
 So when this triumph drew so nigh, 605
 They might particulars descry,
 They never saw two things so pat,
 In all respects as this and that.
 First, he that led the cavalcate,
 Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate, 610
 On which he blew as strong a levet,
 As well-fee'd lawyer on his breviate ;
 When over ohe another's heads
 They charge, three ranks at once, like Swedes ;
 Next pans, and kettles of all keys, 615
 From trebles down to double base ;
 And after them, upon a nag,
 That might pass for a forehand stag,
 A cornet rode, and on his staff
 A smoke displayed did proudly wave ; 620
 Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
 With shuffling broken winded tones,
 Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
 Sound filthier than from the gut,
 And make a viler noise than swine, 625
 In windy weather when they whine.

Next, one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which, for good manners,
Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grains,
Which he disp'ns'd among the swains, 630
And busily upon the crowd
At random round about bestow'd.
Then mounted on a horned horse,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword 635
He held revers'd, the point turn'd downward:
Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed
The conqu'ror's standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat display'd and rampant; 640
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,
The warrior whilom overcome;
Arm'd with a spindle and a staff, 645
Which as he rode, she made him twist off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
Chastis'd the reformado soldier.
Before the dame, and round about,
March'd whifflers, and staffiers on foot, 650
With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom some torches bore, some links,
Before the proud virago minx,
That was both Madam and a Don, 655
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.

The Knight transported, and the Squire,
Put up their weapons and their ire ; 660
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
On such fights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His an'madversions for his heart.

Quoth he, in all my life till now 665
I ne'er saw so profane a show.
It is a Paganish invention,
Which Heathen writers often mention;
And he who made it, had read Godwin,
Or Rofs, or Cælius Rodigine, 670
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That best describe those ancient shows ;
And has observ'd all fit decorums
We find describ'd by old historians :
For as the Roman conqueror 675
That put an end to foreign war,
Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,
Bore a slave with him in his chariot ;
So this insulting female brave
Carries behind her here a slave ; 680
And as the Ancients long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out their mantles *della guerre* :
So her proud standard-bearer here
Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner, 685
A Tyrian petticoat for a banner.
Next links, and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the Emperor ;
And as, in antic triumph, eggs
Were borne for mystical intrigues ; 690

There's one in truncheon, like a laddle,
That carries eggs too, fresh or addle;
And still at random as he goes,
Among the rabble-rout bestows.

Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter ; 695
For all th' antiquity you smatter
Is but a riding, us'd of course,
When the grey mare's the better horse ;
When o'er the breeches greedy women
Fight, to extend their vast dominion ; 700
And in the cause impatient Grizzel
Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzel,
And brought him under covert-baron,
To turn her vassal with a murrain ;
When wives their sexes shift, like hares, 705
And ride their husband like night-mares,
And they in mortal battle vanquish'd,
Are of their charter disinfranchis'd.
And by their right of war, like gills,
Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels : 710
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of course are understood.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence
Impertinently, and against sense.
'Tis not the least disparagement, 715
To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force
That does not make a man the worse,
Altho' his shoulders with battoon
Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune ; 720
A tailor's 'prentice has no hard
Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard :

Q

But to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day ;
Or to surrender ere th' assault, 725
That's no man's fortune, but his fault ;
And renders men of honour less
Than all th' adversity of success :
And only unto such this shew
Of horns and petticoats is due. 730

There is a lesser profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd *ovation* :
For as *ovation* was allow'd
For conquest purchas'd without blood ;
So men decree those lesser shows, 735
For vict'ry gotten without blows,
By dint of sharp hard words, which some
Give battle with, and overcome ;
These mounted in a chair-curule,
Which moderns call a *cuckling stool*, 740

March proudly to the river's side,
And o'er th' waves in triumph ride ;
Like dukes of Venice, who are said
The Adriatic sea to wed ;
And have a gentler wife than those 745

For whom the state decrees those shows.
But both are Heathenish, and come
From th' whores of Babylon and Rome ;
And by the saints should be withstood,
As antichristian and lewd ; 750

And we, as such, should now contribute
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.

This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling croud,

T' attack the leader, and still prest, 755
Till they approach'd him breast to breast.
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,
What means, quoth he, this dev'l's procession
With men of orthodox profession? 760
'Tis ethnic and idolatrous,
From Heathenism deriv'd to us.
Does not the whore of Babylon ride
Upon her horned beast astride,
Like this proud dame, who either is 765
A type of her, or she of this?
Are things of superstitious function
Fit to be us'd in gospel fun-shine:
It is an antichristian opera.
Much us'd in midnight-times of Popery; 770
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions:
To scandalize that sex for scolding,
To whom the saints are so beholding.
Women, who were our first apostles. 775
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else;
Women, that left no stone unturn'd
In which the Cause might be concern'd,
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols; 780
Their husband's cullies, and sweet-hearts,
To take the saints and Churches' parts;
Drew several gifted Brethren in,
That for the bishops would have been,
And fix'd 'em constant to the party, 785
With motives powerful and hearty:

Their husband's robb'd, and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their gifts
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To scraps and ends of gold and silver; 790
Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent
With holding forth for parliament;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow-puddings many a meal:
Enabled them, with store of meat, 795
On controverted points to eat;
And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ake,
With cawdle, custard, and plum-cake,
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the Cause at London? 800
March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,
T' entrench the City for defence in?
Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,
To put the enemy to stands;
From ladies down to oyster-wenches 805
Labour'd like pioniers in trenches,
Fell to their pickaxes and tools,
And help'd the men to dig like moles?
Have not the handmaids of the City
Chose of their members a committee, 810
For raising of a common purse
Out of their wages, to raise horse?
And do they not as triers sit,
To judge what officers are fit?
Have they----? At that an egg let fly, 815
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, besmear'd
With orange-tawny slime his beard;

But beard and slime being of one hew,
The wound the less appear'd in view. 820

Then he that on the panniers rode,
Let fly on th' other side a load ;
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In Ralpho's face another volley.
The Knight was startled with the smell, 825
And for his sword began to feel :
And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
Grasp'd his ; when one that bore a link,
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole ; 830
And straight another, with his flambeaux,
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
The beasts began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring ;
Thro' which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray. 836

And tho' disorder'd in retreat,
Each of them stoutly kept his seat :
For quitting both their swords and reins,
They grasp'd with all their strength the manes ;
And, to avoid the foe's pursuit, 841
With spurring put their cattle to't ;
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After th' had paus'd a while, supplying 845
Their spirits spent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs for action or discourse :
Quoth he, That man is sure to lose,
That foul's his hands with dirty foes. 850

For where no honour's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.
'Twas ill for us we had to do
With so dishonourable a foe :
For though the law of arms doth bar 855
The use of venom'd shot in war ;
Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisom,
Their case shot favours strong of poison ;
And doubtless has been chew'd with teeth
Of some that had a stinking breath ; 860
Else when we put it to the push,
They had not giv'n us such a brush :
But as those poltroons that fling dirt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;
So all the honour they have won, 865
Or we have lost, is much at one.
'Twas well we made so resolute
A brave retreat, without pursuit ;
For if we had not, we had sped
Much worse, to be in triumph led ; 870
That which the Ancients held no state
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the widow's ear,
It may, being destin'd to assert 875
Her sex's honour reach her heart.
And as such homely treats they say,
Portend good fortune, so this may.
Vespasian being daub'd with dirt
Was destin'd to the empire for't ; 880
And from a scavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome :

And why may not this foul address
Prefage in love the same success?
Then let us straight to cleanse our wounds, 885
Advance in quest of neareft ponds;
And after, as we first design'd,
Swear I've perform'd what she injoin'd.

CANTO THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, with doubts possest,
To win the Lady goes in quest
Of Sidrophel the Rosy-crucian,
To know the Dest'ries' resolution ;
With whom being met, they both chop logic,
About the science astrologic ;
Till falling from dispute to fight,
The Conjurer's worsted by the Knight.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat ;
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's flight ;
And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his flight of hand.

Some with a noise, and greasy light,
Are snapt, as men catch larks by night,
Insnar'd and hamper'd by the foul,
As nooses by the legs catch fowl.
Some with a med'cine and receipt,
Are drawn to nibble at the bait ;
And tho' it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

Others believe no voice t' an organ
So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown ;
Until with subtil cobweb-cheats,
Th' are catch'd in knotted law, like nets ;

In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more they're tangled,
And while their purses can dispute, 23
There's no end of th' immortal suit,

Others still grape t' anticipate
The cabinet-designs of Fate :
Apply to wizzards, to foresee, 23
What shall, and what shall never be.
And as those vultures do forebode,
Believe events prove bad or good.
A flam more senseless than the rog'ry
Of old aruspicy or aug'ry, 30
That out of garbages of cattle
Presag'd th' events of truce or battle ;
From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
Success of great'ft attempts would reckon :
Tho' cheats yet more intelligible, 35
Than those that with the stars do fribble.
This Hudibras by proof found true,
As in due time and place we'll shew :
For he with beard and face made clean,
B'ing mounted on his steed agen ; 40
(And Ralpho got a cock horse too
Upon his beast, with much ado)
Advanc'd on for the widow's house,
T' acquit himself, and pay his vows ;
When various thoughts began to bustle, 45
And with his inward man to justle,
He thought what danger might accrue,
If she should find he swore untrue :
Or if his Squire or he should fail,
And not be punctual in their tale ; 50

It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his honour, faith and love.
But if he should forbear to go,
She might conclude h' had broke his vow ;
And that he durst not now for shame 55
Appear in court, to try his claim.
This was the pen'worth of his thought,
To pass time, and uneasy trot.

Quoth he, In all my past adventures,
I ne'er was set so on the tenters ; 60
Or taken tardy with dilemma,
That every way I turn does hem me ;
And with inextricable doubt,
Besets my puzzled wits about :
For though the dame has been my bail, 65
To free me from enchanted jail ;
Yet as a dog, committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
And quits his clog ; but all in vain,
He still draws after him his chain : 70
So though my ankle she has quitted,
My heart continues still committed :
And like a bail'd or main-priz'd lover,
Altho' at large, I am bound over.
And when I shall appear in court, 75
To plead my cause, and answer for't,
Unles the judge do partial prove,
What will become of me and love ?
For if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumstance miscarry ; 80
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off,

To shew, by evident record
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her, 85
Having demurr'd unto her favour?
But faith, and love, and honour lost,
Shall be reduc'd to a Knight o' the post?
Beside, the stripping may prevent
What I'm to prove by argument ; 90
And justify I have a tail,
And that way too my proof may fail.
Oh ! that I could enucleate,
And solve the problems of my fate ;
Or find by necromantic art, 95
How far the Dest'ries take my part !
For if I were not more than certain
To win, and wear her, and her fortune,
I'd go no farther in this courtship,
To hazard soul, estate, and worship ; 100
For tho' an oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou hast prov'd,) yet 'tis profane,
And sinful, when men swear in vain.

Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man hight Sidrophel, 106
That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells ;
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair ; 110
When bras and pewter hap to stray,
And linen flinks out of the way :
When geese and pullen are seduc'd,
And sows of suckling pigs are chous'd ;

When cattle feel indisposition, 115
And need th' opinion of physician ;
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip ;
When yeast and outward means do fail,
And have no power to work on ale ; 120
When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves cross and humoursome ;
To him with questions, and with urine,
They for discovery flock, or caring.

Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel 125
I've heard of; and should like it well,
If thou can't prove the saints hath freedom
To go to forc'ers when they need 'em.

Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that ;
Those principles I quoted late, 130
Prove that the godly may alledge
For any thing their privilege ;
And to the d'vil himself may go,
If they have motives thereunto.
For as there is a war between 135
The dev'l and them, it is no sin,
If they by subtle stratagem
Make use of him, as he does them.
Has not this present Parliament
A ledger to the devil sent, 140
Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted Witches out !
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire ?
Some only for not being drown'd, 145
And some for fitting above ground,

Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
 And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches ;
 And some for putting knavish tricks
 Upon green geese, and turkey-chicks, 150
 Or pigs that suddenly deceas'd
 Of griefs unnat'ral, as he gues'd ;
 Who after prov'd himself a witch,
 And made a rod for his own breech.
 Did not the devil appear to Martin 155
 Luther in Germany, for certain ;
 And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,
 But Mart. was too too politic ?
 Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
 At Antwerp, their cathedral church ? 160
 Sing catches to the saints at Mafcon,
 And tell them all they came to ask him ?
 Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,
 And speak i' th' nun of London's belly,
 Meet with the Parliament's committee, 165
 At Woodstock on a pers'nal treaty ?
 At Sarum take a cavalier
 I' th' Cause's service prisoner ?
 As Withers in immortal rhyme
 Has register'd to after-time. 170
 Do not our great reformers use
 This Sidrophel to forebode news ;
 To write of victories next year,
 And castles taken yet i' th' air ?
 Of battles fought at sea, and ships 175
 Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse ?
 A total o'erthrow giv'n the King
 In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring ?

R

And has not he point blank foretold
 What's-e'er the close committee would ? 180
 Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause,
 The Moon for fundamental laws ;
 The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare
 Against the book of Common-pray'r ?
 The Scorpion take the protestation, 185
 And Bear engage for reformation ;
 Made all the royal stars recant,
 Compound and take the covenant ?

Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear,
 The saints may 'mploy a conjurer ; 190
 As thou hast prov'd it by their practice ;
 No argument like matter of fact is.
 And we are best of all led to
 Mens principles, by what they do.
 Then let us straight advance in quest 195
 Of this profound gymnosophist ;
 And as the Fates and he advise,
 Pursue, or wave this enterprise.

This said, he turn'd about his steed,
 And eftsoons on th' adventure rid ; 200
 Where leave we him and Ralph a while,
 And to the conj'rer turn our style,
 To let our reader understand
 What's useful of him beforehand.

He had been long t'wards mathematics, 205
 Optics, philosophy, and statics,
 Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
 And was old dog at physiology :
 But, as a dog that turns the spit,
 Bestirs himself, and plies his feet 210

To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again;
And still he's in the self-same place
Where at his setting out he was:

So in the circle of the arts 215

Did he advance his nat'ral parts;

Till falling back still, for retreat,

He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:

For as those fowls that live in water

Are never wet, he did but sinatter;

220

Whate'er he labour'd to appear,

His understanding still was clear.

Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,

Since old Hog Bacon and Bob Grostet.

Th' intelligible world he knew, 225

And all men dream on't, to be true:

That in this world there's not a wart

That has not there a counterpart;

For can there on the face of ground

An individual beard be found,

230

That has not, in a foreign nation,

A fellow of the self-same fashion;

So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,

As those are in th' inferior world;

H' had read Dee's prefaces before,

235

The devil and Euclid o'er and o'er;

And all th' intrigue 'twixt him and Kelly,

Lescus and th' Emperor, would tell ye:

But with the moon was more familiar

Than e'er was almanack well-willer;

240

Her secrets understood so clear,

That some believ'd he had been there;

Knew when she was in fitteſt mood,
For cutting corns or letting blood ;
When for anointing ſcabs or itches, 245
Or to the bum applying leeches ;
When ſows and bitches may be ſpay'd,
And in what ſign beſt cyder's made :
Whether the wane be, or increase,
Beſt to ſet gatlick, or ſow peafe : 250
Who firſt found out the man i' th' moon,
That to the Ancients was unknown ;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
Are in the planetary ſpheres ;
Their airy empire, and command, 255
Their ſev'ral strengths by ſea and land ;
What factions they have, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private ;
With what designs and interests
Each party manages contests. 260
He made an instrument to know
If the moon ſhine at full or no ;
That wou'd, as ſoon as e'er ſhe ſhone, straight
Whether t'were day or night demonstrate ;
Tell what her di'meter to an inch is, 265
And prove that ſhe's not made of green cheeſe.
It would demonstrate, that the man in
The moon's a ſea Mediterranean ;
And that it is no dog or bitch,
That stands behind him at his breech, 270
But a huge Caspian ſea, or lake,
With arms which men for legs miſtake
How large a gulf his tail composes,
And what a goodly bay his noſe is :

How many German leagues by the scale 275
Cape Snout's from promontory Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come in purpose to be taken,
Without th' expences of cheese or bacon : 280
With lute-strings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on dish or meat ;
Quote moles and spots on any place
O' th' body, by the index face ;
Detect lost maidenheads, by sneezing, 285
Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing ;
Cure warts of corns, with application
Of med'cines to the imagination ;
Fright agues into dogs, and scare
With rhymes the tooth-ach and catarrh ; 290
Chase evil spirits away by dint
Of fickle, horse-shoe, hollow flint ;
Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
Which made the Roman slaves rebel ;
And fire a mine in China here, 295
With sympathetic gun-powder.
He knew what's-ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own ;
What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus
Could make a man with, as he tells us ; 300
What figur'd flates are best to make
On wat'ry surface duck or drake ;
What bowling-stones, in running race
Upon a board, have swiftest pace ;
Whether a pulse beat in the black 305
List of a dappled louse's back :

If systole or diastole move
Quickest when he's in wrath or love :
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace, 310
How many scores a flea will jump,
Of his own length, from head to rump ;
Which Socrates and Chærephon
In vain assay'd so long agone :
Whether his snout a perfect nose is, 315
And not an elephant's proboscis ;
How many different species
Of maggots breed in rotten cheese ;
And which are next of kin to those
Engender'd in a chandler's nose ; 320
Or those not seen, but understood,
That live in vinegar and wood.

A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
That him in place of Zany serv'd,
Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw, 325
Not wine, but more unwholesome law ;
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps ;
To squander paper and spare ink,
Or cheat men of their words, some think. 330
From this, by merited degrees,
He'd to more high advancement rise ;
To be an under-conjurer,
Or journeyman astrologer :
His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle, 335
And men with their own keys unriddle,
To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the necromancers :

To fetch and carry intelligence,
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all discoveries disperse 341
Among the whole pack of conjurers ;
What cut-purses have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem ;
And what they dare not vent, find out, 345
To gain themselves and th' art repute ;
Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers shops,
Of thieves ascendant in the cart ;
And find out all by rules of art : 350
Which way a serving-man, that's run
With cloaths and money away, is gone :
Who pick'd a fob at holding-forth,
And where a watch for half the worth,
May be redeem'd ; or stolen plate 355
Restor'd at consonable rate.
Beside all this, he serv'd his master
In quality of poetafter :
And rhymes appropriate could make
To ev'ry month i' th' almanack ; 60
When terms begin and end could tell,
With their returns, in doggerel ;
When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
And sowgelder with safety cuts :
When men may eat and drink their fill, 365
And when be temp'rate if they will ;
When use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice,
And as in prison mean rogues beat
Hemp for the service of the great ; 370

So Whachum beat his dirty brains
T' advance his master's fame and gains ;
And, like the devil's oracles,
Put into dogg'rel rhymes his spells.
Which, over ev'ry mouth's blank page 375
I' th' almanack, strange bilks presage.
He would an elegy compose
On maggots squeez'd out of his nose ;
In lyric numbers write an ode on
His mistress eating a black-pudden ; 380
And when imprison'd air escap'd her,
It puff'd him with poetic rapture.
His sonnets charm'd th' attentive croud,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd guests, 385
Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts ;
A carman's horse could not pass by,
Eut stood ty'd up to poetry ;
No porter's burden pass'd along,
But serv'd for burden to the song. 390
Each window, like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears ;
All trades run in, as to the fight
Of monsters, or their dear delight
The gallows tree, when cutting purse 395
Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse
Which none does hear, but would have hung
T' have been the theme of such a song.
These two together long had liv'd,
In masition prudently contriv'd ; 400
Where neither tree nor house could bar
The free detection of a star ;

And nigh an ancient obelisk
Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,
On which was written, not in words, 405
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
Many rare pithy saws concerning
The worth of astrologic learning :
From top of this there hung a rope,
To which he fasten'd telescope ; 410
The spectacles to which the stars
He reads in smallest characters.
It happen'd as a boy, one night,
Did fly his tarsel of a kite ;
The strongest long-wing'd hawk that flies, 415
That, like a bird of paradise,
Or herald's marlet, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs ;
His train wa's six yards long, milk-white,
At the end of which there hung a light, 420
Inclos'd in lanthorn made of paper,
That far off like a star did appear.
This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,
And with amazement staring-wide,
Bless us ! quoth he, what dreadful wonder 425
Is that appears in heaven yonder ?
A comet, and without a beard,
Or star that ne'er before appear'd ?
I'm certain 'tis not in the scowl
Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl, 430
With which, like Indian plantations,
The learn'd stock the constellations ;
Nor those that drawn for signs have been,
To th' houses where the planets inn.

It must be supernatural, 435
 Unless it be the cannon-ball,
 That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,
 Was borne to that prodigious height,
 That learn'd philosophers maintain,
 It ne'er came backwards down again : 440
 But, in the airy region yet,
 Hangs like the body of Mahomet ;
 For if it be above the shade
 That by the earth's round bulk is made,
 'Tis probable it may from far 445
 Appear no bullet, but a star.
 This said, he to his engine flew,
 Plac'd near at hand in open view,
 And rais'd it till it levell'd right
 Against the glow-worm tail of kite, 450
 Then peeping through, Bless us ! quoth he,
 It is a planet now I see.
 And, if I err not, by his proper
 Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,
 It should be Saturn : yes, 'tis clear 455
 'Tis Saturn ; but what makes him there ?
 He's got between the dragon's tail,
 And farther leg behind the Whale :
 Pray Heaven divert the fatal omen,
 For 'tis a prodigy not common ; 460
 And can no less than the world's end,
 Or nature's funeral portend.
 With that he fell again to pry
 Thro' perspective more wistfully ;
 When by mischance the fatal string, 465
 That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,

Breaking, down fell the star: Well shot,
Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
H' had levell'd at a star, and hit it.

But Sidrophel, more subtile witted, 470
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
Portent is this, to see a star fall!

It threatens Nature, and the doom
Will not be long before it come!

When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough 475

The day of judgment's not far off,
As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,

And some of us find out by magic.

Then since the time we have to live

In this world's shorten'd, let us strive 480

To make our best advantage of it,

And pay our losses with our profit.

Thisfeat fell out not long before
The Knight upon the fore-nam'd score,

In quest of Sidrophel advancing, 485

Was now in prospect of the mansion:

Whom he discovering turn'd his glafs,

And found far off 'twas Hudibras.

Whachum, quoth he, look yonder, some
To try or use our art are come: 490

The one's the learned Knight; seek out

And pump 'em what they come about.

Whachum advanc'd with all submissness

T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness:

He held a stirrup, while the Knight 495

From leatherne bate-bones did alight;

And taking from his hand the bridle,

Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle:

He gave him first the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might say: 500
He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
Their bus'ness lay? Quoth Ralph, Hither.
Did not you lose?---Quoth Ralph, Nay,
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way?
Your Knight---Quoth Ralph is a lover, 505
And pains intol'able doth suffer:
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.
What time?---Quoth Ralph, Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung---- 510
Quoth he, I mean, what time o' th' day 'tis.
Quoth Ralph, Between seven and eight 'tis.
Why then, Quoth Whachum, my small art
Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
Or great estate---Quoth Ralph, A jointure, 515
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.
Meanwhile the Knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the Wizard steps in,
To give him suitable reception; 520
But kept his bus'ness at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way;
Who having now, by Ralph's light,
Expounded th' errand of the Knight;
And what he came to know, drew near, 525
To whisper in the conj'r'r's ear;
Which he pretended thus: What was't,
Quoth he, that I was saying last,
Before these gentlemen arriv'd?
Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd, 530

In opposition with Mars,
And no benign and friendly stars
T' allay th' affect. Quoth Wizard, So !
In Virgo, ha ! Quoth Whachum, No :
Has Saturn nothing to do in it ?

535

One tenth of 's circle to a minute.
Tis well, quoth he. Sir, you'll excuse
This rudeness I am forc'd to use ;
It is a scheme and face of heaven,
As th' aspects are dispos'd this even,

540

I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd ; but now I've done.

Quoth Hudibras, If I appear
Unseasonable in coming here,
At such a time to interrupt
Your speculations, which I hop'd
Affistance from, and come to use,
'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

545

By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,
The stars your coming did foretell ;
I did expect you here, and knew
Before you spake your bus'ness too.

550

Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe'er
You tell me after on your word,
Howe'er unlikely or absurd.

555

You are in love, Sir, with a widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your wit
And passion, without drawing bit :
And now your bus'ness is to know
If you shall carry her or no.

560

Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right :
 But how the devil you came by't
 I can't imagine ; for the stars, 565
 I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse ;
 Nor can their aspects, though you pore
 Your eyes out on 'em, tell you more
 Than th' oracle of sieve and sheers,
 That turns as certain as the spheres : 570
 But if the devil's of your council,
 Much may be done, my noble Donzel ;
 And 'tis on this account I come
 To know from you my fatal doom.

Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose, 575
 Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
 I might suspect, and take th' alarm,
 Your bus'ness is but to inform ;
 But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
 You have a wrong sow by the ear ; 580
 For I assure you, for my part,
 I only deal by rules of art ;
 Such as are lawful, and judge by
 Conclusions of Astrology :
 But for the dev'l, know nothing by him, 585
 But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
 I understand your metonymy ;
 Your word of second-hand intention,
 When things by wrongful names ye mention ;
 The mystic sense of all your terms, 591
 That are indeed but magic charms
 To raise the devil, and mean one thing,
 And that is downright conjuring ;

Canto III. H U D I B R A S.

207

And in itself more warrantable
Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by confed'racy are done.
Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her from her sphere disinount, 600
And to their incantations stoop ;
They scorn'd to pore thro' telescope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which ev'ry almanack can tell 605
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you yourself -- Then, friend, I doubt
You go the farthest way about :
Your modern Indian magician
Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in, 610
And straight resolves all questions by't,
And seldom fails to be i' th' right,
The Rosycrucian way's more sure
To bring the devil to the lure ;
Each of 'em has a fev'ral gin, 615
To catch intelligences in.
Some by the nose with fumes trapan 'em,
As Dufstan did the devil's grannum ;
Others with characters and words
Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds ; 620
And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
Ingrav'd in planetary nicks,
With their own infl'ences will fetch 'em ;
Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em ;
Make 'em dispose, and answer to 625
All questions ere they let them go,

Bumbaustus kept a devil's bird
 Shut in the pummel of his sword,
 That taught him all the cunning pranks
 Of past and future mountebanks. 636

Kelly did all his feats upon
 The devil's looking-glaſs, a ſtone ;
 Where playing with him at bo-peep,
 He refolv'd all problems ne'er ſo deep.

Agrippa kept a Stygian pug 635
 I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
 That was his tutor, and the cur
 Read to th' occult philosopher,
 And taught him ſubtly to maintain
 All other ſciences are vain. 640

To this, quoth Sidrophel, Oh ! Sir,
 Agrippa was no conjurer,
 Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen ;
 Nor was the dog of Cacodemon,
 But a true dog that would ſhew tricks 645
 For th' emperor, and leap o'er ſticks ;
 Would fetch and carry, was more civil
 Than other dogs, but yet no devil :
 And whatſoe'er he's ſaid to do,
 He went the ſelf-fame way we go. 650

As for the Rosy-cross philosophers,
 Whom you will have to be but forſc'fers,
 What they pretend to is no more
 Than Trismegiftus did before,
 Pythagoras, old Zoroaster, 655

And Apolonius their master ;
 To whom they do confefs they owe
 All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas ! what is't t'us,
 Whether 'twere said by Trismegistus, 660
 If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,
 Or not intelligible, or sophistic ?
 'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
 That makes truth truth, altho' Time's daughter ;
 'Twas he that put her in the pit, 665
 Before he pull'd her out of it ;
 And as he eats his sons, just so
 He feeds upon his daughters too :
 Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
 Can make a gentleman, scarce an year old, 670
 To be descended of a race
 Of ancient kings, in a small space,
 That we should all opinions hold
 Authentic, that we can make old.

Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part 675
 Of prudence to cry down an art,
 And what it may perform, deny,
 Because you understand not why.

(As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
 To damn our whole art for eccentric.) 680
 For who knows all that knowledge contains ?
 Men dwell not on the tops of mountaines,
 But on their sides, or rising's seat ;
 So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.

Do not the hift'ries of all ages 685
 Relate miraculous presages
 Of strange turns in the world's affairs
 Forseen b' astrologers, sooth-sayers,
 Chaldeans, learn'd genethliacs,
 And some that have writ almanacks ? 690

The Median emp'ror dream'd his daughter
Had pif'sd all Asia under water,
And that a vine, sprung from her hanches,
O'erspread his empire with its branches :
And did not soothsayers expound it, 695
As after by th' event he found it ?
When Cæsar in the senate fell,
Did not the sun eclips'd foretell,
And, in resentment of his slaughter,
Look pale for almost a year after ? 700
Augustus having b' oversight
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.
Are there not myriads of this sort, 705
Which stories of all times report ?
Is it not om'ous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees ?
The Roman senate, when within
The city-walls an owl was feen, 710
Did cause their clergy, with lustrations,
(Our synod calls humiliations.)
The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert,
From doing town and country hurt.
And if an owl have so much pow'r, 715
Why should not planets have much more,
That in a region far above
Inferior fowls of the air move,
And should see farther, and foreknow
More than their augury below ? 720
Tho' that once serv'd the polity
Of mighty Rates to govern by ;

And this is what we take in hand
By pow'rful art to understand ;
Which how we have perform'd, all ages 725
Can speak th' events of our presages.
Have we not lately, in the moon,
Found a new world, to th' old unknown ?
Discover'd sea and land, Columbus
And Magellan could never compass ? 730
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on 'em there ?
Quoth Hudibras, You lye so ope,
That I, without a telescope,
Can find your tricks out, and descry 735
Where you tell truth and where you lie ;
For Anaxagoras long agone
Saw hills, as well as you i' th' moon ;
And held the sun was but a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Greece ; 740
Believ'd the heav'ns were made of stone,
Because the sun had voided one ;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' opinion, fuffer'd banishment.
But what, alas ! is it to us, 745
Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns ?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France ? 750
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learn'd at Rome ?
What politics, or strange opinions,
That are not in our owa dominions ?

What science can be brought from thence, 755
In which we do not here commence ?

What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions ?

Are sweaty lanthorns, or screen fans,
Made better there, than they're in France ? 760

Or do they teach to sing or play
O' th' guittar there a newer way ?

Can they make plays there that shall fit
The public humour, with less wit ?

Write wittier dances, quainter shows, 765
Or fight with more ingenious blows ?

Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
And wear a huger perriwig :

Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunatics ? 770

But if w' outdo him here at home,
What good of your design can come ?

As wind i' th' hypocondries pent,
Is but a blast if downward sent ;

But if it upward chance to fly, 775
Becomes new light and prophecy :

So when your speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,

Altho' they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far fet, 780

They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And favour strongly of the ganzas.

Tell me but what's the nat'r'al cause,
Why on a sign no painter draws

The full moon ever, but the halt 785

Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;

Or why wolves raise a hubbub, at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water ;
And I shall freely give my vote,
You may know something more remote ? 790

At this, deep Sidrophel look'd wise,
And staring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a posture
Of sapience, and began to bluster :
So having three times shook his head 795
To stir his wit up, this he said :
Art has no mortal enemies,
Next ignorance, but owls and geese ;
Those consecrated geese in orders,
That to the capitol were warders : 800
And being then upon patrole,
With noise alone beat off the Gaul :
Or these Athenian sceptic owls,
That will not credit their own souls ;
Or any science understand, 805
Beyond the reach of eye or hand :
But meas'ring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known.
Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-
Houses cry down all philosophy, 810
And will not know upon what ground
In nature we our doctrine found ;
Altho' with pregnant evidence
We can demonstrate it to sense,
As I just now have done to you, 815
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the stars only for to light
Robbers and burglarers by night ;

To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
And lovers solacing behind doors, 820
Or giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches simpling, and on gibbets
Cut from the malefactors snippets,
Or from the pill'ry tips of ears 825
Of rebel-saints, and perjurers?
Only to stand by, and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a constellation there,
That was not born and bred up here? 830
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior concern.
Were they not, during all their lives,
Most of 'em pirates, whores and thieves?
And is it like they have not still 835
In their old practices some skill?
Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its house from earth?
And therefore probably must know
What is and hath been done below: 840
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
Did not we hear the Argo rig,
Make Berenice's perriwig?
Whose liv'ry does the coachman wear? 845
Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?
And therefore, as they came from hence,
With us may hold intelligence.
Plato deny'd the world can be
Govern'd without geometry; 850

(For money b'ing the common scale
Of things by measure weight and tale ;
In all th' affairs of church and state,
'Tis both the balance and the weight :)

Then much les can it be without ;

855

Divine astrology made out ;
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as heav'n's above the earth.

These reasons, quoth the Knight, I grant
Are something more significant 860
Than any that the learned use
Upon this subject to produce ;
And yet they're far from satisfactory,
T' establish and keep up your factory.
Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice 865
Shifted his setting and his rise :
Twice has he risen in the west,
As many times set in the east ;
But whether that be true or no,
The devil any of you know. 870

Some hold the Heavens, like a top,
Are kept by circulation up ;
And were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the ground :

As sage Empedocles of old, 875
And from him modern authors hold.

Plato believ'd the sun and moon
Below all other planets run.

Some Mercury, some Venus seat
Above the sun himself in height. 880

The learned Scaliger complain'd
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,

That in twelve hundred years and odd,
The sun had lost its ancient road,
And nearer to the earth is come 883
'Bove fifty thousand miles from home:
Swore 'twas a most notorious flam,
And he that had so little shame
To vent such fopperies abroad,
Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd : 890
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the rod much more,
That durst upon a truth give doom,
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
Cardan believ'd great states depend 895
Upon th' tip o' th' Bear's tail's end ;
That as she whisk'd it t'wards the sun,
Strow'd mighty empires up and down :
Which others say must needs be false,
Because your true bears have no tails. 900
Some say the zodiac constellations
Have long since chang'd their antique stations
Above a sign, and prove the same
In Taurus now, once in the Ram ;
Affirm the trigons chop'd and chang'd, 905
The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd :
Then how can their effects still hold
To be the same they were of old ?
This, tho' the art were true, would make
Our modern soothsayers mistake : 910
And is one cause they tell more lies,
In figures and nativities,
Than the old Chaldean conjurers,
In so many hundred thousand years ;

Beside their nonsense in translating, 915
For want of accident and Latin.
Like *Idus* and *Calendæ*, Englisch :
The quarter-days by skilful linguist :
And yet with canting flight and cheat,
'Twill serve their turn to do the feat : 920
Make fools believe in their foreseeing
Of things before they are in being ;
To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd ;
Make them the constellations prompt, 925
And give 'em back their own account ;
But still the best to him that gives
The best price for't, or best believes.
Some towns and cities, some for brevity
Have cast the versal world's nativity ; 930
And made infant-stars confess,
Like fools or children, what they please.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs or cats :
Some running nags, and fighting cocks, 935
Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox ;
Some take a measure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives ;
Make opposition, trine and quartile,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile ; 940
And if the planet's first aspect
The tender infant did infect
In soul and body, and instill
All future good and future ill :
Which in their dark fatalties lurking, 945
At destin'd periods fall a working ;

And break out, like the hidden seeds
Of long diseases, unto deeds,
In friendships, enmities, and strife,
And all th' emergencies of life :

950

No sooner does he peep into
The world, but he has done his do,
Catch'd all diseases, took all phyick
That cures or kills a man that is sick ;
Married his punctual dose of wives,
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.

955

There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war ;
A thief and justice, fool and knave,
A huffing officer and a slave,
A crafty lawyer and a pick-pocket,
A great philosopher and a blockhead,

960

A formal preacher and a player,
A learn'd physician and a manslayer :

As if men from the stars did suck

965

Old age, diseases, and ill luck,
Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice ;
And draw, with the first air they breathe,
Battle and murder, sudden death.

970

Are not these fine commodities,
To be imported from the skies,
And vended here among the rabble,
For staple goods and warrantable ?
Like money by the Druids borrow'd,

975

In th' other world to be restor'd.

Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
You wrong the art and artists too,

Since arguments are lost on those
That do our principles oppose ; 980
I will (altho' I've done't before)
Demonstrate to your sence once more,
And draw a figure that shall tell you,
What you, perhaps, forget befall you,
By way of horary inspection, 985
Which some account our worst erection.
With that he circles, draws, and squares,
With cyphers, astral characters ;
Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,
Altho' set down hab-nab at random. 990

Quoth he, This scheme o' th' heav'ns set,
Discovers how in fight you met
At Kingston, with a May-pole idol, [well :
And that y' were bang'd both back and side
And tho' you overcame the Bear, 995
The Dogs beat you at Brentford-fair ;
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fop-doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no conj'rer, by your leave : 1000
That paltry story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Not true ! quoth he, howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear :
Whachum shall justify't to your face, 1005
And prove he was upon the place :
He play'd the Saltinbancho's part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art ;
He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chous'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead : 1010

And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' house.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
That argument's demonstrative;
Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us 1015
A constable to seize the wretches:
For tho' they're both false knaves and cheats,
Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers: 1020
They're guilty, by their own confessions,
Of felony, and at the Sessions
Upon the bench I will so handle 'em,
That the vibration of this pendulum
Shall make all taylors yards of one 1025
Unanimous opinion:
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out: 1030
Nor have I hazarded my art,
And neck so long on the state's part,
To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer,
By such a braggadocio huffer,

Huffer! quoth Hudibras, this fword 1035
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
To apprehend this flygian sophister:
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,
Lest he and Whachum run away. 1040

But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect
Of Hudibras did now erect





A figure, worse portending far
Than that of most malignant star,
Believ'd it now the fittest moment 1045
To shun the danger that might come on't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one :
This b'ing resolv'd, he spy'd by chance
Behind the door, an iron lance, 1050
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd ;
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass
To make his way through Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork, 1055
With which he vow'd to do his work.
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his guard :
He put by Sidrophelo's thrust,
And in right manfully he rusht ; 1060
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to fly ;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch 1065
As quick as light'ning in the breech ;
Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd,
Because a kick in that place, more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before. 1070
Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermine :
Could they not tell you so as well
As what I came to know foretell ?

By this what cheats you are we find, 1075
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows :
But who his honour would defile,
To take, or fell, two lives so vile ! 1080
I'll give you quarter ; but your pillage,
The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,
Which with his sword he reaps and plows,
That's mine, the law of arms allows.

This said in haste, in haste he fell 1085
To rummaging of Sidrophel.
First, he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A figure for, and so detect ; 1090
A copper-plate, with almanacks
Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks,
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,
And blank schemes, to discover nimmers :
A moon-dial, with Napier's bones, 1095
And sev'ral constellation stones,
Engrav'd in planetary hours,
That over mortals had strange pow'rs,
To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
And stab or poison to evade ; * 1100
In wit or wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.
Whachum had neither croſs nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while ;
All which the conqu'ror did discompt, 1105
To pay for curing of his rump.

But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As rotten-men of politics,
Straight cast about to over-reach
Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch, 1110
And make him glad (at least) to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the secular prince of darkness
Arriv'd to seize upon his carcase :
And as a fox, with hot pursuit 1115
Chas'd thro' a warren, casts about
To save his credit, and among
Dead vermin on a gallows hung ;
And while the dogs run underneath,
Escap'd, by counterfeiting death, 1120
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atoms justling in his brain,
As learned philosophers give out :
So Sidrophelo cast about,
And fell t' his wonted trade again, 1125
To feign himself in earnest slain ;
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And seeming in his breast to smother
A broken sigh ; quoth he, Where am I,
Alive or dead, which way came I 1130
Thro' so immense a spâce so soon ?
But now I thought myself i' th' moon ;
And that a monster with huge whiskers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body thro' and thro' had drill'd, 1135
And Whachum by my side had kill'd ;
Had cross-examin'd both our hose,
And plunder'd all we had to lose ;

Look, there he is, I see him now,
And feel the place I am run thro': 1140
And there lies Whachum by my side
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd:
Oh ! oh ! -----With that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a swoon,
Shut both his eyes, and stopt his breath, 1145
And to the life out-acted death:
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
He held it now no longer safe
To tarry the return of Ralph, 1150
But rather leave him in the lurch:
Thought he, he has abus'd our Church,
Refus'd to give himself one firk,
To carry on the public Work;
Despis'd our synod men like dirt, 1155
And made their discipline his sport;
Divulg'd the secrets of their classes,
And their conventions prov'd high places:
Disparag'd their tithe-pigs, as Pagan,
And set at nought their cheese and bacon; 1160
Rail'd at t'heir covenant, and jeer'd
Their rev'rend parsons to my beard;
For all which scandals, to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware, 1165
And tempt my fury if he dare;
He must at least hold up his hand,
By twelve freeholders to be scann'd;
Who by their skill in palmistry,
Will quickly read his destiny, 1170

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225

And make him glad to read his lesson,
Or take a turn for't at the Session:

Unless his light and gift prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;

For if he 'scape with whipping now,

1175

'Tis more than he can hope to do;

And that will disengage my conscience
O' th' obligation in his own sense;

I'll make him now by force abide

What he by gentle means deny'd,

1180

To give my honour satisfaction,

And right the Brethren in the action.

This being resolv'd, with equal speed

And conduct he approach'd his steed,

And with activity unwont,

1185

Affay'd the lofty beast to mount;

Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his palfry,

To get from th' enemy, and Ralph, free:

Left dangers, fears, and foes behind,

And beat, at least three lengths, the wind. 1190

AN HEROICAL
E P I S T L E
O F
H U D I B R A S
T O
S I D R O P H E L.

Ecce iterum Crispinus-----

WELL, Sidrophel, tho 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain
Without trepanning of your skull
As often as the moon's at full;
'Tis not amiss, ere y' are giv'n o'er,
To try one desperate med'cine more;
For where your case can be no worse;
The desp'rat'ft is the wisest course.
It's possible, that you, whose ears
Are of the tribe of Issachar's,
And might, with equal reason, either
For merit, or extent of leather,
With William Pryn's, before they were
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, compare,

HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL. 227

Should yet be deaf against a noise 15
So roaring as the public voice?
That speaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry croud,
As loud as one that sings his part
T' a wheel-barrow, or turnip-cart, 20
Or your new nick-nam'd old invention
To cry green hastings with an engine;
(As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
And torn your drum-heads with the sound,) 25
And 'cause your folly's now no news,
But overgrown, and out of use,
Persuade yourself, there's no such matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of nature;
When folly, as it grows in years, 30
The more extravagant appears:
For who but you could be possest
With so much ignorance, and beast,
That neither all mens scorn and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at, 35
Nor bray'd so often in a mortar,
Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture;
But (like a reprobate) what course
Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse?
Can no transfusion of the blood, 40
That makes fowls cattle, do you good?
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse
To turn them into mongrel curs,
Put you into a way, at least
To make yourself a better beast? 45
Can all your critical intrigues
Of trying sound for rotten eggs?

228 HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Your sev'ral new-found remedies
 Of curing wounds and scabs in trees ;
 Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
 And purging their infected saps ; 50
 Recov'ring shankers, crystallines,
 And nodes and botches in the rinds,
 Have no effect to operate
 Upon the duller block, your pâte ?
 But still it must be leudly bent 55
 To tempt your own due punishment ;
 And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw
 The boys to course you without law ;
 As if the art you have so long
 Profess'd of making old dogs young, 60
 In you, had virtue to renew
 Not only youth, but childhood too.
 Can you, that understand all books,
 By judging only with your looks,
 Resolve all problems with your face, 65
 As others do with B's and A's ;
 Unriddle all that mankind knows
 With solid bending of your brows :
 All arts and sciences advance,
 With screwing of your eountenance ; 70
 And, with a penetrating eye,
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry ;
 Know more of any trade b' a hint,
 Than those that have been bred up in't ;
 And yet have no art, true or false, 75
 To help your own bad naturals ?
 But still, the more you strive t' appear,
 Are found to be the wretcheder :

HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL. 219

For fools are known by looking wise,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes. 80
Hence 'tis that 'cause y' have gain'd o' th' college
A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute,
Y' assume a pow'r as absolute
To judge, and censure, and control, 85
As if you were the sole Sir Poll;
And fauinely pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to:
You'll find the thing will not be done
With ignorance and face alone: 90
No, tho' y' have purchas'd to your name
In history so great a fame;
That now your talent's so well known,
For having all belief out-grown,
That ev'ry strange prodigious tale 95
Is measur'd by your German scale—
By which the virtuosi try
The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
Cast up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'ft to your account: 100
That all those stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charg'd upon your score,
And lesser authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that faculty betrays 105
Those soonest it designs to raise:
And all your vain renown will spoil,
As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil:
Tho' he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence; 110

U

230 HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

And put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim :
Tho' you have try'd that nothing's borne
With greater ease than public scorn,

That all affronts do still give place 115
To your impenetrable face ;
That makes your way thro' all affairs,
As pigs thro' hedges creep with theirs ;

Yet as 'tis counterfeit and brafs,

You must not think 't will always pass ; 120
For all impostors, when they're known,
Are past their labour and undone,

And all the best that can befall

An artificial natural,

Is that which madmen find, as soon 125

As once they're broke loose from the moon,
And, proof against her influence,
Relapse to e'er so little sense,

To turn stark fools, and subjects fit

For sport of boys and rabble-wit. 130

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H U D I B R A S.

P A R T T H I R D.

C A N T O F I R S T.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce ;
They both approach the Lady's bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to wooe her.
She treats them with a masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made :
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him from himself by night,

"T'IS true, no lover has that pow'r,
T' enforce a desperate amour,
As he that hath two strings to's bow,
And burns for love and money too :
For then he's brave and resolute, 5
Dissains to render in his suit,
Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble ;
While those who fillily pursue
The simple, downright way and true, 10
U 2

Make as unlucky applications,
And steer against the stream, their passions :
Some forge their mistresses of stars,
And when the ladies prove averse,
And more untoward to be won, 15
Than by Caligula the moon,
Cry out upon the stars for doing
Ill-offices, to cross their wooing ;
When only by themselves they're hindred,
For trusting those they made her kindred ; 20
And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
The damsels prove, become the fonder,
For what mad lover ever dy'd
To gain a soft and gentle bride ;
Or for a lady tender-hearted, 25
In purling streams or hemp departed ?
Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,
Thro' th' windows of a dazzling room ?
But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,
The am'rous fly burnt in his flame. 30
This to the Knight could be no news,
With all mankind so much in use ;
Who therefore took the wiser course,
To make the most of his amours,
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways, 35
As follows in due time and place.

No sooner was the bloody fight
Between the Wizard and the Knight,
With all th' appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a lover : 40
As he was always wont to do
When he had discomfited a foe ;

And us'd the only antique philtres,
Deriv'd from old heroic filters.
But now triumphant and victorious, 45
He held th' achievement was too glorious
For such a conqueror to meddle
With petty constable or beadle;
Or fly for refuge to the hostess
Of th' inns of court and Chancery, Justice; 50
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
To th' ordeal trial of the laws;
Where none escape, but such as branded
With red-hot irons have pass'd bare-handed;
And if they cannot read one verse 55
I' th' psams, must sing it, and that's worse.
He therefore judging it below him,
To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
And mainprize for him, to the jail, 60
To answer, with his vessel, all
That might disastrously befall;
And thought it now the fittest juncture
To give the Lady a rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his expedition, 65
And conquest o'er the fierce Magician;
Describe the manner of the fray,
And shew the spoils he brought away;
His bloody scourging aggravate,
The number of the blows, and weight; 70
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief h' had done the deed.
Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare,
No pawning of his soul to swear;

But rather than produce his back, 75
To set his conscience on the rack ;
And in pursuance of his urging
Of articles perform'd, and scourging,
And all things else upon his part,
Demand delivery of her heart, 80
Her goods and chattels, and good graces,
And person, up to his embraces.

Thought he, the ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies' hearts in fights ;
And cut whole giants into fritters, 85
And put them into am'rous twitters ;
Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,
Until their gallants were half kill'd :
But when their bones were drubb'd so sore,
They durst not wooe one combat more, 90
The ladies' hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.
So Spanish heroes with their lances,
At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies ;
And he acquires the noblest spouse 95
That widows greatest herds of cows ;
Then what may I expect to do,
Who've quell'd so vast a bufalo ?

Meanwhile the Squire was on his way,
The Knights late order to obey : 100
Who sent him for a strong detachment
Of beadle's, constables and watchmen,
T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder
Committed safely on his lumber ;
When he who had so lately sack'd 105
The enemy, had done the fact,

Had rifled all his pokes and fobs,
Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own inventions father'd : 110
And when they should, at goal-deliv'ry,
Udriddle one another's thiev'ry,
Both might have evidence enough,
To render neither halter proof :
He thought it desperate to tarry, 115
And venture to be accessary ;
But rather wisely slipt his fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day, 120
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion,
But of the riding dispensation.
And therefore much about the hour 125
The Knight (for reasons told before)
Resolv'd to leave him to the fury
Of justice, and an unpack'd jury ;
The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim ; 130
T' acquaint the Lady what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on ;
What project 'twas he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out :
His firm and stedfast resolution, 135
To swear her to an execution ;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himself to carry her.

In which both dealt as if they meant
Their party saints to represent, 140
Who never fail'd, upon their sharing,
In any prosperous arms-bearing,
To lay themselves out, to supplant
Each other cousin-german saint.

But ere the Knight could do his part, 145
The Squire had got so much the start,
H' had to the Lady done his errand
And told her all his tricks beforehand,
Just as he finish'd his report
The Knight alighted in the court ; 150
And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,
And taken time for both to stale,
He put his band and beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her :
And now began t' approach the door, 155
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' informer out of sight,
And went to entertain the Knight :
With whom encount'ring, after longees
Of humble and submissive congees, 160
And all due ceremonies paid,
He strok'd his beard, and thus he said :

Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoé-tie :
And now am come, to bring your ear 165
A present you'll be glad to hear ;
At least I hope so. The thing's done,
Or may I never see the sun ;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand ; 170

And that you'd please to do your part,
As I have done mine to my smart.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,
As if he felt his shoulders ake.

But she, who well enough knew what
(Before he spoke) he would be at,

Pretended not to apprehend
The mystery of what he mean'd ;
And therefore wish'd him to expound
His dark expressions, less profound.

175

180

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I've suffer'd for your love,
Which (like your votary) to win
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin ;
And for those meritorious lashes,

185

To claim your favour and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once
I freed you from th' enchanted sconce ;
And that you promis'd for that favour,
To bind your back to 'ts good behaviour, 190
And for my sake and service vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy load,
And what 'twould bear, t' a scruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love ;
Which whether you have done or no,

195

Concerns yourself, not me, to know.

But if you have, I shall confess,
You're honester than I could gues.

Quoth he, if you suspect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath: 200
And if you make a question on't,
I'll pawn my soul that I have done't ;

And he that makes his soul his surety,
I think does give the best secur'ty.

Quoth she, Some say, the soul's secure 205
Against distresses and forfeiture ;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt ;
And to be summon'd to appear
In the other world's illegal here. 210
And therefore few make any account
Int' what incumbrances they run't.
For most men carry things so even
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
Without the least offence to either, 215
They freely deal in all together ;
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it ;
And when they pawn and damn their souls,
They are but pris'ners on paroles. 220

For that, quoth he, 'tis rational,
They may b' accountable in all,
For when there is that intercourse
Between divine and human pow'rs,
That all that we determine here 225
Commands obedience ev'ry where ;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed ;
It follows, nothing binds so fast
As souls in pawn, and mortgage past : 230
For oaths are only tests and seals
Of right and wrong, of true and false ;
And there's no other way to try
The doubts of law and justice by.

Canto I. H U D I B R A S.

239

Quoth she, What is it you would swear? 235
There's no believing till I hear :
For till they're understood, all tales
(Like nonsense) are not true or false.

Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey
What you commanded t' other day, 240
And to perform my exercise,
(As schools are wont,) for your fair eyes :
To avoid all scruples in the case,
I went to do't upon the place.
But as the castle is enchanted 245
By Sidrophel the witch, that haunted,
With evil spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two ;
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and disarray, 250
I heard a formidable noise,
Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
That roar'd far off, Dispatch and strip,
I'm ready with the infernal whip,
That shall divest thy ribs of skin, 255
To expiate thy ling'ring sin.
Th' hast broke perfidiously thy oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted troth ;
But spar'd thy renegado back,
When th' hadst so great a prize at stake : 260
Which now the Fates hath order'd me
For penance and revenge to flay,
Unless thou presently make haste,
Time is, time was. And there it ceas'd.
With which, tho' startled, I confess, 265
Yet th' horror of the thing was less

Than th' other dismal apprehension
Of interruption and prevention :
And therefore snatching up the rod,
I laid upon my back a load ; 270
Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
To make my word and honour good :
Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
For new recruits of breath and strength,
I felt the blows still ply'd as fast, 275
As if th' ad been by lovers plac'd,
In raptures of Platonic lashing,
And chaste contemplative bardashing :
When facing hastily about,
To stand upon my guard and scout, 280
I found th' infernal cunning-man,
And th' under witch his Caliban,
With scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward quarters storm'd.
In haste I snatch'd my weapon up, 285
And gave the hellish rage a stop ;
Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
Courageously on Sidrophel :
Who, now transform'd himself t' a bear,
Began to roar aloud, and tear ; 290
When I as furiously press'd on,
My weapon down his throat to run ;
Laid hold on him ; but he broke loose,
And turn'd himself into a goose.
Div'd under water in a pond, 295
To hide himself from being found.
In vain I sought him ; but as soon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,

Prepar'd with equal haste and rage,
His under-sorc'rer t' engage 300
But bravely scorning to defile
My fword with feeble blood and vile ;
I judge it better from a quick-
Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,
With which I furiously laid on ; 305
Till in a harsh and doleful tone
It roar'd, O hold for pity, Sir :
I am too great a sufferer.
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
But conjur'd int' a worse caprich : 310
Who sends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houses in the night to haunt,
For opportunities to improve
Designs of thi'every or love ;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat 315
All feats of witches counterfeit,
Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glaſs,
And make it for enchantment pafs ;
With cow-itch meazole like a leper,
And choak with fumes of Guiney pepper ; 320
Make letchers and their punks with dewtry
Commit fantastical advowtry ;
Bewitch Hermetic men to run
Stark staring mad with manicon ;
Believe mechanic virtuosi 325
Can raise 'em mountains in Ptotosi ;
And fillier than the antic fools,
Take treasure for a heap of coals ;
Seek out for plants with signatures,
To quack of universal cures ; 330
X

With figures ground on panes of glaſſ,
 Make people on their heads to paſſ :
 And mighty heaps of coin increase,
 Reſlected from a ſingle piece :
 To draw in fools whose nat'ral itches 235
 Incline perpetually to witches ;
 And keep me in continual fears,
 And danger of my neck and eаrs :
 When leſſ delinquents have been ſcourg'd,
 And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd, 340
 Which others for cravats have worn
 About their necks, and took a turn.

I pity'd the ſad punishment
 The wretched caitiff underwent,
 And held my drubbing of his bones 345
 Too great an honour for poltrones ;
 For knights are bound to feel no blows
 From paltry and unequal foes,
 Who when theyлаſh and cut to pieces,
 Do all with civileſt addreſſes : 350
 Their horses never give a blow,
 But when they make a leg and bow.
 I therefore ſpar'd his flesh, and press'd him
 About the witch with many a queſtion.
 Quoth he, For many years he drove 355
 A kind of broken trade in love ;
 Employ'd in all th' intrigues and truſt
 Of feeble ſpeculative luſt ;
 Procurer to th' extravagancy
 And crazy ribaldry of fancy, 360
 By thоſe the devil had forſook,
 As things below him to provoke,

But b'ing a virtuosi, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent most adroit 365
For any mystical exploit ;
As others of his tribe had done,
And rais'd their prices three to one.
For one predicting pimp has th' odds
Of chauldrons of plain downright bawds. 370
But as an elf (the devil's valet)
Is not so flight a thing to get ;
For those that do his bus'ness best,
In hell are us'd the ruggedest ;
Before so meriting a person 375
Cou'd get a grant, but in reversion,
He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,
I' th' myst'ry of a lady-monger.
For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
As soon as from the body loos'd, 380
Becomes a puny imp itself,
And is another's witch's elf.
He, after searching far and near,
At length found one in Lancashire,
With whom he bargain'd beforehand, 385
And, after hanging, entertain'd.
Since which h' has play'd a thousand feats,
And practis'd all mechanic cheats :
Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes; 390
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards cou'd their switches,
And all with whom h' has had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous figures too.

Witnes myself, whom h' has abus'd, 395
 And to this beastly shape reduc'd,
 By feeding me on beans and pease
 He crams in nasty crevices,
 And turns to comfits by his arts,
 To make me relish for ditterts, 400
 And one by one, with shame and fear,
 Lick up the candy'd provender.
 Beside----- But as h' was running on,
 To tell what other feats he had done,
 The Lady stopt his full career, 405
 And told him now 'twas time to hear.

If all those things, said she, be true-----
 They're all, quoth he, I swear by you.
 Why then, said she, that Sidrophel
 Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell ; 410
 Who, mounted on a broom the nag,
 And hackney of a Lapland hag,
 In quest of you came hither post,
 Within an hour, I'm sure at most ;
 Who told me all you swear and say, 415
 Quite contrary another way ;
 Vow'd that you came to him to know
 If you should carry me or no ;
 And would have hir'd him and his imps,
 To be your match-makers and pimps, 420
 T' engage the devil on your side,
 And steal (like Proserpine) your bride.
 But he disdaining to embrace
 So filthy a design and base,
 You fell to vapouring and buffing, 425
 And drew upon him like a ruffian,

Surpris'd him meanly unprepar'd,
Before h' had time to mount his guard :
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruise and desp'rate wound : 430
Swore you had broke, and robb'd his house,
And stole his Talismanique louse,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,
Which he could bring out, where he had, 435
And what he bought them for, and paid ;
His flea, his morpion, and punese,
H' had gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect minutes made,
By th' ablest artist of the trade ; 440
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost ;
And altogether might amount :
To many hundreds on account :
For which h' had gotten sufficient warrant 445
To seize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's or horse's tail ;)
And did not doubt to bring the wretches,
To serve for pendulums to watches, 550
Which, modern virtuosos say,
Incline to hanging ev'ry way.
Beside he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That ere he went in quest of you,
He set a figure to discover 455
If you were fled to Rye or Dover ;
And found it clear, that, to betray
Yourselves and me, you fled this way ;

And that he was upon pursuit,
To take you somewhere hereabout. 460
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that pass'd before and since ;
And found, that ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb,
About a case of tender conscience, 463
Where both abounded in your own sense ;
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all scruples in the case ;
And prov'd that you might swear and own
Whatever's by the wicked done. 470
For which, most basely to requite
The service of his gift and light,
You strove t' oblige him by main force,
To scourge his ribs instead of yours ;
But that he stood upon his guard, 473
And all your vapouring out-dar'd :
For which, between you both, thefeat
Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white, 480
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon't.)
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do :
Held up his affidavit-hand, 485
As if h' had been to be arraign'd :
Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke :
Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the Wizard has told you, 490

Or but one single circumstance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
This vessel, that is all your own ;
Or may the heavens fall, and cover
These reliques of your constant lover. 495

You have provided well, quoth she,
(I thank you,) for yourself and me ;
And shewn your Presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits. 500

A most compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heav'n and hell, yourselves and those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.

Why then, quoth he, may hell surprize----505
That trick, said she, will not pass twice :

I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve.

But there's a better way of clearing [ing :
What you would prove, than downright swear-
For if you have perform'd the feat, 511

The blows are visible as yet,
Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action.

And if you can produce those knobs, 515
Altho' they're but the witch's drubs,

I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your nat'r'nal self had done't ;
Provided that they pass th' opinion
Of able juries of old women ; 520

Who, us'd to judge of matter of facts
For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam, quoth he, your love's a million:
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power 515
T' obey, what you command, and more.
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my wounds from taking air; 530
For wounds in those that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.

I find, quoth she, my goods and chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles :
For still the longer we contend, 535
We are but farther off the end.
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me ?
Your plighted faith, quoth he, and word
You pass'd in heaven on record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly inroll'd.
And if 'tis counted treason here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n, 545
Nor marriages clap'd up in heav'n ;
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heav'n in marriages ;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease. 550
Their bus'ness there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve.
Love that's too gen'rous to abide
To be against its nature ty'd :

Canto I. H U D I B R A S.

249

For where 'tis of itself inclin'd,
It breaks loose where it is confin'd: 555
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away: 560
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;
Like Roman goalers, when they slept, 565
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept;
Of which the true and faithfull'ft lover
Gives best security, to suffer,
Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way; 570
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd:
A bargain at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade,
(For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold, 575
But something past away, and sold ?)
That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low:
And at the best is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part, 580
That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the rest of better or worse,
Both are but losers out of purse.
For when upon their ungot heirs 585
Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,

What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or wager laid at six and seven?
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their childrens tenants ere they're born? 590
Beg one another idiot
The guardians, ere they are begot:
Or ever shall perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Tho' got b' implicit generation, 595
And gen'ral club of all the nation:
For which she's fortify'd no less
Than all the island with four seas;
Exacts the tribute of her dow'r,
In ready insolence and pow'r: 600
And makes him pass away, to have
And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
More wretched than an ancient villain,
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;
While all he does upon the by, 605
She is not bound to justify,
Nor at the proper cost and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.
Such hideous sots were those obedient
Old vassals to their ladies regent; 610
To give the cheats the eldest hand
In foul play, by the laws o' th' land;
For which so many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckled:
A law that most unjustly yokes 615
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,
Without distinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality;

Canto I. H U D I B R A S.

251

Admits no pow'r of revocation,
Nor valuable consideration, 620
Nor writ of error, nor reverse
Of judgment past, for better or worse :
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who when they're griev'd, can make dead horses
Their spiritual judges of divorces ; 626
While nothing else but *rem* in *re*
Can set the proudest wretches free ;
A slavery beyond induring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring : 630
As spiders never seek the fly,
But leave him of himself t' apply ;
So men are by themselves employ'd
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a noose 635
They'd break 'em after to get loose.
As some whom death would not depart,
Have done the fate themselves by art ;
Like Indian widows, gone to bed
In flaming curtains of the dead ; 640
And men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the sport.
Nor do the ladies want excuse
For all the stratagems they use,
To gain th' advantage of the set, 645
And lurch the am'rous rook and cheat.
For as the Pythagorean soul
Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
And has a smack of ev'ry one ;
So love does, and has ever done. 650

And therefore tho' 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but anague that's reverst,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
That after burns with cold as much 655
As ir'n in Greenland does the touch ;
Melts in the furnace of desire,
Like glaſs, that's but the ice of fire ;
And when his heat of fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover. 660
For when he's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by Miss, or Madam,
The ſmalleſt ſparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery ;
And off the loud oaths go, but while 665
They're in the very act, recoil,
Hence 'tis, ſo few dare take their chance
Without a ſep'rate maintenance :
And widows, who have try'd one lover,
Trust none again, till th' have made over ; 670
Or if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geefe they carry,
And ere they venture on a ſtream,
Know how to fize themſelves and them.
Whence wittiſt ladies always chufe 675
To undertake the heaviest goose.
For now the world is grown ſo wary,
That few of either ſex dare marry,
But rather trust on tick t' amours.
The croſſ and pile for bett'r or worse : 680
A mode that is held honourable,
As well as French, and fashionable,

For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
In soul and body two unite, 685
To make up one hermaphrodite :
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,
Th' have more punctilioes and capriches
Between the petticoat and breeches, 690
More petulant extravagancies,
Than poets make 'em in romances ;
Tho' when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames :
For then their late attracts decline, 695
And turn as eager as prick'd wine ;
And all their caterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous piques :
Which the Ancients wisely signify'd,
By th' yellow mantua of the bride : 700
For jealousy is but a kind
Of clap and crincum of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove :
But all the mischief is, the doubt 705
On whose account they first broke out.
For though Chineses go to bed,
And lie in, in their ladies stead,
And for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more ; 710
Our green men do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in labour with a clap ;
Both lay the child to one another :
But who's the father, who the mother,

'Tis hard to say in multitudes, 715
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and sickness b'ing all one,
Which both before engag'd to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worship only when they're found, 720
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false wares ;
A fate no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art.
For 'tis in vain to think to gues 725
A woman by appearances ;
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions ;
And daub their tempers o'er with washes
As artificial as their faces ; 730
Wear, under vizor-masks, their talents
And mother-wits, before their gallants ;
Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
Too fast to dream of breaking loose :
When all the flaws they strove to hide 735
Are made unready, with the bride.
That with her wedding-cloaths undresses
Her complaisance and gentilesses :
Tries all her arts, to take upon her
The government from th' easy owner : 740
Until the wretch is glad to wave
His lawful rights, and turn her slave,
Find all his having and his holding,
Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding ;
The conjugal petard, that tears 745
Down all portcullices of ears,

And makes the voyage of the tongue
For all their leatherne shields too strong ;
When only arm'd with noise and nails,
The female silk-worms ride the males, 750
Transform 'em into rams and goats,
Like Sirens with their charming notes ;
Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,
Or those enchanting murmurs made
By th' husband mandrake and the wife, 755
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, These reasons are but strains
Of wanton over-heated brains,
Which ralliers in their wit or drink,
Do rather wheedle with, than think. 760
Man was not man in paradise,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carv'd from th' original, his side,
T' amend his natural defects, 765
And perfect his recruited sex ;
Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
The pains and labour of increasing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd-up paps appears. 770
His body, that stupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In shape and symmetry exact,
Of which the left and female side 775
Is to the manly right a bride.
Both join'd together with such art,
That nothing else but death can part.

Those heav'ly attracts of yours, your eyes,
And face, that all the world surprise, 780
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny ;
Those ravishing and charming graces,
Are all made up of two half-faces,
That in a mathematic line, 785
Like those in other heavens, join.
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon :
And so would that sweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowship. 790
Our noblest senses act by pairs,
Two eyes to see, to hear two ears ;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the soul design'd ;
But those that serve the body alone, 795
Are fingle, and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet,
And close at th' equinoctial fit !
And so are all the works of nature
Stamp'd with her signature on matter : 800
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How 'ntirely marriage is her care,
The only method that she uses, 805
In all the wonders she produces.
And those that take their rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.
For what secures the civil life
But pawns of children, and a wife ? 810

That ly, like hostages, at stake,
To pay for all men undertake ;
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry ;
So universal, all mankind
In nothing else is of one mind. 815

For in what stupid age, or nation,
Was marriage ever out of fashion ?
Unless among the Amazons,
Or cloister'd Friars, and Vestal Nuns ; 820
Or stoicks, who, to bar the freaks
And loose excesses of the sex,
Prepost'rously wou'd have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common.
Tho' men would find such mortal feuds 825
In sharing of their public goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
Than they're supply'd with now by wives :
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
As beasts do, of their native growths ; 830
For simple wearing of their horns,
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it ?
Could claim no right to lands or rents, 835
But for our parents' settlements ;
Had been but younger sons o' the earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or estates of peers
Coul'd be preserv'd, but by their heirs ; 840
And what security maintains
Their right and title, but the banes ?

What crowns could be hereditary,
If greatest monarchs did not marry,
And with their consorts consummate
Their weightiest interest of state ;
For all the amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.

845

Or what but marriage has a charm
The rage of empires to disarm ?
Make blood and desolation cease,
And fire and sword unite in peace,
When all their fierce contests for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage ?

850

Nor does the genial bed provide
Less for the int'rests of the bride ;
Who else had not the least pretence
T' as much as due benevolence ;
Could no more title take upon her
To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies errant, unconfin'd,
And femme-coverts to all mankind.

855

All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron, and the miss ;
The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,
The same with those in Lewkner's lane,
But for the difference marriage makes
'Twixt wives, and ladies of the lakes :
Besides, the joys of place and birth,
The sex's paradise on earth ;
A privilege so sacred held,
That none will to their mothers yield ;
But rather than not go before,
Abandon heaven at the door.

860

865

870

Canto I. H U D I B R A S.

259

And if th' indulgent law allows ~ 875
A greater freedom to the spouse ;
The reason is, because the wife
Runs greater hazards of her life ;
Is trusted with the form and matter
Of all mankind, by careful Nature. 880
Where man brings nothing but the fluff
She frames the wondrous fabric of :
Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
Demand the clergy of her belly :
And make it save her the same way. 885
It seldom misses to betray :
Unless both parties wisely enter
Into the liturgy indenture.
And tho' some fits of small contest
Sometimes fall out among the best ; 890
That is no more than every lover
Does from his hackney-lady suffer ;
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve.
For as, in running, ev'ry space 895
Is but between two legs a race.
In which both do their uttermost
To get before and win the post :
Yet when they're at the race's ends,
They're still as kind and constant friends, 900
And to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease :
So all these false alarms of strife
Between the husband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove 905
To be but new recruits of love :

When those wh' are always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudest clamours more,
Than as they're relish'd, sweet or sour : 910
Like musick, that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all amours a lover burns,
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns ;
And hearts have been as oft with fullen, 915
As charming looks, surpriz'd and stolen.
Then why should more bewitching clamour,
Some lovers not as much enamour ?
For discords make the sweetest airs,
And curses are a kind of prayers ; 920
Too slight alloys for all those grand
Felicities by marriage gain'd.
For nothing else has pow'r to settle
Th' interests of love perpetual ;
An act and deed, that makes one heart 925
Become another's counterpart,
And pass's fines on faith and love,
Inroll'd and register'd above,
To seal the slippery knots of vows,
Which nothing else but death can loose, 930
And what security's too strong,
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to his friend is glad to pass
Itself away, and all it has ;
And, like an anchorite, gives over 935
This world, for th' heaven of a lover ?
I grant, quoth she, there are some few
Who take that course, and find it true ;

But millions whom the same does sentence
To Heaven b' another way, repentance. 940

Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
Tho' all they hit they turn to lovers :
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events,
Than gamesters, when they play a set 945
With greatest cunning at picquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight, unseen.
For what do lovers, when they're fast
In one another's arms embrac'd, 950
But strive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a prize, away ?
To change the property of selves,
As sucking children are by elves ?
And if they use their persons so, 955
What will they to their fortunes do ?
Their fortunes, the perpetual aims
Of all their ecstacies and flames.
For when the money's on the book,
And, *all my wordly goods*---but spoke 960
(The formal livery and feisin
That puts a lover in possession,)
That all alone the bridegroom's wedded,
The bride a flam, that's superseded.
To that their faith is still made good, 965
And all the oaths for us they vow'd.
For when we once resign our pow'rs,
W' have nothing left we can call ours :
Our money's now become the miss
Of all your lives and services ; 970

And we forsaken and postpon'd,
But bawds to what before we own'd;
Which as it made y² at first gallant us,
So now hires others to supplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors, 975
(As we had been) for new amours,
For what did ever heires yet,
By being born to lordships get?
When the more lady she's of manours,
She's but expos'd to more trepaners, 980
Pays for their projects and designs,
And for her own destruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her riches
To use them as the devil does Witches;
Who takes it for a special grace, 985
To be their cully for a space,
That, when the time's expir'd, the drazels
For ever may become his vassals;
So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits; 990
Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
By pimps, and matchmakers, and bawds;
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the thief himself away.
These are the everlasting fruits 995
Of all your passionate love-suits,
Th' effects of all your am'rous fancies,
To portions and inheritances;
Your love-sick rapture for fruition
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition; 1000
To which you make address in courtship,
And with your bodies strive to worship,

That th' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too for the mother's sake.

1005

For these you play at purposes,
And love your loves with A's and B's ;

For these at Beste and l'Ombre woo,

And play for love and money too ;

Strive who shall be the ablest man

At right gallanting of a fan :

1010

And who the most genteelly bred

At fucking of a vizor head ;

How best t' accost us in all quarters,

T' our question-and-command-new garters ;

And solidly discourse upon

1015

All sorts of dresses *pre* and *con*.

For there's no mystery nor trade,

But in the art of love is made :

And when you have more debts to pay,

Than Michaelmas and Lady day,

1020

And no way possible to do't

But love, and oaths, and restless fuit,

To us y' apply to pay the scorès

Of all your cully'd past amours :

Act o'er your flames and darts again,

1025

And charge us with your wounds and pain,

Which others' influences long since

Have charm'd your noses with, and shins,

For which the surgeon is unpaid,

And like to be, without our aid,

1030

Lord ! what an am'rous thing is want !

How debts and mortgages enchant !

What graces must that Lady have,

That can from execution fave !

What charms, that can reverse extent, 1035
 And null decree and exigent !
 What magical attracts and graces,
 That can redeem from *scire facias* !
 From bonds and statutes can discharge,
 And from contempts of courts enlarge ! 1040
 These are the highest excellencies
 Of all your true or false pretences.
 And you would damn yourselves, and swear
 As much t' an hostess-dowager,
 Grown fat and purfy by retail 1045
 Of pots of beer and bottled ale ;
 And find her fitter for your turn,
 For fat is wond'rous apt to burn ;
 Who at your flames would soon take fire,
 Relent and melt to your desire, 1050
 And, like a candle in a socket,
 Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
 When th' heard a knocking at the gate,
 Laid on in haste with such a powder, 1055
 The blows grow louder still and louder :
 Which Hudibras, as if th' had been
 Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
 Expounding by his inward light,
 Or rather more prophetic fright, 1060
 To be the wizard, come to search
 And take him napping in the lurch,
 Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout,
 But why, or wherefore, is a doubt.
 For men will tremble and turn paler, 1065
 With too much or too little valour.

His heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a passage thro' his side.
Impatient, as he vow'd, to wait 'em,
But in a fury to fly at 'em :

1070

And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.

But she, who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight, 1075
Know, I'm resolv'd to break no right

Of hospitality t' a stranger,
But, to secure you out of danger,
Will here myself stand centinel,

To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel. 1080

Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest men turn tail ;
And bravely scorn to turn their backs
Upon the desp'ratest attacks.

At this the Knight grew resolute 1085

As Ironside, or Hardiknute ;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud, to sally.

But she besought him to convey
His courage rather out o' th' way, 1090
And lodge in ambush on the floor,

Or fortify'd behind a door ;
That if the enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' adventure.

Mean while, they knock'd against the door,
As fierce as at the gate before ; 1095

Which made the renegado Knight
Relapse again t' his former fright,

He thought it desperate to stay
Till the enemy had forc'd his way, 1100
But rather post himself to serve
The Lady for a fresh reserve.
His duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd execute :
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey, 1105
And therefore stoutly march'd away ;
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Tho' in the dark, and all alone ;
Till fear, that braver feats performs,
Than ever courage dar'd in arms, 1110
Had drawn him up before a pass,
To stand upon his guard, and face :
This he courageously invaded,
And having enter'd, barricado'd ;
Insonc'd himself as formidable 1115
As could be underneath a table ;
Where he lay down in ambush close,
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain perdue,
To guard his desp'r ate avenue, 1120
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the rout ;
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd ;
And after ent'ring, Sidrophel 1125
Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell.
He therefore sent out all his senses,
To bring him in intelligences ;
Which vulgar, out of ignorance,
Mistake for falling in a trance ; 1130

But those that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the strength of fancy :
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.

Mean while, the foe beat up his quarters, 1135
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress.

And as another of the same
Degree and party, in arms and fame,
And in the same cause had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd, 1140
But vent'ring only but to thrust
His head a span beyond his post,
B'a Gen'ral of the Cavaliers
Was dragg'd thro' a window by the ears ;
So he was serv'd in his redoubt, 1145
And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter : 1150
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid.
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears and nose, 1155
Or laying on of heavy blows ;
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot ir'ns proceed.
No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf 1160
Clapt in a trice a cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof :

Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
 B' our friend, thy evil genius,
 Who, for thy horrid perjuries, 1165
 Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
 The brethrens privilege (against
 The wicked) on themselves, the saints,
 Has here thy wretched carcase sent,
 For just revenge and punishment ; 1170
 Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
 But by an open free confession :
 For if we catch thee failing once,
 'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray 1175
 And filch the Lady's heart away ?
 To spirit her to matrimony ?

That which contracts all matches, money,
 It was the enchantment of her riches,
 That made m' apply t' your croney Witches ;
 'That in return wou'd pay th' expence, 1181
 The wear-and-tear of conscience ;
 Which I could have patch'd up and turn'd
 For the hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her then ! speak true.
 No more quoth he than I love you. 1186
 How would'st th'have us'd her and her money ?--
 First turn'd her up to alimony ;
 And laid her dow'ry out in law,
 To null her jointure with a flaw, 1190
 Which I beforehand had agreed
 T' have put, in purpose, on the deed ;
 And bar her widow's making over
 T' a friend in trust, or private lover.

What made thee pick and chuse her out 1195
T' employ their sorceries about ?

That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit and most to lose.

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us ? 1200

I see you take me for an ass :
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough,
As't has been often found by proof ;
Whose humours are not to be won 1205
But when they are impos'd upon :
For love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and woo.

Why didst thou forge these shameful lies,
Of bears and witches in disguise ? 1210
That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe ;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers.
And we have now no other way 1215
Of passing all we do or say ;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few ;
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense. 1220

Why didst thou chuse that cursed sin
Hypocrisy, to set up in ?

Because it is the thriving'it calling,
The only saints-bell that rings all in ;
In which all churches are concern'd, 1225
And is the easiest to be learn'd :

For no degrees, unless th' employ't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy't:
A gift that is not only able
To domineer among the rabble, 1230
But by the laws impower'd to rout,
And awe the greatest that stand out:
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near:
For no sin else among the saints 1235
Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted vows?...
That which makes others break a house,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor. 1240

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks
Than all your doating politics,
That are grown old, and out of fashion,
Compar'd with your new reformation:
That we must come to school to you, 1245
To learn your more refin'd, and new.

Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'll find yourself an arrant chouse,
If y' were but at a meeting house. 1250

'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'er come there,
Because we have let 'em out by th' year.

Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine
What wond'rous things they will engage in:
That as your fellow-fiends in hell 1255
Were angels all before they fell;
So are you like to be agen
Compar'd with th' angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
Thy scholar in this mystery; 1260
And therefore do desire to know
Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God.
And one of us?—A livelihood.

What renders beating out of brains, 1265
And murder, godliness?—Great gains.

What's tender conscience?—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But breaking out, dispatches more
Than the epidemical plague-sore. 1270

What makes y' incroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?—To be paid.

What's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?—A good living.

What makes rebelling against kings 1275
A good old cause?—Administ'ring.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?—
About two hundred pounds a year.

And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again?—Two hundred more. 1280

What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?—Food and cloaths.

What laws and freedom, persecution?
B'ing out of pow'r, and contribution.

What makes a church a den of thieves?—
A dean and chapter, and white sleeves. 1286

And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?—Our own.

What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time; 1290

Morality, which both the saints
 And wicked do cry out against?
 'Cause grace and virtue are within
 Prohibited degrees of kin:
 And therefore no true saint allows 1295
 They shall be suffer'd to espouse:
 For saints can need no conscience,
 That with morality dispense;
 As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted
 In nature only, and not imputed; 1300
 But why the wicked should do so,
 We neither know, nor care to do.

What's liberty of conscience,
 I' th' natural and genuine sense?
 'Tis to restore, with more security, 1305
 Rebellion to its antient purity;
 And Christian purity reduce
 To th' elder practice of the Jews.
 For a large conscience is all one,
 And signifies the same with none. 1310

It is enough, quoth he, for once,
 And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones;
 Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
 (Tho' he gives name to our old Nick,) 1315
 But was below the least of these,
 That pass'd i' th' world for holiness.

Thus said, the Furies and the light
 I' th' instant vanish'd out of sight;
 And left him in the dark alone,
 With stinks of brimstone and his own. 1320

The Queen of Night, whose large command
 Rules all the sea and half the land,

And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west

1325

To go to bed, and take her rest ;
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,

Stretch'd out at length upon the floor : 1330

And tho' he shut his eyes as fast,
As if h' had been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
Do make the devil wear for wizards,

And pricking up his ears, to hark 1335

If he could hear too in the dark ;

Was first invaded with a groan,

And after, in a feeble tone,

These trembling words, Unhappy wretch,

What hast thou gotten by this fetch ; 1430

Or all thy tricks in this new trade,

Thy holy brotherhood of the blade ?

By faunt'ring still on some adventure,

And growing to thy horse a centaur.

To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs

1345

Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs ?

For still th' hast had the worst on't yet,

As well in conquest as defeat :

Night is the sabbath of mankind,

To rest the body and the mind,

1350

Which now thou art deny'd to keep,

And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.

The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd

As meant to him this reprimand,

Because the character did hit 1355
Point-blank upon his case so fit ;
Believ'd it was some drolling spright
That staid upon the guard that night.
And one of those h' had seen and felt
The drubs he had so freely dealt. 1360

When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful spirit thus went on :

This 'tis to engage with Dogs and Bears
Pell-mell together by the ears,
And after painful bangs and knocks, 1365
To ly in limbo in the stocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into Purgatory :

(Thought he, this devil's full of malice,
That on my late disasters rallies.) 1370
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic-minded ;
And at a riding handled worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse :
Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars, 1375
And hot disputes with conjurers :
And when th' had'st bravely won the day,
Was fain to steal thyself away.

(I see, thought he, this shameless elf
Would fain steal me too from myself, 1380
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done.)
And now by vent'ring to betray,
Had met with vengeance the same way.

Thought he, How does the devil know 1385
What 'twas that I design'd to do?

His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceas'd long since ;
And he knows nothing of the saints,
But what some treach'rous spy acquaints. 1390
This is some pettifogging fiend.
Some under-door-keepers' friend's friend,
That undertakes to understand.
And juggles at the seconnd hand ;
And now would pass for spirit Po, 1395
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for't ;
These rallying devils do no hurt.
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
And hastily cry'd out, What art ? 1400
A wretch, quoth he, whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.
I do believe thee, quoth the knight,
Thus far I'm sure th' art in the right ;
And know what 'tis that troubles thee, 1405
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
Thou art some paltry, black-guard spright,
Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night :
Thou hast no work to do i' th' house,
Nor halfpenny to drop in shooes ; 1410
Without the raising of which sum,
You dare not be so troublesome,
To pinch the flatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your bus'nes, good pug-Robin, 1415
And your diversion, dull dry-bobbing,
T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
And wash them clean in ditches for't.

Of which conceit you are so proud,
At every jest you laugh aloud. 1420

As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your raillery.

Sir, quoth the Voice, y'are no such sophi
As you would have the world judge of ye.
If you design to weigh our talents 1425
I' th' standard of your own false balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us ghosts, as well as we do you :
We who have been the everlasting
Companions of your drubs and basting, 1430
And never left you in contest,
With male or female, man or beast,
But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
In all adventures, as your Squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true 1435
By th' idlest pug of all your crew.
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a token
To your low country hogen-mogen, 1440
To whose infernal shores I hope
He'll swing like skippers in a rope :
And if y' have been more just to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true, 1445
What th' ill-affected say of you.
Y' have spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
By holding up your cloven paws.

Sir, quoth the Voice, 'tis true, I grant,
We made and took the covenant ; 1450

But that no more concerns the Cause,
Than other perj'ries do the laws,
Which when they're prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillos for't.

And that's the reason cov'nanters 1455

Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.

I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence
These scandals of the saints commence,
That are but natural effects

Of Satan's malice, and his sect's, 1460

Those spider-saints that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' intrails of their heads.

Sir, quoth the voice, that may as true
And properly be said of you ;
Whose talents may compare with either, 1465

Or both the other put together ;

For all the Independents do,

Is only what you forc'd 'em to.

You, who are not content alone

With tricks to put the devil down, 1470

But must have armies rais'd to back

The gospel-work you undertake ;

As if artillery, and edge tools.

Were th' only engines to save souls.

While he, poor devil, has no pow'r 1475

By force to run down and devour ;

Has ne'er a classis, cannot sentence

To stools, or poundage of repentance :

Is ty'd up only to design,

T' entice, and tempt, and undermine : 1480

In which you all his arts outdo,

And prove yourselves his betters too.

Hence 'tis possessions do less evil
 Than mere temptations of the devil,
 Which all the horrid'ſt actions done, 1485
 Are charg'd in courts of law upon ;
 Because, unless they help the elf,
 He can do little of himself ;
 And therefore where he's best posſeſt,
 Acts most against his intereſt ; 1490
 Surprises none but thoſe wh' have priests
 To turn him out, and exorcists,
 Supply'd with ſpiritual provision,
 And magazines of ammunition,
 With croſſes, reliques, crucifixes, 1495
 Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes ;
 The tools of working out ſalvation
 By meer mechanic operation ;
 With holy water like a fluice,
 To overflow all avenues. 1500
 But thoſe wh' are utterly unarm'd,
 T' oppoſe his entrance if he ſtorm'd,
 He never offers to ſurprise,
 Altho' his falſeſt enemies ;
 But is content to be their drudge, 1505
 And on their errands glad to trudge ;
 For where are all your forfeitures
 Intrufed in falſe hands, but ours ?
 Who are but jailors of the holes
 And dungeons, where you clap up ſouls : 1510
 Like under-keepers, turn the keys
 T' your mittimus anathemas,
 And never boggle to reſtore
 The members you deliver o'er

Upon demand, with fairer justice 1515
Than all your covenanting trustees ;
Unless to punish them for worse,
You put them in the sec'lar pow'rs.
And pass their souls, as some demise
The same estate in mortgage twice : 1520
When to a legal utlegation
You turn your excommunication,
And for a groat unpaid that's due,
Distain on soul and body too.

Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil 1525
State prudence, to cajole the devil ;
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse
Has pass'd between your friends and ours,
That as you trust us, in our way. 1531
To raise your members, and to lay,
We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themselves or drown,
Or frightened with our oratory, 1535
To lead down headlong many a stony ;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of state,
Laid out our spiritual gifts to further
Your great designs of rage and murther. 1540
For if the saints are nam'd from blood,
We onl' have made that title good ;
And if it were but in our pow'r,
We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a soul behind 1545
Of all dissenters of mankind,

Right, quoth the Voice, and as I scorn
 To be ungrateful in return
 Of all those kind good offices,
 I'll free you out of this distress, 1550
 And set you down in safety, where
 It is no time to tell you here.

The cock crows, and the morn grows on,
 When 'tis decreed I must be gone :
 And if I leave you here till day, 1555
 You'll find it hard to get away.

With that the Spirit grop'd about,
 To find th' enchanted Hero out,
 And try'd with haste to lift him up ;
 But found his forlorn hope, his crup, 1560
 Unserviceable with kicks and blows
 Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
 He thought to drag him by the heels,
 Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels ;
 But Fear, that soonest cures these sores, 1565
 In danger of relapse to worse,
 Came in t' afflit him with its aid,
 And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
 No sooner was he fit to trudge,
 But both made ready to dislodge : 1570
 The Spirit hors'd him like a sack,
 Upon the vehicle, his back ;
 And bore him headlong into th' hall,
 With some few rubs against the wall ;
 Where finding out the postern lock'd, 1575
 And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
 He attack'd the window, strom'd the glass,
 And in a moment gain'd the pase :

Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders;
And cautiously began to scout, 1581
To find their fellow-cattle out.
Nor was it half a minutes's quest,
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
Ty'd to a pale instead of a rack, 1585
But ne'er a saddle on his back,
Nor pistol's at the saddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the night too steal away; 1590
But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
Upon the bare ridge bolt upright,
And groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the saddle too was stray'd;
And in the place a lump of soap, 1595
On which he speedily leapt up;
And turning to the gate the rein,
He kick'd and cudgel'd on amain.
While Hudibras, with equal haste,
On both sides laid about as fast, 1600
And spurr'd as jockies use, to break,
Or padders to secure a neck.
Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their Churches turn our rhyme;
To hold forth their declining state, 1605
Which now come near an even rate.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The saints engage in fierce contests,
About their carnal interests ;
To share their sacrilegious preys
According to their rates of grace ;
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm :
Till, in the effigie of Rumps, the rabble
Burns all their grandees of the Cabal.

THE learned write, an insect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls, before a storm on cows,
And stings the founders of his house ;
From whose corrupted flesh that breed
Of vermin did at first proceed. 5
So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout
Of petulant capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That first run all religion down, 10
And after ev'ry swarm its own.
For as the Persian Magi once
Upon their mothers got their sons,
Who were incapable to enjoy
That empire any other way : 15
So Presbyter begot the other
Upon the good old Cause, his mother,

Then bore them like the devil's dam,
Whose son and husband are the same. 20
And yet no nat'r'al tie of blood,
Nor int'rest for the common good,
Could, when the prophets interfer'd,
Get quarters for each other's beard.
For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd, 25
But only by the ears engag'd :
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they've none,
As by their truest characters,
Their constant actions, plainly appears. 30
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack ;
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
And Providence to b' out of season :
For now there was no more to purchase 35
O' th' king's revenue and the church's ;
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.
Which forc'd the stubborn'ft for the Cause,
To crois the cudgels to the laws, 40
That what by breaking them th' had gain'd,
By their support might be maintain'd ;
Like thieves that in a hemp-plot ly,
Secur'd against the hue-and-cry.
For Presbyter and Independent 45
Were now turn'd plaintiff and defendant ;
Laid out their apostolic functions,
On carnal orders and injunctions ;
And all their precious gifts and graces
On outlawries and *seire facias* ; 50

At Michael's term had many a trial,
Worse than the dragon and St Michael,
Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
Into the bottomless abyss.

For when, like brethren, and like friends, 55
They came to share their dividends.
And ev'ry partner to possess
His church and state joint purchases,
In which the ablest saint and best,
Was nam'd in trust by all the rest, 60
To pay their money, and instead
Of ev'ry brother, pass the deed ;
He strait converted all his gifts
To pious frauds, and holy shifts :
And settled all the other shares 65
Upon his outward man and's heirs :
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands,
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And pass'd upon his conscience
By pre-entail of Providence : 70
Impeach'd the rest for reprobates,
That had no titles to estates,
But by their spiritual attaints
Degraded from the right of saints.
This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun 75
With law and conscience to fall on ;
And laid about as hot and brain-sick
As th' utter barrister of Swanswick ;
Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
As men with sand-bags did of old ; 80
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all unsanctify'd trustees :

Till he who had no more to show
I' th' cause, receiv'd the overthrow:
Or both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.

Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,
Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd !
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of church and state, 90
Reform'd t' a reformato saint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To stroll and teach from town to town,
And those he had taught up, teach down,
And make those uses serve agen 95
Against the new-enlighten'd men ;
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the Cavalier :
Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic,
As pat as Popish and Prelatic ; 100
And with as little variation,
To serve for any sect i' th' nation.
The good old Cause, which some believe
To be the dev'l that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does still invite 105
The world to mischief with new light,
Had store of money in her purse,
When he took her for bett'r or worse ;
But was now grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door. 110

The Independents (whose first station
Was in the rear of reformation,
A mungrel kind of church-dragoons,
That serv'd for horse and foot at once :

And in the saddle of one steed 115
The Saracen and Christian rid :
Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)
No sooner got the start to lurch
Both disciplines, of war and church, 120
And providence enough to run
The chief commanders of 'em down,
But carry'd on the war against
The common enemies o' th' saints,
And in a while prevail'd so far 125
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
T' attack themselves as th' had before.
For now there was no foe in arms,
T' unite their factions with alarms, 130
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worst, themselves at home,
Wh' had compas'd all they pray'd, and swore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the nation, church and state, 135
And all things but their laws and hate.
But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the spoil of all th' had ransack'd,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the government, 140
They met no sooner, but prepar'd
To gull down all the war had spar'd ;
Agreed in nothing but t' abolish,
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish :
For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin, 145
As Dutch boors are to a footerkin,

Both parties join'd to do their best,
To damn their public interest ;
And herded only in consults,
To put by one another's bolts ;
T' out-cant the Babylonian lab'rers,
And all their dialects of jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the saw,
To tear down government and law.

150

For as two cheats that play one game,
Are both defeated in their aim ;
So those who play a game of state,
And only cavil in debate,
Altho' there's nothing lost nor won,
The public bus'ness is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doi'g,
Becomes the surer way to ruin.

155

This when the Royalist's perceiv'd,
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the right they had paid down 165
So dearly for, the Church and Crown,)
Th' united constanter, and sided
The more, the more their foes divided.
For tho' outnumber'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down ;
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated ;
For loyalty is still the same
Whether it win or lose the game ;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon. 170
But when these Brethren in evil,
Their adversaries, and the devil,

175

Began once more to shew them play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day ; 180
They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented solitudes ;
Conven'd at midnight in outhouses,
T' appoint new rising rendezvouscs,
And with a pertinacy unmatch'd,
For new recruits of danger watch'd. 185
No sooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party started :
And, as if nature too, in haste
To furnish out supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd destruction 190
T' a new and num'rous production ;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their room,
That, like the Christian faith, increas'd 195
The more, the more they were suppress'd :
Whom neither chains, nor transportation,
Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
Nor all the desperate events
Of former try'd experiments, 200
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling,
Nor Death (with all his bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the right,
From staking life and fortune down 205
'Gainst all together, for the crown ;
But kept the title of their cause
From forfeiture, like claims in laws :
And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation
Can ever settle on the nation ; 210

Until, in spite of force and treason,
They put their loy'ly in possession ;
And, by their constancy and faith,
Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.

Toos'd in a furious hurricane,
Did Oliver give up his reign ;
And was believ'd, as well by saints,
As moral men and miscreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry ;
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry,
Who in a false erroneous dream
Mistook the new Jerusalem,
Profanely for the apocryphal
False heaven at the end o' the hall ;
Whither it was decreed by Fate
The precious reliques to translate.
So Romulus was seen before
B' as orthodox a senator ;
From whose divine illumination
He stole the Pagan revelation.

215

220

225

230

Next him his son and heir-apparent
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent ;
Who first laid by the Parliament,
The only crutch on which he leant ;
And then sunk underneath the state,
That rode him above horseman's weight.

And now the saints began their reign,
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such bowel-hankerings,
To see an empire all of kings,
Deliver'd from the Egyptian awe
Of justice, government and law,

235

240

And free t' erect what spiritual cantons
Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,
To edify upon the ruins 245
Of John of Leyden's old out-goings;
Who for a weather-cock hung up,
Upon their mother church's top,
Was made a type, by Providence,
Of all their revelations since; 250
And now fulfill'd by his successors,
Who equally mistook their measures:
For when they came to shape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddle:
But found their light and gifts more wide 255
From fadging than th' unsanctify'd;
While every individual brother
Strove hand to fist against another,
And still the maddest, and most crack'd,
Were found the busiest to transact; 260
For tho' most hands dispatch a pace,
And make light work (the proverb says;)
Yet many diff'rent intellects
Are found t' have contrary effects;
And many heads t' obstruct intrigues, 265
As slowest insects have most legs,
Some were for setting up a king,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless King Jesu's; others tamper'd
For Fleetwood, Desborough and Lambert; 270
Some for the Rump: and some, more crafty,
For agitators, and the safety;
Some for the gospel, and massacres
Of spiritual affidavit-makers,

That swore to any human regence, 275
Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance ;
Yea tho' the ablest swearing saint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' th' covenant :
Others for pulling down th' high places
Of synods and provincial classes, 280
That us'd to make such hostile inroads
Upon the saints, like bloody Nimrods :
Some for fulfilling prophecies,
And th' extirpation of th' excise ;
And some against th' Egyptian bondage 285
Of holy days, and paying poundage :
Some for the cutting down of groves,
And rectifying bakers loaves ;
And some for finding out expedients
Against the slav'ry of obedience ; 290
Some were for gospel-ministers,
And some for red-coat seculars,
As men most fit t' hold forth the word,
And wield the one and th' other sword.
Some were for carrying on the work 295
Against the Pope, and some the Turk :
Some for engaging to suppress
The camisado of surplices,
That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to the outward man the inward ;
More proper for the cloudy night 300
Of Popery, than gospel-light.
Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom 305
Is married only to a thumb ;

(As wise as ringing of a pig,
 That us'd to break up ground, and dig;) 310
 The bride to nothing but her will,
 That nulls the after marriage still.
 Some were for th' utter extirpation
 Of linsey-woolsey in the nation;
 And some against all idolizing
 The cross in shop-books, or baptizing;
 Others, to make all things recant 315
 The Christian or firname of saint;
 And force all churches, streets, and towns,
 The holy title to renounce;
 Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,
 And bringing down the price of coals: 320
 Some for abolishing black-pudding,
 And eating nothing with the blood in;
 To abrogate them root and branches:
 While other were for eating haunches
 Of warriors, and now and then 325
 The flesh of kings and mighty men;
 And some for breaking of their bones
 With rods of ir'n by secret ones:
 For thrashing mountains, and with spells
 For hallowing carriers packs and bells; 330
 Things that the legend never heard of,
 But made the wicked sore afear'd of.
 The quacks of government (who sat
 At th' unregarded helm of state,
 And understood this wild confusion 335
 Of fatal madness and delusion,
 Must, sooner than a prodigy,
 Portend destruction to he nigh)

Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,
And save their windpipes from the law: 340
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in war;
And therefore met in consultation
To cant and quack upon the nation;
Not for the sickly patient's sake, 345
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the pulses of their fees,
More wise than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover-----gain. 350

'Mong these there was a politician,
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the whores of Babylōh;
So politic, as if one eye 355
Upon the other were a spy,
That to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink:
And in his dark pragmatic way
As busy as a child at play. 360
H' had seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one;
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall;
For by trepanning th' old to ruin, 365
He made his int'rest with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, tho' against
His conscience, and was still advanc'd.
For by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd to a feeble state camelion, 370

By giving aim to either side,
He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of ev'ry state,
And at a change ne'er came too late:
Coul'd turn his word, and oath, and faith, 375
As many ways as in a lath;
By turning, wriggle, like a screw,
Int' highest trust, and out, for new.
For when h' had happily incur'd,
Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd, 380
And pass'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went:
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon 385
The public ruin, and his own.
So little did he understand
The desp'rate feats he took in hand.
For when h' had got himself a name
For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game; 390
Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
To shew his play at fast and loose:
And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook
For art and subtl'ty his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit, 395
And made a tally to his wit,
And both together most profound,
At deeds of darkness under ground:
As th' earth is easiest undermin'd
By vermin impotent and blind. 400
By all these arts, and many more,
H' had practis'd long and much before,

Our state artificer foresaw
Which way the world began to draw.
For as old sinners have all points 405
O' th' compass in their bones and joints ;
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons : 410
So guilty sinners in a state
Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their consciences feel pain
Some days before a show'r of rain,
He therefore wisely cast about 415
All ways he could t' insure his throat :
And hither came t' observe and smoke
What courses other riskers took ;
And to the utmost do his best
To save himself, and hang the rest. 420

To match this Saint, there was another,
As busy and perverse a brother ;
A haberdasher of small wares,
In politics and state-affairs ;
More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel, 425
And better gifted to rebel ;
For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
The Cause aloft upon one house,
He scorn'd to set his own in order,
But try'd another and went further ; 430
So suddenly addicted still
To's only principle, his will,
That howsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of argument could move ;

Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'born, 435
Could render half a grain less stubborn.
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity to harangue ;
And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear delight to wrangle ; 440
In which his parts were so accomplish'd,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplus'd ;
But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight he bore, with greater ease ;
And with its everlasting clack, 445
Set all mens ears upon the rack.
No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to picqueer,
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he engag'd in controversy, 450
Not by the force of carnal reason,
But indefatigable teasing ;
With vollies of eternal babble,
And clamour more unanswerable.
For tho' his topics, frail and weak, 455
Could ne'er amount above a freak,
He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
Against the desp'ratest assaults ;
And back'd their feeble want of sense,
With greater heat and confidence. 460
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they're cudgell'd grow the stiffer.
Yet when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated :
For nothing but his interest 465
Could lay his devil of contest :

It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
T' espouse the Cause for bett'r or worse,
And with his worldly goods and wit,
And soul, and body worship'd it ; 470
But when he found the sullen traps,
Possess'd with the devil, worms, and claps ;
The Trojan mare in foal with Greeks,
Not half so full of Jadish tricks ;
Tho' squeamish in her outward woman, 475
As loose and rampant as Dol Common ;
He still resolv'd, to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obstinater :
And still the skittisher and looser
Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer. 480
For fools are stubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay :
And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
These two, with others, being met, 485
And close in consultation set ;
After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,
The orator we nam'd of late,
Less troubled with the pangs of state, 490
Than with his own impatience
To give himself first audience,
After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke silence, and the ice.
Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt
Our last Outgoings brought about, 496
More than to see the characters
Of real jealousies and fears ;

Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry member's forehead ; 500
Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and aches of state turns,
And revolutions in their corns ;
And since our Workings-out are cross'd, 505
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away we meant,
When taking of the Covenant,
The lamest cripples of the brothers,
Took oaths to run before all others ; 510
But in their own fense only swore
To strive to run away before ;
And now would prove, that words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both ?
'Tis true, the Cause is in the lurch, 515
Between a right and mongrel church,
The Presbyter and Independent,
That stickle which shall make an end on't,
As 'twas made out to us the last
Expedient.----(I mean Marg'ret's fast) 520
When Providence had been suborn'd,
What answer was to be return'd.
Else why would tumults fright us now,
We have so many times gone through,
And understand as well to tame, 525
As, when they serve our turns t' inflame ?
Have prov'd how inconsiderable
Are all engagements of the rabble,
Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd
With drums and rattles, like a child, 530

But never prov'd so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us :
For all our scouring of religion
Began with tumult and sedition,
When hurricanes of fierce commotion 535
Became strong motives to devotion ;
(As carnal seamen, in a storm,
Turn pious converts and reform,) 540
When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
And brown-bills, levy'd in the city,
Made bills to pass the grand committee ;
When zeal with aged clubs and gleaves,
Gave chace to rochets and white sleeves,
And made the church, and state, and laws, 545
Submit t' old iron, and Cause.
And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
So might we better now agen,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need ; 550
Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themselves instead of us ;
The hollow-hearted disaffected
And close malignants are detected ;
Who lay their lives and fortunes down 555
For pledges to secure their own ;
And freely sacrifice their ears
T' appease our jealousies and fears.
And yet for all these providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our senses, 560
We idly sit like stupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets,

And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a discharge.

Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts, 565

Who ere the blow, became mere dolts :

Or fools besotted with their crimes,

That know not how to shift betimes,

And neither have the hearts to stay,

Nor wit enough to run away ; 570

Who, if we could resolve on either,

Might stand or fall at least together ;

No mean or trivial solaces,

To partners in extreme distress ;

Who use to lessen their despairs,

By parting them int' equal shares ; 575

As if the more they were to bear,

They felt the weight the easier ;

And ev'ry one the gentler hung,

The more he took his turn among. 580

But 'tis not come to that as yet,

If we had courage left, or wit ;

Who, when our fate can be no worse,

Are fitted for the bravest course ;

Have time to rally, and prepare

Our last and best defence, despair ; 585

Despair by which the gallant'ſt feats

Have been atchiev'd in greatest Straits,

And horrid'ſt dangers safely wav'd,

By b'ing courageously outbrav'd ; 590

As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,

And poisons by themselves expell'd :

And so they might be now agen,

If we were, what we ſhould be, men ;

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And not so dully desperate, 595
To fide against ourselves with fate :
As criminals condemn'd to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking covenants,
And setting up exauns of saints, 600
That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
To be excus'd the efficace.
For spiritual men are too transcendent,
That mount their banks, for Independent,
To hang like Mahomet in th' air, 605
Or St Ignatius at his pray'r,
By pure geometry, and hate
Dependence upon church or state :
Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter,
And fince obedience is better 610
(The Scripture says) than sacrifice,
Presume the less on't will suffice ;
And scorn to have the moderat'ft stints
Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
Or any opinion, true or false, 615
Declar'd as such, in doctrinals ;
But left at large to make their best on,
Without b'ing call'd t' account or question :
Interpret all the spleen reveals,
As Whittington explain'd the bells ; 620
And bid themselves turn back again
Lord-may'rs of new Jerusalem.
But look so big and overgrown,
They scorn their edifiers t' own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions; 625

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Bestow'd their gifts upon a saint,
Like charity on those that want ;
And learn'd the apocryphal bigots 629
T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes :
For which they scorn and hate them, worse
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders.
For who first breed them up to pray,
And teach, the house of Commons way ?
Where had they all their gifted phrases, 635
But from our Calamy's and Cases ?
Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen ?
Their dispensations had been stifled,
But for our Adoniram Byfield. 640
And had they not begun the war,
Th' had ne'er been sainted as they are.
For saints in peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate ;
Their zeal corrupts, like standing water, 645
In th' intervals of war and slaughter ;
Abates the sharpness of its edge,
Without the pow'r of sacrilege.
And tho' they've tricks to cast their sins,
As easy as serpents do their skins, 650
That in a while grow out agen ;
In peace they turn mere carnal men,
And from the most refin'd of saints,
As nat'rally grow miscreants,
As barnacles turn folan geese 655
I' th' islands of the Orcades.
Their dispensation's but a ticket,
For their conforming to the wicked ;

With whom the greatest difference
 Lies more in words and shew, than sense, 660
 For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state ;
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,
 Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well :
 And, if the world has any troth, 665
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.
 But that which does them greatest harm,
 Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,
 Which puts the over-heated fots
 In fevers still, like other goats ; 670
 For tho' the whore bends heretics
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks :
 Our schismatics so vastly differ,
 Th' hotter th' are, th' grow the stiffer ;
 Still setting off their spiritual goods, 675
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds.
 For Zeal's a dreadful termagant,
 That teaches saints to tear and rant,
 And Independents to profefs
 The doctrine of dependences ; 680
 Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
 To raw-heads fierce, and bloody bones :
 And not content with endles quarells
 Against the wicked, and their morals.
 The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs, 685
 Divert their rage upon themselves.
 For now the war is not between
 The brethren, and the men of sin ;
 But faint and faint, to spill the blood
 Of one another's brotherhood ; 690

Where neither side can lay pretence
To liberty of conscience,
Of zealous suff'ring for the Cause,
To gain one groat's worth of applause :
For though endur'd with resolution, 693
'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.
Shall precious saints, and secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the flesh of bretheren,
Instead of kings and mighty men ? 700
When fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater elves ?
When Bell's at union with the dragon,
And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon ;
When savage bears agree with bears, 703
Shall secret ones lug saints by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both ?
Shall mastiffs by the collars pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold ? 710
And saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
No notice of the danger take ?
But tho' no power of Heaven or Hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal ;
Who would not guessthere might be hopes, 715
The fear of gallowses and ropes,
Before their eyes, might reconcile
Their animosities a while ?
At least until th' had a clear stage,
And equal freedom to engage, 720
Without the danger of surprise
By both our common enemies.

This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their workings out ;
And knew 'em both in soul and conscience, 725
Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense
As spiritual outlaws, whom the pow'r
Of miracle can ne'er restore.

We, whom at first they set up under,
In revelation only of plunder, 730
Who since have had so many trials
Of their incroaching self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with design
To out-reform and undermine ;
Took all our interests and commands 735
Perfidiously out of our hands ;
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
Without the motive-gains allow'd ;
And made us serve as ministerial,
Like younger sons of father Belial, 740
And yet for all th' inhuman wrong
Th' had done us, and the Cause so long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The work still, as we had begun :
But true and faithfully obey'd, 745
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd ;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
Nor hang us like the cavaliers ;
Nor put them to the charge of goals,
To find us pill'ries and cart-tails, 750
Or hangman's wages, which the state
Was forc'd (before them) to be at ;
That cut, like tallies, to the stumps,
Our ears for keeping true accomp'ts,

And burnt our vessels like a new 755
 Seal'd peck or bushel, for b'ing true ;
 But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,
 Held for the Cause against all others,
 Disdaining equally to yield
 One syllable of what we held. 760

And tho' we differ'd now and then
 'Bout outward things, and outward men ;
 Our inward man, and constant frame
 Of spirit, still were near the same.
 And till they first began to cant,
 And sprinkle down the Covenant, 765
 We ne'er had call in any place,
 Nor dream'd of teaching down free grace ;
 But join'd our gifts perpetually
 Against the common enemy.
 Altho' 'twas our and their opinion, 770
 Each other's church was but a Rimmon :
 And yet for all this gospel-union,
 And outward shew of Church-communion,
 They'll ne'er admit us to our shares, 775
 Of ruling Church or state-affairs ;
 Nor give us leave t' absolve or sentence
 T' our own conditions of repentance ;
 But shar'd our dividend o' th' crown,
 We had so painfully preach'd down ; 780
 And forc'd us, tho' against the grain,
 T' have calls to teach it up again ;
 For 'twas but justice to restore
 The wrongs we had receiv'd before ;
 And when 'twas held forth in our way, 785
 W' had been ungrateful not to pay :

Who, for the right w' have done the nation,
Have earn'd our temporal salvation,
And put our vessels in a way
Once more to come again in play. 790

For if the turning of us out
Has brought this providence about ;
And that our only suffering
Is able to bring in the king :
What would our actions not have done, 795
Had we been suffer'd to go on ?
And therefore may pretend t' a share,
At least in carrying on th' affair.
But whether that be so or not,
W' have done enough to have it thought ; 800
And that's as good as if w' had done't,
And easier pass'd upon account :
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as justify'd.
The world is nat'rally averse 805
To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows nonsense, and a lie,
With greediness and gluttony ;
And tho' it have the pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong ; 810
As women long, when they're with child,
For things extravagant and wild ;
For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
But seldom any thing that's wholesome ;
And, like the world, mens jobbernoles 815
Turn round about their ears the poles ;
And what they're confidently told,
By no sense else can be controll'd,

And this, perhaps, may prove the means
 Once more to hedge in Providence. 820
 For as relapses make diseases
 More desp'rate than their first accesses ;
 If we but get again in pow'r,
 Our work is easier than before ;
 And we more ready and expert 825
 I' th' mystery to do our part.
 We, who did rather undertake
 The first war to create, than make ;
 And when of nothing 'twas begun,
 Rais'd funds as strange to carry't on : 830
 Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,
 With plots and projects of our own :
 And if we did such feats at first,
 What can we now we're better vers'd ;
 Who have a freer latitude 835
 Than sinners give themselves, allow'd ?
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,
 On fairest terms, our discipline ;
 To which it was reveal'd long since,
 We were ordain'd by providence : 840
 When three Saints' ears, our predecessors,
 The Cause's primitive confessors,
 B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood
 In just so many years of blood,
 That, multiply'd by six, exprest 845
 The perfect number of the beast,
 And prov'd that we must be the men
 To bring this work about agen ;
 And those who laid the first foundation,
 Complete the thorough reformation ; 850

For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work, but we alone ;
What churches have such able pastors,
And precious, powerful, preaching masters ?
Posseſſ'd with absolute dominions 855
O'er brethrens purses and opinions ?
And trusted with the double keys
Of Heaven, and their warehouses ;
Who, when the Cauſe is in diſtreſs,
Can furnish out what ſums they pleaſe, 860
That brooding ly in banker's hands,
To be dispos'd at their commands ;
And daily increase and multiply,
With doctrine, uſe, and uſury :
Can fetch in parties (as in war, 865
All other heads of cattle are ;)
From th' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions ;
And share them,) from blue ribands, down
To all blue aprons in the town ; 870
From ladies hurried in calleches,
With cor'nets at their footmen's breeches,
To bawds as fat as mother Nab ;
All guts and belly, like a crab. !
Our party's great, and better ty'd 875
With oaths, and trade, than any ſide :
Has one confiderable improvement,
To double fortify the cov'nant :
I mean our covenants to purchase
Delinquents titles and the churches : 880
That paſſ in ſale, from hand to hand,
Among ouरſelves, for current land ;

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And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
According to the rate of factions.
Our best reserve for reformation, 885
When new outgoings give occasion :
That keeps the loins of brethren girt,
The Covenant (their creed) t' assert :
And when th' have pack'd a parliament,
Will once more try th' expedient : 890
Who can already muster friends,
To serve for members to our ends,
That represent no part o' th' nation,
But Fisher's-Folly congregation ;
Are only tools to our intrigues, 895
And fit, like geese, to hatch our eggs :
Who, by their precedents of wit,
T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-fit,
Can order matters underhand,
To put all bus'ness to a stand : 900
Lay public bills aside for private,
And make 'em one another drive out :
Divert the great and necessary,
With trifles to contest and vary ;
And make the nation represent 905
And serve for us in parliament ;
Cut out more work than can be done
In Plato's year, but finish none ;
Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,
That always pass'd for fundamental ; 910
Can set up grandee against grandee,
To squander time away, and bandy ;
Make lords and commoners lay sieges
To one another's privileges ;

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And rather than compound the quarrel, 915
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins ; th' only scope
And consolation of our hope :
Who, tho' we do not play the game,
Assist as much by giving aim. 920
Can introduce our antient arts,
For heads of factions t' act their parts ;
Know what a leading voice is worth,
A seconding, a third, or fourth ;
How much a casting voice comes to, 925
That turns up trump of Ay or No ;
And by adjusting all at th' end,
Share every one his dividend.
An art that so much study cost,
And now's in danger to be lost, 930
Unless our antient virtuosos,
That found it out, get into th' houses.
These are the courses that we took
To carry things by hook or crook :
And practis'd down from forty-four, 935
Until they turn'd us out of door ;
Besides the herds of *boutefeu*,
We set on work without the house ;
When ev'ry knight and citizen
Keeps legislative journeymen, 940
To bring them in intelligence
From all points of the rabble's sense ;
And fill the lobbies of both Houses
With politic important buzzes :
Set up committees of cabals, 945
To pack designs without the walls ;

Examine, and draw up all news,
And fit it to our present use.
Agree upon the plot o' th' farce,
And ev'ry one his part rehearse. 950

Make q's of answers, to waylay
What th' other party's like to say :
What repartees, and smart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections ;
And who shall break the master-jeſt, 955
And what, and how, upon the rest :
Help pamphlets out, with false editions,
Of proper flanders and feditons ;
And treason for a token ſend
By letter to a country-friend ; 960
Disperſe lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit ;
Wit falſer than a padders face,
That all its owner does, betrays ;
Who therefore dares not trust it, when 965
He's in his calling to be ſeen.
Disperſe the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth ;
Be ſure to keep up congregations,
In ſpite of laws and proclamations : 970
For Chiarlatans can do no good,
Until they're mounted in a croud,
And when they're puniſh'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for't :
As long as confeffors are ſure 975
Of double pay for all th' endure ;
And what they earn in perſecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contriбуtion.

Whence some tub-holders forth have made
In powd'ring tubs their richest trade ; 980
And, while they keep their shops in prison,
Have found their prices strangely risen,
Disdain to own the least regret
For all the Christian blood w' have let ;
'Twill save our credit, and maintain 985
Our title to do so again :
That needs not cost one dram of sense,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our constancy t' our principles,
In time will wear out all things else : 990
Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces,
With gallantry of pilgrim's kisses ;
While those who turn and wind their oaths,
Have swell'd and funk, like other froths :
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long 995
Before from world to world they fwung :
As they had turn'd from fide to fide,
And as the changelings liv'd, they dy'd :
Thus said, th' impatient states-monger
Could now contain himself no longer ; 1000
Who had not spar'd to shew his piques
Against th' haranguer's politics,
With smart remarks, of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces,
After h' had minister'd a dose 1005
Of snuff-mundungus to his nose,
And powder'd th' inside of his skull,
Instead of th' outward jobbernol,
He shook it, with a scornful look,
On th' adversary, and thus he spoke : 1010

In dressing a calf's head, altho'
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols, 1015
With such insufferable rambles;
To make the bringing in the KING,
And keeping of him out, one thing?
Which none could do, but those that swore
T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore: 1020
That to defend, was to invade,
And to assassinate, to aid:
Unless, because you drove him out,
(And that was never made a doubt,) 1025
No power is able to restore
And bring him in, but on your score:
A spiritual doctrine, that conduces
Most properly to all your uses.
'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
To cure the wounds the vermine made; 1030
And weapons, drest with salves, restore
And heal the hurts they gave before:
But whether Presbyterians have
So much good-nature as the salve,
Or virtue in them as the vermine, 1035
Those who have try'd them can determine.
Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss
Th' arrears of all your services,
And for th' eternal obligation
Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful nation, 1040
Be us'd so unconscionably hard,
As not to find a just reward,

For letting Rapine loose, and Murther,
To rage just so far, but no further ;
And setting all the land on fire, 1045
To burn t' a scantling, but no higher ;
For vent'ring to assassinate,
And cut the throats of church and state ;
And not b' allow'd the fittest men
To take the charge of both agen, 1050
Especially that have the grace
Of self denying, gifted face ;
Who when your projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On those you painfully trepann'd, 1055
And sprinkled in at second hand ;
As we have been, to share the guilt
Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt ;
For so our ignorance was flam'd
To damn ourselves, t' avoid b'ing damn'd ; 1060
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at backgammon,
And win your necks upon the set,
As well as ours, who did but het ;
(For he had drawn your ears before, 1065
And nick'd them on the self-same score,) 1070
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had lost us, at foul play ;
And brought you down to rook, and lie,
And fancy only, on the by ;
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles, 1075
From perching upon lofty poles ;
And rescu'd all your outward traitors
From hanging up like alligators ;

For which ingeniously y' have shew'd 1075
Your Presbyterian gratitude ;
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Those were your motives to divide,
And scruple on the other side, 1080
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
To fits of conscience and remorse:
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for new again :
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes, 1085
Than maggots when they turn to flies :
And therefore all your lights and calls
Are but apocryphal, and false,
To charge us with the consequences
Of all your native insolences ; 1090
That to your own imperious wills
Laid law and gospel neck and heels :
Corrupted the Old Testament,
To serve the New for precedent :
T' amend its errors and defects, 1095
With murther, and rebellion-texts ;
Of which there is not any one
In all the book to sow upon ;
And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
Held Christian doctrine forth in use ; 1100
As Mahomet, your chief, began
To mix them in the Alcoran ;
Denounc'd and pray'd with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cushion ;
Stole from the beggars all your tones, 1105
And gifted mortifying groans ;

Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are said to see the wind :
Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
And Knights-bridge with illumination : 1110
Made children, with your tones, to run for't,
As bad at Bloody-Bones or Lunsford ;
While women great with child miscarry'd,
For being to malignants marry'd :
Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs, 1115
Whose husbands were not for the Cause ;
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
Because they came not out to battle ;
Made tailors 'prentices turn heroes.
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz ; 1120
And rather forfeit their indentures,
Than not to espouse the Saint's adventures,
Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts like Orpheus ;
Inchant the king's and church's lanes, 1125
T' obey and follow their commands ;
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marclay-hill had done of old.
Could turn th' Cov'nant, and translate
The gospel into spoons and plate ; 1130
Expound upon all merchants cashes,
And open th' intricatest places ;
Could catechize a money-box,
And prove all pouches orthodox ;
Until the Cause became a Damon, 1135
And Pythias the wicked Mammon.
And yet, in spite of all your charms,
To conjure Legion up in arms ;

And raise more devils in the rout
Than e'er y' were able to cast out. 1140

Y' have been reduc'd, and by these fools
Bred up, you say, in your own schools ;
Who, tho' but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain they have more wit :
By whom y' have been so oft trepann'd, 1145

And held forth out of all command :
Out-gifted, out impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at Carryings on :
Of all your dispensations worm'd,
Out-providenc'd and out-reform'd ; 1150

Ejected out of church and state,
And all things but the people's hate ;
And spirited out of th' enjoyments
Of precious, edifying employments
By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces, 1155

Like better bowlers, in your places ;
All which you bore with resolution,
Charg'd on th' account of persecution ;
And tho' most righteously oppres'd,
Against your wills, still acquiesc'd ; 1160

And never humm'd and hau'd sedition,
Nor snuffed treason nor misprison :
That is, because you never durst ;
For had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
Alas ! you were no longer able 1165

To raise your posse of the rabble :
One single red-coat centinel
Out-charm'd the magic of the spell ;
And with his squirt-fire, could disperse
Whole troops, with chapter rais'd, and verse :

We know too well those tricks of yours, 1171
To leave it ever in your pow'rs ;
Or trust our safeties, or undoings,
To your disposing of Out-goings :
Or to your ord'ring providence 1175
One farthing's worth of consequence.

For had you power to undermine,
Or wit to carry a design,
Or correspondence to trepan,
Inveigle, or betray one man ; 1180
There's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your zeal to use the means ;
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in kings, or keep them out :
Brave undertakers to restore, 1185
That could not keep yourselves in pow'r ;
T' advance the int'rests of the crown,
That wanted wit to keep your own.

'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your parts in both, 1190
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As grace is introduc'd by sin.
For 'twas your zealous want of sense,
And sanctify'd impertinence,
Your carrying bus'ness in a huddle, 1195
That forc'd our rulers to new model ;
Oblig'd the state to tack about,
And turn you root and branch, all out ;
To reformado, one and all,
T' your great Croyfado general. 1200
Your greedy flav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your clutches pow'r,

That sprung the game you were to set,
Before y' had time to draw the net:
Your spite to see the church's lands 1205
Divided into other's hands,
And all your sacrilegious venturers
Laid out in tickets and debentures ;
Your envy to be sprinkled down,
By under-churches in the town ; 1210
And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
Nor the Independent's spreading growths.
All which consider'd, 'tis most true
None bring him in so much as you ;
Who have prevail'd beyond the plots, 1215
The midnight junto's, and seal'd knots ;
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own rash politics.
And this way you may claim a share
In carrying (as you brag) th' affair ; 1220
Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
From Pharaoh, and his brick-kilns, loose ;
And flies and mange, that set them free
From task-masters, and slavery,
Were likelier to do thefeat, 1225
In an indiff'rent man's conceit :
For who e'er heard of restoration,
Until your thorough reformation ?
That is, the king's and church's lands
Were sequester'd int' other hands ; 1230
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were open'd to restore.
And when the work was carrying on,
Who cross'd it, but yourselves alone ?

Canto II. H U D I B R A S.

321

As by a world of hints appears, 1235
All plain and extant, as your ears.

But first o' th' first : The isle of Wight
Will rise up, if you should deny't ;
Where Henderson, and th' other Mastes,
Were sent to cap texts, and put cases ; 1240
To pass for deep and learned scholars,
Aitho' but palty Ob and Soliers :

As if th' unseasonable fools
Had been a-courting in the schools ;
Until th' had prov'd the Devil author 1245
O' th' Cov'nant, and the Cause his daughter.
For when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been spilt ;
Th' did not mean he wrought th' effusion
In person like Sir Pride, or Hughson : 1250
But only those who first begun
The quarrel, were by him set on.
And who could those be but the Saints.
Those reformation-termagants ?

But ere this pass'd, the wise debate 1255
Spent so much time, it grew too late ;
For Oliver had gotten ground,
T' inclose him with his warriors round :
Had brought his providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely sophists out. 1260

Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less
Of nonsense in't, or fottishnes ;
When from a scoundrel holder-forth,
The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,
Your mighty senators took law, 1265
At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,

And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
To doctrine, use, and application.
So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
Th' espousers of your cause and monies, 1270
Who had so often, in your aid,
So many ways been soundly paid,
Came in at last for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty friends ;
You basely left them, and the church 1275
They train'd you up to, in the lurch.
And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shews what utensils y' have been,
To bring the king's concernments in : 1280
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you ;
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just ;
Such as will punctually repay 1285
With double int'rest, and betray.

Not that I think these pantomimes,
Who vary actions with the times,
Are less ingenious in their art,
Than those who dully act one part ; 1290
Or those who turn from side to side,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wise man's home,
And so are governments to some,
Who change them for the same intrigues 1295
That statesmen use in breaking leagues :
While others in old faiths and troths,
Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd cloths ;

And nastier in an old opinion,
Than those who never shift their linen. 1300

For true and faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the game goes :
And whether parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.
While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight, 1305
Is more bewitching than the right,
And when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.

And so may we, if w' have but sense
To use the necessary means ; 1310
And not your usual stratagems
On one another, lights and dreams ;
To stand on terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give :
Set up the Covenant on crutches, 1315
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before w' are sure to prop our own :
Your constant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of breeding : 1320
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
Are worse than if y' had none accoutred.

I grant, all courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again ;
The only way that's left us now, 1325
But all the difficulty's, how ?
'Tis true, w' have money, the only power
That all mankind falls down before :
Money, that, like the sword of kings,
Is the last reason of all things : 1330

And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way :
As long as men have faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well ;
Whose half-starv'd pride and avarice, 1335
One church and state will not suffice,
T' expose to sale, beside the wages
Of storing plagues to after-ages.
Nor is our money less our own,
Than 'twas before we laid it down ; 1340
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
If we are brought in play upon't :
Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
What pow'r can hinder us to win ?
We know the arts we us'd before, 1345
In peace and war, and something more ;
And by th' unfortunate events,
Can mend our next experiments :
For when we are taken into trust,
How easy are the wisest chouſt ? 1350
Who fee but th' outsides of our feats,
And not their secret springs and weights :
And while they're busy at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please :
How easy is't to serve for agents, 1355
To prosecute our old engagements ?
To keep the good old Cause on foot,
And prevent pow'r from taking root ;
Inflame them both with false alarms
Of plots, and parties taking arms ; 1360
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of ſide to ſide ;

Profess the passionat'st concerns,
For both their interests by turns.
The only way t' improve our own, 1365
By dealing faithfully with none;
(As bowls run true, by being made
On purpose false, and to be sway'd :)
For if we should be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together : 1370
And therefore have no other means
To stand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our antient party
In vigour, confident and hearty;
To reconcile our late dissenters, 1375
Our brethren, tho' by other venters ;
Unite them, and their diff'rent maggot's ;
As long and short sticks are in faggots ;
And make them join again as close,
As when they first began t' espouse ; 1380
Erect them into separate
New Jewish tribes, in church and state ;
To join in marriage and commerce,
And only 'mong themselves converse,
And all that are not of their mind, 1385
Make enemies to all mankind ;
Take all religions in, and sticke
From conciliate down to conventicles
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the light in being. 1390
Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
And spiritual misrule in one sense ;
But in another quite contrary,
As dispensations chance to vary ;

And stand for, as the times will bear it, 1395
 All contradictions of the spirit:
 Protect their emissaries, impow'r'd
 To preach sedition and the word:
 And when they're hamper'd by the laws,
 Release the lab'lers for the Cause; 1400
 And turn the persecution back
 On those that made the first attack,
 To keep them equally in awe,
 From breaking or maintaining law;
 And when they have their fits too soon, 1405
 Before the full tides of the moon;
 Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,
 For sowing faction in, and treason;
 And keep them hooded, and their churches,
 Like hawks from baiting on their perches: 1410
 That when the blessed time shall come
 Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
 They may be ready to restore
 Their own fifth monarchy once more.
 Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence 1415
 Against revolts of Providence,
 By watching narrowly, and snapping
 All blind sides of it, as they happen:
 For if success could make us saints,
 Our ruin turn'd us miscreants: 1420
 A scandal that would fall too hard
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd,
 These are the courses we must run,
 'Spite of our hearts, or be undone:
 And not to stand on terms and freaks, 1425
 Before we have secur'd our necks;

But do our work, as out of sight,
As stars by day, and suns by night :
All licence of the people own,
In opposition to the crown ;

1430

And for the crown as fiercely side,
The head and body to divide :
The end of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind :
Be sure to spare no public rapine,

1435

On all emergencies that happen ;
For 'tis as easy to supplant
Authority, as men in want :

As some of us, in trusts, have made
The one hand with the other trade ;

1440

Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver ;
And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as fly, retail'd.
For gain has wonderful effects

1445

T' improve the factory of sects ;
The rule of faith in all professions,
And great Diana of th' Ephesians ;
Whence turning of religion's made

The means to turn and wind a trade.

1450

And tho' some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a course ;
And draw in store of customers.

To thrive the better in commerce :

For all religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather ;
To nab the itches of their sects,
As jades do one another's necks.

1455

Hence 'tis, hypocrisy as well
Will serve t' improve a Church as zeal: 1460
As execution or promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.

Let bus'ness, like ill watches, go
Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow;
For things in order are put out 1463
So easy, ease itself will do't :
But when the fate's design'd and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event?
For 'tis more easy to betray,
Than ruin any other way. 1470

All possible occasions start,
The weightiest matters to divert ;
Obstruct, perplex, distract, intangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.
But in affairs of less import, 1473
That neither do us good nor hurt.
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply ;
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our hooks for greater trust ; 1480
But still be careful to cry down
All public actions, tho' our own ;
The least miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the state :
Expres the horrid'st detestation, 1485
And pity the distracted nation.
Tell stories scandalous and false,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a subtle statesman says,
Is half in words, and half in face ; 1490

(As Spaniards talk in dialogues,
Of heads and shoulders, nods, and shruggs:)

I trust it under solemn vows

Of mum, and silence, and the rose,
To be retail'd again in whispers, 1495
For th' easy credulous to disperie.

Thus far the statesman---When a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out;
And straight another all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste; 1500
Who star'd about as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath;
Till having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits:

That beastly rabble that came down 1505
From all the garrets---in the town,
And stalls, and shop boards,---in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills---and rusty arms,
To cry the Cause---up, heretofore,
And bawl the Bishops---out of door; 1510
Are now drawn up---in greater shoals,
To roast---and broil us on the coals,
And all the grandees---of our members
Are carbonading---on the members
Knights, citizens, and burgesses--- 1515
Held forth by rumps---of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters---and badges
To represent their personages:
Each bonefire is a fun'ral pile,
In which they roast---and scorch, and broil, 1520
And ev'ry representative
Have vow'd to roast---and broil alive:

And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate.
For while we wrangle here, and jar, 1525
W' are grilly'd all at Temple-Bar ;
Some on the sign-post of an ale-house
Hang, in effigie, on the gallows.
Made up of rags, to personate
Respective officers of state ; 1530
That henceforth they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in law, and executed,
And while the Work was carrying on,
Be ready listed under Dun ;
That worthy patriot, once the bellows, 1535
And tinder-box of all his fellows ;
The activ'it member of the five,
As well as the most primitive ;
Who, for his faithful service then,
Is chosen for a fifth agen ; 1540
(For since the state has made a quint
Of generals, he's listed in't ;)
This worthy, as the world will say,
Is paid in specie, his own way :
For, moulded to the life in clouts, 1545
Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a hazel bavin,
A cropt malignant baker gave him :
And to the largest bonefire riding,
They've roasted Cook already, and Pride in.
On whom, in equipage and state, 1550
His scare-crow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do ;

Canto II. H U D I B R A S.

231

Each in a tatter'd talisman, 1555
Like vermine in effigie slain.

But what's more dreadful than the rest,
Those rumps are but the tail o' th' beast,
Set up by Popish engineers,
As by the crackers plainly appears ; 1560

For none but Jesuits have a mission
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the church with powder ;
Their founder was a blown-up soldier.

These spiritual pioneers o' th' whores, 1565
That have the charge of all her stores,
Since first they fail'd in their designs,
To take in Heav'n by springing mines,

And with unanswerable barrels
Of gun-powder, dispute their quarrels 1570
Now take a course more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble.

And blow us up in th' open streets,
Disguis'd in rumps, like Sambenites ;
More like to ruin and confound, 1575
Than all their doctrines under ground.

Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,
For symbols of state-mysteries ;
Tho' some suppose 'twas but to shew
How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few ;
Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps, 1581
Are represented best by rumps.
But Jesuits have deeper reaches
In all their politic far-fetches ;
And from their coptic priest, Kircherus, 1585
Found out this mystic way to jeer us.

For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees
T' express their antique Ptolemies ;
And by their stings, the swords they wore,
Held for authority and power : 1590
Because these subtle animals
Bear all their interest in their tails ;
And when they're once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well-order'd state ;
They thought all governments were best 1595
By hieroglyphic rumps exprest.

For as in bodies natural,
The rump's the fundament of all ;
So, in a commonwealth, or realm,
The government is call'd the *helm* ; 1600
With which, like vessels under sail,
They're turn'd and winded by the tail,
The tail which birds and fishes steer
Their courses with, thro' sea and air :
To whom the rudder of the rump is 1605
The same thing with the stern and compass.
This shews how perfectly the rump
And commonwealth in nature jump,
For as a fly that goes to bed,
Rests with his tail above his head ; 1610
So, in this mongrel state of ours,
The rabble are the supreme pow'rs,
That hors'd us on their backs, to show us
A jaddish trick at last, and throw us.

The learned Rabbins of the Jews 1615
Write there's a bone, which they call *luez*,
I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to ;

And therefore, at the last great day,
All th' other members shall, they say, 1620
Spring out of this, as from a seed
All sorts of vegetals proceed ;
From whence the learned sons of art
Os sacrum justly style that part.

Then what can better represent, 1625
Than this rump-bone, the Parliament,
That, after sev'ral rude ejections,
And as prodigious resurrections,
With new reverions of nine lives,
Starts up, and, like a cat, revives ? 1630

But now, alas ! they're all expir'd,
And th' house, as well as members, fir'd :
Consum'd in kennels by the rout,
With which they other fires put out ;
Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress, 1635
And paltry, private wretchedness ;
Worse than the devil, to privation,
Beyond all hopes of restoration ;
And parted like the body and soul,
From all dominion and controul. 1640

We, who could lately with a look
Enact, establish, or revoke ;
Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe ;
Before the bluster of whose huff, 1645
All hats, as in a storm, flew off ;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the footman and valet :
Had more bent knees than chapel mats,
And prayers, than the crowns of hats ; 1650

Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
For ruin's just as low as high ;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The horror that attends our fall ;
For some of us have scores more large 1655
Than heads and quarters can discharge ;
And others, who, by restless scraping,
With public frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay all down at last : 1660
And to be but undone, entail
Their vessels on perpetual jail ;
And bles^s the dev'l to make them farms
Of forfeit souls on no worse terms.

This said, a near and louder shout 1665
Put all th' assembly to the rout :
Who now began t' outrun their fear,
As horses do from those they bear ;
But crowded on with so much haste,
Until th' had block'd the passage fast, 1670
And barricado'd it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
And with their shoulders strove to squeeze
And rather save a crippled piece
Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1675
Than have them grilly'd on the embers ;
Still pressing on with heavy packs
Of one another on their backs :
The vanguard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear ; 1680
But, born down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled sorely under foot ;

Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,
As th' horrid cook'ry of the rabble:
And fear, that keeps all feeling out, 1685
As lesser pains are by the gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply
Of rally'd force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuscan running horse,
Whose jockey-rider is all spurs. 1690

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night :
He plods to turn his am'rous suit
T' a plea in law, and prosecute ;
Repairs to counsel to advise
'Bout managing the enterprise ;
But first resolves to try by letter,
And one more fair address, to get her.

WHO would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally without seed,
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination ! 5
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than bags, with all her imps and teats ;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their nurseries of elves. 10
For Fear does things so like a witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which :
Sets up communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences ;
As Rosicrucian virtuosos
Can see with ears, and hear with noses; 15

And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supply'd by fear ;
That makes them in the dark see visions,
And hag themselves with apparitions ; 20
And when their eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest objects best :
Do things, not contrary alone,
To th' course of nature, but its own ;
The courage of the bravest daunt, 25
And turn poltroons as valiant ;
For men as resolute appear,
With too much as too little fear ;
And when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying ; 30
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like lions, rout.

This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies left perdue,
And haunted, with detachments, sent 35
From Marshal Legion's regiment,
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat ;
When nothing but himself, and fear,
Was both the imps and conjurer ; 40
As, by th' rules o' th' virtuosi,
It follows in due form of poesy.

Disguis'd in all the mask of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At blind-man's buff, to grope his way. 45
In equal fear of night and day ;
Who took his dark and desp'rare course,
He knew no better than his horse ;

And by an unknown devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled. 50

He never was in greater need,
Nor less capacity of speed ;
Disabled, both in man and beast,
To fly and run away his best ;
To keep the enemy, and fear, 35
From equal falling on his rear.

And tho' with kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further and the nearer side :
(As seamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horse ; 60
And when the hackney fails most swift,
Believe they lag, or run adrift ;)
So tho' he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste :
For fear, tho' fleeter than the wind, 65
Believes 'tis always left behind.

But when the morn began t' appear,
And shift t' another scene his fear ;
He found his new officious shade,
That came so timely to his aid, 70
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,
So like in person garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.

For Ralpho had no sooner told 75
The lady all he had t' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain th' approaching Knight ;
And while he gave himself diversion, 80
T' accommodate his breast and person,

And put his beard into a posture
At best advantage to accost her ;
She order'd th' antimasquerade
(For his reception) aforesaid :
But when the ceremony was done, 85
The lights put out, and Furies gone ;
And Hudibras, among the rest,
Convey'd away, as Ralph gues'd ;
The wretched caitiff all alone
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his story to himself ;
The Knight mistook him for an elf ;
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at Ralph's outward man :
And thought, because they oft agreed 95
T' appear in one another's stead,
And act the saint's and devil's part,
With undistinguishable art,
They might have done so now, perhaps,
And put on one another's shapes ; 100
And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,
What art ? my Squire, or that bold spright
That took his place and shape to-night ?
Some busy independent pug, 105
Retainer to his synagogue ?
Alas ! quoth he, I'm none of those
Your bosom-friends, as you suppose ;
But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
Who has dragg'd your Donship out o' th' mire, 111
And from th' enchantments of a widow,
Wh' had turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you ;
F f 2

And, tho' a prisoner of war,
Have brought you safe where now you are ;
Which you would gratefully repay, 115
Your constant Presbyterian way. ger :

That's stranger, quoth the Knight, and stran-
Who gave thee notice of my danger ?

Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer
Pursu'd and took me prisoner ; 120
And knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along to find you out.
Where I in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they said or did.

And tho' they lay to him the pageant, 125
I did not see him, nor his agent ;
Who play'd their sorceries out of fight,
T' avoid a fiercer second fight.
But didst thou see no devils then ?
Not one, quoth he, but carnal men, 130
A little worse than fiends in hell,
And that she-devil Jezebel ;
That laugh'd and tee-hee'd with derision,
To see them take your deposition.

What then, quoth Hudibras, was he 135
That play'd the devil t' examine me ?
A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parson's gown :
Whom all the parish takes for gifted,
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it : 140
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conscientious frauds and cheats :
Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd
The naked truth of all the rest,

More plainly than the rev'rend writer,
That to our churches veil'd his mitre.
All which they took in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to underwrite.

145

What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone,
To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my hellish fear?

150

Quoth he; I knew your constant rate,
And frame of sp'rit too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any motives of my own:
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The devil a while, to nick your wit:
The dev'l, that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye: 160
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.

155

The Knight, who now began to find
Th' had left th' enemy behind,
And saw no further harm remain,
But feeble weariness and pain:
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day;
And by declining of the road,
They had, by chance their rear made good; 170
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
That's parting's wont to rent and tear,
And gave the desperat' st attack
To danger still behind his back.
For having paus'd to recollect,
And on his past success reflect, 175

T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how he came to fly,
And when no devil had appear'd,
What else, it cou'd be said, he fear'd ; 180
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage ;
Toss'd like a foot-ball back again,
With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.

Quoth he, It was thy cowardice 185
That made me from this leaguer rise ;
And when I'd half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base.
Was better cover'd by the new
Arriv'd detachment, than I knew : 190
To slight my new acquests, and run
Victoriously from battles won :
And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost ;
To make me put myself to flight, 195
And conq'ring, run away by night ;
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presum'd to do :
To mount me in the dark by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horse, 200
Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage ;
Left, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might th' unequal fight renew :
And to preserve thy outward man, 205
Assum'd my place, and led the van.
All this, quoth Ralph, I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve myself, but you.

You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs, 210
To mount two-wheel'd carroches, worse
Than managing a wooden horse:
Dragg'd out thro' straiter holes by th' ears,
Eras'd or coup'd for perjurers.
Who, tho' th' attempt had prov'd in vain, 215
Had had no reason to complain;
But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
And rescu'd your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable batoons. 220
The enemy was reinfor'd,
And we disabled and unhors'd,
Difarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
And no way left but hasty flight,
Which tho' 'twas desp'rate in th' attempt, 225
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.
But were your bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis unseasonable and vain,
To think of falling on again: 230
No martial project to surprise,
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As gamesters tear their losing cards:
Besides, our bangs of man and beast 235
Are fit for nothing now but rest,
And for a while will not be able
To rally and prove serviceable;
And therefore I, with reason, chose
This stratagem, t' amuse our foes, 240

To make an honourable retreat,
And wave a total sure defeat ;
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely running's no mean part 245
Of conduct in the martial art :
By which some glorious feats atchieve,
As citizens, by breaking, thrive ;
And cannons conquer armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoil. 250
'Tis held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest,
That spares th' expence of time and pains,
And dang'rous beating out of brains ;
And in the end prevails as certain 255
As those that never trust to fortune ;
To make their fear do execution
Beyond the stoutest resolution :
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow. 260
If th' Ancient crown'd their bravest men,
That only sav'd a citizen,
What victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would save but one ?
Or fight endanger'd to be lost, 265
Where all resolve to save the most ?
By this means, when a battle's won,
The war's as far from being done :
For those that save themselves and fly,
Go halves, at least, i' th' victory ; 270
And sometime, when the loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all :

Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in gazettes:
And when, for furious haste to run, 275
They durst not stay to fire a gun,
Have done't with bonefires, and at home
Made squibs and crackers overcome :
To set the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame, 280
Disperse the news the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fireworks, and with bells ;
And tho' reduc'd to that extreme,
They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum* ;
Yet, with religious blasphemy, 285
By flatt'ring Heaven with a lie ;
And for their beating giving thanks,
They've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks ;
For those who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly ; 290
And when the fight becomes a chace,
Those win the day, that win the race ;
And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feats with easy flights,
Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign 295
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign ;
Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
With brandy-wine and aqua vitæ ;
And made 'em stoutly overcome
With bacrack, huccamore, and mum ; 300
Whom th' uncontroll'd decrees of Fate
To victory necessitate ;
With which, altho' they run or burn,
They unavoidably return ;

Or else their Sultan populaces 305
 Still strangle all their routed baffas.

Quoth Hudibras, I understand
 What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
 And who those were that run away,
 And yet gave out th' had won the day : 310
 Although the rabble sou'st them for't,
 O'er head and ears in mud and dirt.
 'Tis true, our modern way of war
 Is grown more politic by far,
 But not so resolute and bold, 315
 Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.
 For now they laugh at giving battle,
 Unless it be to herds of cattle ;
 Or fighting convoys of provision,
 The whole design o' th' expedition ; 320
 And not with downright blows to rout
 The enemy, but eat them out :
 As fighting in all beasts of prey,
 And eating are perform'd one way ;
 To give defiance to their teeth, 325
 And fight their stubborn guts to death ;
 And those atchieve the high'st renown,
 That bring the other's stomach down.
 There's now no fear of wounds, nor maiming.
 All dangers are reduc'd to famine ; 330
 And feats of arms, to plot, design,
 Surprise, and stratagem, and mine :
 But have no need nor use of courage,
 Unless it be for glory, or forage :
 For if they fight, 'tis but by chance, 335
 When one side vent'ring to advance,

And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear ;
And forc'd with terrible resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance, 348
To pick out ground t' encamp upon
Where store of largest rivers run,
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
To part th' engagements of their warriors ;
Where both from side to side may skip 345
And only encounter at bo-peep :
For men are found the stouter-hearted,
The certainer they're to be parted ;
And therefore post themselves in bogs,
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs ; 350
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their strick ally.
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold ?
But, who bears hunger best, and cold ?
And he's prov'd the most deserving, 355
Who longest can hold out at starving :
And he that routs most pigs and cows,
The formidablest man at prowess,
So th' Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British sea, 360
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers ;
Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles :
And led his troops with furious gallops, 365
To charge whole regiments of scallops :
Not like their antient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal carr ;

But when he went to dine or sup,
More bravely ate his captives up, 370
And left all war, by his example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain you cannot now do worse, 375
Than take this out-of-fashion'd course ;
To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,
Or waging battle to subdue her,
Tho' some have done it in romances,
And bang'd them into am'rous fancies ; 380
As those who win the Amazones,
By wanton drubbing of their bones ;
And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride,
By courting of her back and side.
But since those times and feats are over, 385
They are not for a modern lover ;
When mistresses are too cross-grain'd
By such addresses to be gain'd :
And if they were, would have it out,
With many other kind of bout. 390
Therefore I hold no course f' infeasible,
As this of force to win the Jezebel ;
To storm her heart by th' antic charms
Of ladies-errant, force of arms ;
But rather strive by law to win her, 395
And try the title you have in her.
Your case is clear, you have her word,
And me to witness the accord ;
Besides two more of her retinue
To testify what pass'd between you ; 400

More probable, and like to hold,
Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold ;
For which so many, that renounc'd
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,
And bills upon record been found, 405
That forc'd the ladies to compound ;
And that, unless I miss the matter,
Is all the bus'nes you look after :
Besides, enconnters at the bar
Are braver now than those in war, 410
In which the law does execution
With less disorder and confusion ;
Has more of honour in't, some hold,
Not like the new way, but the old ;
When those the pen had drawn together, 415
Decided quarrels with the feather,
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
Nay, more than bullets now of lead :
So all the combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen ; 420
That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures ;
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms ;
And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in fight, 425
Determines which is wrong or right :
For whether you prevail or lose,
All must be try'd there in the close ;
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
What you must trust to, ere y' have done. 430
The law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo ;

350 H U D I B R A S. Part III.

That makes the most perfidious lover
 A lady, that's as false, recover :
 And if it judge upon your side, 435
 Will soon extend her for your bride ;
 And put her person, goods, or lands,
 Or which you like best, int' your hands.

For law's the wisdom of all ages,
 And manag'd by the ablest sages ; 440
 Who, tho' their bus'ness at the bar
 Be but a kind of civil war,
 In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons,
 Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans ;
 They never manage the contest 445
 T' impair their public interest ;
 Or by their controversies lessen
 The dignity of their profession :
 Not like us brethren, who divide
 Our commonwealth, the cause, and side : 450
 And tho' w' are all as near of kindred
 As th' outward man is to the inward,
 W' agree in nothing, but to wrangle
 About the slightest fingle-fangle ;
 While lawyers have more sober sense, 455
 Than t' argue at their own expence,
 But make their best advantages
 Of others quarrels, like the Swis :
 And out of foreign controversies,
 By aiding both fides, fill their purses ; 460
 But have no int'rest in the cause
 For which th' engage, and wage the laws ;
 Nor further prospect than their pay,
 Whether they lose or win the day.

Canto III. H U D I B R A S.

351

And though th' abounded in all ages,
With sundry learned clerks and sages,
Though all their business be dispute,
Which way they canvas ev'ry suit ;
Th' have no disputes about their art,
Nor in polemics controvert :

465

While all professions else are found
With nothing but disputes t' abound :
Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
Philosophers, mathematicians ;

470

The Galenist and Paracelsian,
Condemn the way each other deals in :
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out work to wrangle ;
Astrologers dispute their dreams,
That in their sleep they talk of schemes ;
And heralds stickle who got who
So many hundred years ago.

475

But lawyers are too wise a nation,
T' expose their trade to disputation ;
Or make the busy rabble judges
Of all their secret piques and grudges :
In which whoever wins the day,
The whole profession's sure to pay.
Besides, no mountebanks, no cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats ;
When in all other sciences
They swarm like insects, and increase.

480

For what bigot durst ever draw,
By inward light, a deed in law ?
Or could hold forth, by revelation,
An answer to a declaration ?

490

495

For those that meddle with their tools,
 Will cut their fingers, if they're fools.
 And if you follow their advice,
 In bills, and answers, and replies ; 506
 The'll write a love-letter in chancery,
 Shall break her upon oath to answer ye,
 And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
 Or make her weary of her life.

The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts
 To edify by Ralpho's gifts, 506
 But in appearance cry'd him down,
 To make them better seem his own,
 (All plagiaries' constant course
 Of sinking, when they take a purse,) 510
 Resolv'd to follow his advice,
 But keep it from him by disguise ;
 And after stubborn contradiction,
 To counterfeit his own conviction,
 And by transfiguration fall upon 515
 The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest,
 Is of all other the unwisest ;
 For if I think by law to gain her,
 There's nothing sillier nor vainer : 520
 'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
 Where nothing's certain but th' expence ;
 To act against myself, and traverse
 My suit and title to her favours :
 And if she should, which Heav'n forbid, 525
 O'erthrow me as the fiddler did ;
 What after course have I to take,
 'Gainst losing all I have at stake ?

He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is sillier than a fottish chowse,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
Applies himself to cunning men,
To help him to his goods agen ;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain.
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult to play.

530

For to reduce her by main force,
Is now in vain ; by fair means, worse :
But worst of all to give her over,
Till she's as desp'rate to recover.

535

For bad games are thrown up too soon,
Until they're never to be won.

But since I have no other course
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse ;
He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still ;

545

Which he m' adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known ;
But tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue ;

550

Whom I must answer, or begin
Inevitably first with him :

For I've receiv'd advertisement,
By times, enough of his intent ;
And knowing, he that first complains,
Th' advantage of the bus'nes gains :
For courts of justice understand
The plaintiff to be eldest hand ;

555

560

Who what he pleases may aver.

The other nothing till he swear;

Is freely admitted to all grace,

And lawful favour by his place;

And for his bringing custom in,

Has all advantages to win. 565

I, who resolve to oversee

No lucky opportunity,

Will go to counsel to advise

Which way t' encounter or surprise, 570

And after long consideration,

Have found out one to fit th' occasion:

Most apt for what I have to do,

As counsellor and justice too.

And truly so, no doubt he was,

575 A lawyer fit for such a case.

An old dull sot, who told the clock

For many years at Bridewell dock,

At Westminster and Hicks's hall,

And Hiccius Doctius play'd in all; 580

Where in all governments and times,

He had been both friend and foe to crimes,

And us'd to equal ways of gaining

By hindering justice or maintaining:

To many a whore gave privilege,

585 And whipt for want of quarteridge;

Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,

For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent:

And many a trusty pimp and croney

To Puddle-dock for want of money: 590

Engag'd the constable to seize

All those that would not break the peace;

Canto III. H U D I B R A S. 355

Nor give him back his own foul words,
Tho' sometimes commoners or lords,
And kept 'em prisoners of course, 595
For being sober at ill hours,
That in the morning he might free,
Or bind them over for his fee :
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practice in their ways ; 600
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
With th' headborough and scavenger ;
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
For taking up the public ground ;
The kennel, and the king's highway, 605
For being unmolested, pay ;
Let out the flocks, and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most :
Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
And, for false weights, on chandelers ; 610
Made victuallers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine ;
But was a kind and constant friend
To all that regularly offend :
As residientiary bawds, 615
And brokers that receive stol'n goods ;
That cheat iñ lawful mysteries,
And pay church-duties, and his fees :
But was implacable and aukward,
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd. 620
To this brave man the knight repairs,
For counsel in his law-affairs ;
And found him mounted in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for shew,

Like nest-eggs to make clients lay, 625

And for his false opinion pay :

To whom the knight with comely grace,

Put off his hat, to put his case :

Which he as proudly entertain'd.

As the other courteously strain'd : 630

And, to assure him 'twas not that

He look'd for, bid him put on's hat.

Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,

Whom I have cudgell'd.----Very well.

And now he brags t' have beaten me.---- 635

Better and better still, quoth he.

And vows to stick me to a wall,

Where e'er he meets me.----Best of all.

'Tis true the knave has taken's oath

That I robb'd him.---Well done, in troth. 640

When h' has confess'd he stole my cloak,

And pick'd my fob, and what he took;

Which was the cause that made me bang him,

And take my goods again.---Mary, hang him.

Now whether I should beforehand 645

Swear he robb'd me.----I understand.

Or bring my action of conversion

And trover for my goods.----Ah ! whoreson.

Or if 'tis better to indite,

And bring him to his trial.----Right. 650

Prevent what he designs to do,

And swear for th' state against him.---True,

Or whether he that is defendant,

In this case has the better end on't;

Who putting in a new cross-bill, 655

May traverse th' action.----Better still,

Then there's a lady too.----Ay, marry:
That's easily prov'd accessary;
A widow, who, by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse, 660
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all.---Good Lord!
Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel,
To tamper with the dev'l of hell;
Who put me int' a horrid fear, 665
Fear of my life.---Make that appear.
Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body.----Good agen.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night; 670
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my faddle.----Worse and worse.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.

Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye, 675
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim.
For if they've us'd you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy: 680
I would it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you'll believe;
I would so trounce her, and her purse,
I'd make her kneel for better or worse;
For matrimony and hanging here, 685
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and chuse,
As cross I win, and pile you lose:

And if I durst, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance, 690
As upon any case I've known,
But we that practise dare not own.
The law severely contrabands
Our taking bus'ness off men's hands ;
'Tis common barratry, that bears 695
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather,
To stick a pin in, left of either ;
For which some do the summer-fault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault, 700
But you may fwear at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state :
For in all courts of justice here
A witnes is not said to fwear,
But make oath ; that is, in plain terms, 705
To forge whatever he affirms.

(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat)----
For Justice, tho' she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd, 710
Like charity ; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind fortune, with a flight,
Convey men's interest and right,
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's 715
As easily as Hocus Pocus :
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again, like Hiccius Doccius.
Then whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife ; 720

Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass ;
The bus'ness to the law's all one,
The proof is all it looks upon ;
And you can want no witnessess

725

To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their mere expences
By th' labour of their consciences ;
Or letting out to hire their ears
To affidavit-customers,
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jury-men or tallies,
Altho' retain'd in the hardest matters,
Of trustees and administrators.

730

For that, quoth he, let me alone ;
W' have store of such, and all our own ;
Bred up, and tutor'd by our teachers,
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.
That's well, quoth he : but I should guess,
By weighing all advantages, 740
Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey, for a water-witch ;
And when y' have hang'd the conjurer,
Y' have time enough to deal with her,
I' th' int'rim, spare for no trepans
745
To draw her neck into the bans ;
Ply her with love-letters, and billets,
And bait them well, for quirks and quilletts,
With trains to inveigle, and surprise
Her heedless answers and replies :
750
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They'll serve for other by-designs ;
And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal and hand ;

Or fiad void places in the paper 755
To steal in something to intrap her :
Till with her worldly goods and body,
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye :
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply, i' th' Temples, under trees ; 760
Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,
About the cross-legg'd Knights, their hosts ;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincolns-inn ;
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail, 765
And affidavitemen ne'er fail
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and cloaths,
Their only necessary tools,
Besides the gospel, and their souls. 770
And when y' are furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill 775
To wind and manage it at will :
To vere, and tack, and steer a cause,
Against the weather-gage of laws ;
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces, 780
As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee ;
I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle artifice,
To bait a letter as you bid ; 785
As not long after, thus he did :
For having pump'd up all his wit,
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

AN HEROICAL
E P I S T L E
OF
H U D I B R A S
TO HIS
L A D Y.

I WHO was once as great as Cæsar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle, 5
By you turn'd out to graze with cattle;
For since I am deny'd access
To all my earthly happiness,
Am fallen from the paradise
Of your good graces, and fair eyes; 10
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent
To everlasting banishment;
Where all the hopes I had t' have won
Your heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not so severe 15
To pass your doom, before you hear,
You'll find, upon my just defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my innocence,
Hh

362 HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true ; 29
But not because it is unpaid,
'Tis violated, tho' delay'd ;
Or, if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as you'd have it thought ;
To undergo the loss of ears, 25
Like vulgar hackney perjurors :
For there's a diff'rence in the case,
Between the noble and the base ;
Who always are observ'd t' have done't
Upon as different account ; 30
The one for great and weighty cause,
To salve, in honour, ugly flaws ;
For none are like to do it sooner
Than those who're nicest of their honour :
The other, for base gain and pay, 35
Forswear and perjure by the day ;
And make th' exposing and retailing
Their souls and consciences, a calling.
It is no scandal, nor aspersion,
Upon a great and noble person, 40
To say he nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old fashion'd trick, To keep his word ;
Tho' 'tis perfidiousness and shame
In meaner men to do the same :
For to be able to forget, 45
Is found more useful, to the great,
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.
But tho' the law, on perjurors,
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears ; 50

HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY. 363

It is not just that does exempt
The guilty, and punish th' innocent :
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue ;
And when one member is forsworn, 55
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of law, recover mine,
You're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little honour by't ; 60
For he that for his lady's sake
Lays down his life or limbs at stake,
Does not so much deserve her favour,
As he that pawns his soul to have her,
This y^e have acknowledg'd I have done, 65
Altho' you now disdain to own ;
But sentence what you rather ought
T' esteem good service, than a fault.
" Befides, oaths are not bound to bear
" That lit'r al sense the words infer ; 70
" But, by the practice of the age,
" Are to be judg'd how far th' engage.
" And where the sense-by custom's check'd,
" Are found void, and of none effect.
" For no man takes or keeps a vow, 75
" But just as he sees others do ;
" Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,
" As not to yield and bow a little ;
" For as best-temper'd blades are found,
" Before they break, to bend quite round ; 80
" So truest oaths are still most tough,
" And tho' they bow, are breaking proof."

364 HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd
In love a greater latitude ?

For as the law of arms approves 85
All ways to conquest, so should love's ;
And not be ty'd to true or false,
But make that justest that prevails ;
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty Love, 90
Submit its great prerogative
To any other pow'r alive ?
Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the subje^ct of a case ;
The fundamental law of nature 95
Be over-rul'd by those made after ?
Commit the censure of its cause
To any, but its own great laws ?
Love, that's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive ; 100
Controls the mighty pow'r of fate,
And gives mankind a longer date ;
The life of nature, that restores,
As fast as time and death devours ;
To whose free gift the world does owe, 105
Not only earth, but heaven too :
For love's the only trade that's driv'n,
The interest of state in heaven,
Which nothing but the soul of man
Is capable to entertain. 110
For what can earth produce, but love,
To represent the joys above ?
Or who, but lovers, can converse,
Like angels, by the eye-discourse ?

HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY. 365

Address and compliment by vision, 115
Make love, and court by intuition ?
And burn in am'rous flames as fierce
As those celestial ministers ?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to so great an end ? 120
Or Heav'n itself a sin resent,
That for its own supply was meant :
That merits, in a kind mistake,
A pardon for th' offence's sake.
Or if it did not, but the cause 125
Were left to th' injury of laws,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be equity in love ?
For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no sense of love, or hate, 130
That have no passion of their own,
Not pity to be wrought upon ;
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on criminals as strict.
But to have power to forgive, 135
Is empire and prerogative :
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem,
To grant a pardon than condemn.
Then since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great t' indulge a well-mean't fault ; 140
For why should he who made address,
All humble ways, without success,
And meet with nothing in return,
But insolence, affronts, and scorn,
Not strive by wit to countermine, 145
And bravely carry his design ?

366 HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

He who was us'd so unlike a a soldier,
 Blown up with philtres of love-powder ;
 And after letting blood, and purging,
 Condemn'd to voluntary scourging ; 150
 Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
 And claw'd by goblins in the night ;
 Insulted on, revil'd and jeer'd,
 With rude invasion of his beard ;
 And when your sex was foully scandal'd, 155
 As foully by the rabble handled ;
 Attack'd by despicable foes,
 And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows ;
 And, after all, to be debarr'd
 So much as standing on his guard : 160
 When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,
 Have leave to kick for being kick'd ?
 Or why should you, whose mother-wits
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites ;
 That with your breeding teeth begin, 165
 And nursing babies, that lie in ;
 Be allow'd to put all tricks upon
 Our cully sex, and we use none ?
 We, who have nothing but frail vows
 Against your stratagems t' oppose, 170
 Or oaths more feeble than your own,
 By which we are no less put down ?
 You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
 And kill with a retreating eye :
 Retire the more, the more we press, 175
 To draw us into ambushes :
 As pirates all false colours wear,
 T' intrap th' unwary mariner ;

HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY. 367

So women, to surprise us, spread
The borrowed flags of white and red ; 180
Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts :
And raise more devils with their looks,
Than conjurers' less subtile books :
Lay trains of amorous intrigues, 185
In tow'rs, and curls, and perriwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard :
Prepost'rously t' entice, and gain
Those to adore 'em they disdain ; 190
And only draw 'em in, to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.

A lover is, the more he's brave,
T' his mistress but the more a slave ;
And whatsoever she commands, 195
Becomes a favour from her hands ;
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust, or just.
Then when he is compell'd by her,
T' adventures he would else forbear, 200
Who, with his honour, can withstand,
Since force is greater than command !
And when Necessity's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjust or bad :
And therefore when the mighty pow'rs 205
Of love, our great ally, and yours,
Join'd forces not to be withstood
By frail enamour'd flesh and blood ;
All I have done, unjust or ill,
Was in obedience to your will, 210

368 HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

And all the blame that can be due,
Falls to your cruelty and you.

Nor are those scandals I confess,
Against my will and interest,

More than is daily done of course, 215
By all men, when they're under force :

Whence some, upon the rack, confess
What th' hangman and their prompters please:

But are no sooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again. 220

But when the devil turns confessor,
Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure

To hear, or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under.

And therefore, when I told him none, 225
I think it was the wiser done.

Nor am I without precedent,
The first that on th' adventure went :

All mankind ever did of course,
And daily does the same, or worse. 230

For what romance can shew a lover,
That had a lady to recover,

And did not steer a nearer course,
To fall aboard in his amours ?

And what at first was held a crime, 235
Has turn'd to honourable in time.

To what a height did infant Rome,
By ravishing of women, come !

When men upon their spouses feiz'd,
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd : 240

They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
Not in the mind they were in dy'd ;

HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY. 369

Nor took the pains 't address and sue,
Nor ply'd the masquerade to woo :
Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents, 245
Nor juggled about settlements :
Did need no licence, nor no priest,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist ;
Nor lawyers, to join land and money
In th' holy state of matrimony, 250
Before they settled hands and hearts,
Till alimony or death them parts :
Nor would endure to stay until
Th' had got the very bride's good-will,
But took a wife and shorter course 255
To win the ladies, downright force ;
And justly made 'em pris'ners then,
As they have often since, us men ;
With acting plays, and dancing' jigs,
The luckiest of all love's intrigues. 260
And when they had them at their pleasure,
Than talk'd of love and flames at leisure ;
For after matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a lover,
Deserves for ev'ry minute more 265
Than half a year of love before ;
For which the dames, in contemplation
Of that best way of application,
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
By suit, or treaty, to be won ; 270
And such as all posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.
For women first were made for men
Not men for them.----It follows, then,

370 HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

That men have right to ev'ry one, 275
 And they no freedom of their own :
 And therefore men have pow'r to chuse,
 But they no charter to refuse ;
 Hence 'tis apparent, that what course
 Soe'er we take to your amours, 280
 Tho' by the indirectest way,
 'Tis no injustice nor foul play ;
 And that you ought to take that course,
 As we take you, for better or worse ;
 And gratefully submit to those 285
 Who you, before another, chose,
 For why should ev'ry savage beast
 Exceed his great lord's interest ?
 Have freer pow'r than he, in grace,
 And nature, o'er the creature has ? 290
 Because the laws he since has made,
 Have cut off all the pow'r he had ;
 Retrench'd the absolute dominion
 That nature gave him over women ;
 When all his pow'r will not extend 295
 One law of nature to suspend :
 And but to offer to repeal
 The smalleſt clause, is to rebel.
 This, if men rightly understood
 Their privilege, they would make good ; 300
 And not, like sots, permit their wives
 'T incroach on their prerogatives ;
 For which ſin they deserve to be
 Kept, as they are, in flav'ry :
 And this ſome precious gifted teachers, 305
 Unrev'rently reputed leachers,

HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY. 371

And disobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make you suffer, as you ought,
For that uncharitable fault.

310

But I forget my self, and rove
Beyond th' instructions of my love.

Forgive me, fair, and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my flame,
Since 'tis too much, at once to shew
Excess of love and temper too.

315

All I have said that's bad, and true,
Was never meant to aim at you ;
Who have so sov'reign a controul

O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul, 320
That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd loss of heaven too ;
Both with an equal pow'r possest,
To render all that serve you blest :
But none like him, who's destin'd either 325
To have, or lose you, both together.

And if you'll but this fault release,
(For so it must be, since you please,)
I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I swore, 330

And expiate upon my skin
Th' arrears in full of all my sin.
For 'tis but just that I should pay
Th' accruing penance for delay,
Which shall be done, until it move 335
Your equal pity, and your love.

The Knight, perusing this epistle,
Believ'd he'd brought her to his whistle :

372 HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

And read it like a jocund lover,
With great applause t' himself, twice over : 340
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble distance, to his wit ;
And dated it with wond'rous art,
“ Giv'n from the bottom of my heart ;”
Then seal'd it with his coat of love, 345
A smoaking faggot,---and above,
Upon a scroll,---“ I burn and weep,”
And near it, “ For her Ladyship ;
“ Of all her sex most excellent,
“ These to her gentle hand present.” 350
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With lessons how t' observe and eye her.
She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the letter.
But guessing that it might import, 355
Tho' nothing else, at least her sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile and learing flout :
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd. 360

THE
LADY's ANSWER
TO THE
K N I G H T.

THAT you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
Is not strange news, nor ever was,
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,
When both your sword and spurs were won 5
In combat by an Amazon :
That sword that did, like Fate, determine,
Th' inevitable death of vermine ;
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows ; 10
By Trulla was, in single fight,
Dismay'd, and wrested from its Knight,
Your heels degraded of your spurs,
And in the stocks close prisoners :
Where still they'd lain, in base restraint, 15
If I, in pity of your complaint,
Had not, on honourable conditions,
Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons ;
And what return that favour met,
You cannot, tho' you would, forget : 20
When being free, you strove t' evade
The oaths you had in prison made ;
Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,
But after own'd and justify'd it :

374 THE LADY's ANSWER.

And when y' had falsely broke one vow, 25
 Absolv'd yourself by breaking two.
 For while you sneakingly submit,
 And beg for pardon at our feet,
 Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
 To hope for quarter for your ears : 30
 And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
 You claim as boldly as your due ;
 Declare that treachery and force,
 To deal with us, is th' only course ;
 We have no title nor pretence 35
 To body, soul, or conscience ;
 But ought to fall to that man's share
 That claims us for his proper ware.
 These are the motives, which, t' induce
 Or fright us into love, you use. 40
 A pretty new way of gallanting,
 Between soliciting and ranting ;
 Like sturdy beggars, that intreat
 For charity at once, and threat.
 But since you undertake to prove 45
 Your own propriety in love,
 As if we were but lawful prize
 In war, between two enemies ;
 Or forfeitures which every lover,
 That would but sue for, might recover ; 50
 It is not hard to understand
 The myst'ry of this bold demand
 That cannot at our persons aim,
 But something capable of claim.
 'Tis not these paltry counterfeit 55
 French stones, which in our eyes you set,

THE LADY's ANSWER. 375

But our bright diamonds, that inspire
And set your am'rous hearts on fire;
Nor can those false St Martin's beads
Which on our lips you lay for reds, 60
And make us wear like Indian dames,
Add fewel to your scorching flames;
But those true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.

'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are so transported with; 65
But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those amorous effects.

Nor is't those threads of gold, our hair,
The perriwigs you make us wear; 70
But those bright guineas in our chests,

That light the wild-fire in your breasts.
These love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their fly intrigues I know,

And can unriddle by their tones, 75
Their mystic cabals, and jargons;
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,

Pine for the beauties of my grounds;
What raptures fond and amorous,

O' th' charms and graces of my house; 80
What ecstacy, and scorching flame,
Burns for my money, in my name;

What from th' unnatural desire
To beasts and cattle takes its fire;

What tender sigh, and trickling tear, 85
Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;
And languishing transports are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill and bond.

376 THE LADY's ANSWER.

These are th' attracts which most men fall
 Enamour'd at first sight, withal ; 90
 To these th' address with serenades,
 And court with balls and masquerades :
 And yet, for all the yearning pain
 Y' have suffer'd for their loves, in vain ;
 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy, 95
 To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy ;
 That all your oaths and labour lost,
 They'll ne'er turn ladies of the poft.
 This is not meant to disapprove
 Your judgment in your choice of love ; 100
 Which is so wise, the greatest part
 Of mankind study't as an art ;
 For love should, like a Deodand,
 Still fall to th' owner of the land ;
 And where there's substance for its ground, 105
 Cannot but be more firm and sound
 Than that which has the slighter basis
 Of airy virtue wit and graces ;
 Which is of such thin subtilty,
 It steals and creeps in at the eye, 110
 And, as it can't endure to stay,
 Steals out again, as nice a way.
 But love, that its extraction owns
 From solid gold and precious stones,
 Must, like its shining parents, prove 115
 As solid, and as glorious love.
 Hence 'tis, you have no way t' express
 Our charms and graces, but by these :
 For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
 Which beauty invades and conquers with, 120

THE LADY's ANSWER. 377

But rubies, pearls and diamonds,
With which, as philtres, love commands?

This is the way all parents prove,
In managing their children's love ;
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed, 125
As if th' were bur'ing of the dead.
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have ;
And when the settlement's in force,
Take all the rest, for better or worse : 130
For money has a pow'r above
The stars and fate, to manage love ;
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never misf, are tip'd with gold.
And tho' some say, the parents' claims 135
To make love in their childrens' names ;
Who many times at once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride ;
Feel darts and charms, attracts, and flames,
And woo, and contract, in their names : 140
And as they christen, use to marry 'em,
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em :
Is not to give in matrimony,
But sell and prostitute for money.
'Tis better than their own betrothing, 145
Who often do't for worse than nothing :
And when th' are at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage chuse.
All this is right ; but for the course
You take to do't by fraud, or force, 150
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done,

378 THE LADY's ANSWER.

No more than fitters can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a vow, 155
Which all men either break or bow :
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but woo ?
Such as beforehand swear and lie,
For earnest to their treachery : 160
And rather than a crime confess,
With greater strive to make it less ;
Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their innocence to th' last ;
And when their crimes were made appear 165
As plain as witnessses can swear ;
Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their oath a lie.
Nor are the virtues you confess'd,
T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd, 170
So slight as to be justify'd,
By being as shamefully deny'd.
As if you thought your word would pass,
Point-blank on both fides of a case ;
Or credit were not to be lost, 175
B' a brave Knight-errant of the post,
That eats perfidiously his word,
And swears his ears thro' a two-inch board :
Can own the same thing and disown,
And perjure booty *pro* and *con* : 180
Can make the gospel serve its turn,
And help him out to be forsworn :
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd,
To be betray'd, and sold like Christ.
These are the virtues, in whose name 185
A right to all the world you claim,

THE LADY's ANSWER. 379

And boldly challenge a dominion
In grace and nature, o'er all women ;
Of whom no less will satisfy,
Than all the sex, your tyranny, 390
Altho' you'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,
To govern such a num'rous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you :
For if you were all Solomons, 395
And wise and great as he was once,
You'll find they're able to subdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done : 400
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the flight.
For when we find y' are still more taken
With false attracts of your own making,
Swear that's a rose, and that's a stone, 405
Like sots, to us that laid it on ;
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme :
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences ; 410
To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces :
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit ;
For, by the practice of those arts 415
We gain a greater share of hearts,
And those deserve in reaſon moſt,
That greatest pains and ſtudy coſt :
For great perfections are, like Heav'n,
Too rich a preſent to be giv'n, 420

380 THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Nor are those master strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty ;
Which, when they're nobly done, and well,
The simple natural excel.

How far and sweet's the planted rose, 225

Beyond the wild in hedges grows ?

For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds.

How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground
And polish'd, looks a diamond ? 230

Tho' Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.

The whole world, without art and drefs,
Would be but one great wildernes ;
And mankind but a savage herd, 235
For all that nature has conferr'd.

This does but rough-hew, and design,
Leaves art to polish and refine,
Tho' women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them agen : 240
For when (outwitted by his wife)
Man first turn'd tenant but for life ;
If women had not interven'd,
How soon had mankind had an end !

And that it is in being yet,
To us alone you are in debt.

And where's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural No-vice ?

Since all the privilege you boast,
And false usurp'd, or vainly loft, 250
Is now our right, to whose creation
You owe your happy restoration.
And if we had not weighty cause
To not appear in making laws,

THE LADY's ANSWER, 381

We could, in spite of all your tricks, 255
And shallow formal politics,
Force you our managements t' obey,
As we to yours (in shew) give way.
Hence 'tis that while you vainly strive
T' advance your high prerogative, 260
You basely, after all your braves,
Submit, and own yourselves our slaves;
And 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our int'rests own,
Like sots, suppose we have no shares 265
In ord'ring you, and your affairs:
When all your empire and command,
You have from us at second hand;
As if a pilot, that appears
To sit still only while he steer s, 270
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like ev'ry common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card nor star,
And did not guide the man of war:
Nor we, because we don't appear 275
In councils, do not govern there:
While, like the mighty Prester John,
Whose person none dares look upon,
But is preserv'd in close disguise
From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes, 280
W' enjoy as large a power unseen,
To govern him, as he does men:
And in the right of our Pope Joan,
Make Emp'rors at our feet fall down;
Or Joan de Pucel's braver name, 285
Our-right to arms and conduct claim;

382 THE LADY's ANSWER.

Who, tho' a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a grand Constable.

We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the judges and the Cause ;
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,
To th' long robe and the longer tongue ;
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more powerful eloquence.

We manage things of greatest weight
In all your world's affairs of state,
Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations how we please.
We rule all churches and their flocks,

Heretical and orthodox,
And are the heav'nly vehicles
O' th' spirits, in all conventicles ;
By us is all commerce and trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd :

For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that price, as what we sell,
We rule in ev'ry public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting ;
Are magistrates in all great towns,

Where men do nothing, but wear gowns. 310
We make the man of war strike sail,
And to our braver conduct veil,
And, when he has chas'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.

Is there an officer of state,
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
That's haughty or imperious ?
He's but a journeyman to us :

290

295

300

305

310

315

THE LADY's ANSWER. 383

That as he gives us cause to do't,
Can keep him in or turn him out. 320

We are your guardians that increase,
Or waste your fortunes how we please :
And, as your humour is, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well,

'Tis we that can dispose alone, 325
Whether your heirs shall be your own,
To whose integrity you must,
In spite of all your caution, trust ;
And 'less you fly beyond the seas,
Can fit you with what heirs we please : 330
And forc'd you t' own 'em, tho' begotten
By French valets, or Irish footmen.

Nor can the rigorousest course
Prevail, unles to make us worse :
Who still the harsher we are us'd, 335
Are further off from being reduc'd ;
And scorn t' abate for any ills,
The least punctilio's of our wills.

Force does but whet our wits t' apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy ; 340
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat :

For when y' have try'd all sorts of ways,
What fools d' we make of you in plays ?
While all the favours we afford, 345
Are but to gird you with the sword,
To fight our battles in our steads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads :
Encounter, in despite of nature,
And fight at once with fire and water, 350.

384 THE LADY's ANSWER.

With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
Our pride and vanity t' appease ;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and best thoughts ;
To do your exercise for honour, 355
And have your brains beat out the sooner ;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known :
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your projects are prepost'rous : 360
To square the circle of the arts,
And run stark mad to shew your parts ;
Expound the oracle of laws ;
And turn them which way we see cause :
Be our solicitors and agents, 365
And stand for us in all engagements,
And these are all the mighty pow'rs
You vainly boast, to cry down ours ;
And what in real value's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and ranting : 370
Because yourselves are terrify'd,
And stoop to one another's pride ;
Believe we have as little wit
To be outheator'd, and submit :
By your example, lose that right 375
In treaties, which we gain'd in fight ;
And terrify'd into an awe,
Pass on ourselves a Salique law :
Or, as some nations use, give place,
And truckle to your mighty race ; 380
Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
As if they were the better women.

T H E N D.



